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THE FLORENCE OF THE ENGLISH POETS

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

THERE are two Italies—Italy of the Italians, and that "paradise of exiles," the stranger's Italy. Side by side with the history, the tradition and the poetry of the one, touching, intermingling with it a foreign charm, is the history, the tradition and the poetry of the other. Nowhere is this dual individuality more visibly present than in the Flower City. English singers have chanted her,

"Her grave, gray palace-fronts, her lily-towers,
And curves of Arno bright,

have glorified her suns and skies, her valleys and hills, her groves and gardens. When the voice of Italy was hushed, they were singers of English race who took up the silence and made it vocal with the wrongs, the woes, and finally, with the risen hope of Italy. They have made her story and her life their own; in return their lives and stories have become a portion of herself, and in the most Italian of cities, the music of the English poets echoes harmoniously with the Tuscan. The longer you live in Florence the more you become conscious of this double life, beating hard and fast, the one half upon the other. Wander where you will, on every hand there will arise scenes and objects with which you have so long been familiar through the phantom existence of a poet's verse, that now you are tempted to take the real for the phantom and say, not "here is a bit of Florence I have known in Browning," but, "here is a bit of Browning in Florence."

The very stones which say to you, "Dante, Angelo, Savonarola," say also "Browning, Byron, Shelley."

Every walk in Florence is, of necessity, somewhat in the nature of a pilgrimage to the poets, but there are certain spots which constitute themselves Meccas most naturally. One such lies in Oltrano; you may visit it some morning when you are following Arno with lingering feet while your eager eyes run all the way up to the Vallombrosan mountains, or to where

"Fiesole's embracing arms enclose
The immeasurable rose."

Very likely it will be such a day as Mrs. Browning sings of:

"Such a day
As Florence owes the sun. The sky above
Its weight upon the mountains seemed to lay
And palpitate in glory, like a dove
Who has flown too fast, full-hearted."

There are such days in Florence. Cross the loveliest bridge of all, the *Ponte Trinita*, stopping a moment, as you are sure to do, to look at

"Golden Arno as it shoots away
Through Florence's heart, beneath her bridges four—
Bent bridges, seeming to strain off like bows
And tremble while the arrowy undertide
Shoots on and cleaves the marble as it goes
And strikes up palace walls on either side."

There are five bridges now. Leave them all and follow the narrow street to its terminating square beyond. A shabby little square it is; one you would pass fifty times, otherwhere, unnoting, but which here you will not pass. Like the antique tomb it says to every traveller: "*Siste Viator!*" for this is the Piazza San Felice. Yonder is the tiny "Church Felice."

the memory and the love of the two poets. A marble tablet in the wall records that "Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who in the heart of a woman united the learning of a scholar and the genius of a poet, and made with her verse a golden link between England and Italy. Grateful Florence placed the memorial." Here the woman-poet

The Golden Arno

"Whence came the clear voice of the cloistered ones
Chanting a chant made for midsummer nights?
I know not what particular praise of God,
It always came and went with June,"

to the ears of the poet Browning, where on the little terrace built above the street, he

"Breathed the beauty and the fearfulness of night,"

and fashioned Pompilia's seven-fold tale.

This is Casa Guidi, still sacred to

"Wrote a meditation and a dream
Hearing a little child sing in the street."

From these windows she beheld

"Ten thousand eyes of Florentines
Strike back the triumph of the Lombard north,"

and witnessed

"The armaments of Austria flow
Into the drowning heart of Tuscany."

Yonder is the Pitti Palace, where the Grand Duke Leopold took that oath which, henceforth stood "among the oaths of perjurers eminent," and

up that narrow stretch to the bridge, Mrs. Browning a little later "saw and witnessed how Grand Dukes come back."

From the quiet depths of Casa Guidi issued such strains of poetry as one would think must still leave an echo; and if, as Hawthorne held, inanimate surroundings may become vitalized by association, these walls—if any—must thrill with the magnetism of a living love and a deathless music.

Not far from Casa Guidi, nearer Arno, is the Convent of the Carmine, that cage whence the slender Lippo Lippi, madcap monk and marvelous painter, escaped, as often as beneath his window

"There came a hurry of feet and little feet."

Or the moonlight on Santa Margherita took the shape of the gentle novice, Lucrezia, and lured him thither. "The Carmine's my cloister," say we, remembering, and listen involuntarily to catch some stray echo from that flower song:

"Flower o' the broom,
Take away love and our life is a tomb!"
Flower o' the rose,
If I've been merry what matter who knows?"

What matter, indeed, now that the dust of centuries is on the laughing lips and wondrous fingers. Does it even matter that to us he is almost more Browning's Lippo Lippi than Italy's?

A stone's throw from the Carmine lives to-day a poet, a poet of whose books it might often be said as it was of Hugo's "Shakespeare," that their gravest fault is the omission of the words, "A Poem" from the title page. Among a hundred tender passages of the kind, this poet has written of the city she loves so well.

"Where lies the secret of the spell of Florence? a spell that strengthens and does not fade with time. Perhaps it is because her story is so old and her beauty is so young. Behind her lie such abysses of mighty memories. Upon her is shed such a radiance of sunlight and life. The stones of her are dark with the blood of so many generations, but her air is bright with the blossoms of so many flowers, even as the eyes of her people have in them more sadness than lies in tears, while their lips have the gayest laughter that ever made music in the weariness of the world.

"Rome is terrible in her old age. But Florence, where she sits throned amidst her meadows white with lilies, Florence is never terrible. Florence is never old. In her infancy they fed her with the manna of freedom, and that fairest food gave her eternal youth.

"Who having known her can forsake for lesser loves? Who having once abode with her, can turn their faces from the rising sun and set the darkness of the hills betwixt herself and them?"

Elsewhere, with the same passionate beauty of expression, she names her—"the fairest city of all the empires of the world," the Heloise of cities, as Paris is the Aspasia,—"the daughter of flowers, the mistress of art, the nursing mother of liberty and aspiration."

It is in one of the most sombre of Florentine palaces that Ouida dwells—so much a name and a shadow to the outside world that she seems to live there only as the Brownings still live in Casa Guidi, the Hawthornes at Bellosguardo, and poor old Landor in his Fiesolan Eden.

Westward from Ouida's palace and the Carmine, high above Arno, stands Bellosguardo itself—Tuscan Bellosguardo, where Mrs. Browning

"Standing on the actual, blessed sward
Where Galileo stood at nights to take
The vision of the stars * * * found it hard
Gazing upon the earth and heaven to make
A choice of beauty."

Galileo's villa is here; here, too, the Hawthornes dwelt and drew all the poets about them. Here the heart-stricken Browning passed his "Apocalyptic month" after Death passing through Casa Guidi had sealed the

loveliest chapter in the life of any poet. Just as then : —

" From the outer wall
Of the garden drops the mystic, floating spray
Of olive trees.

And as then : —

" Beautiful
The city lies along the ample vale,
Cathedral, tower and palace, piazza and square,
The river trailing like a silver cord
Through all."

Ruskin's Francesca — herself both poet and painter—had once her home here also. And it may have been from this villa, though I fancy it was from the loftier, lovelier height of Fiesole, that Robert Browning mused on

" The valley beneath where, white and wide
And washed by the morning's water-gold,
Florence lay out on the mountain-side ;
River and bridge and street and square
Lay mine, as much at my beck and call
Through the live, translucent bath of air,
As the sights in a magic crystal ball."

Others since Browning have had that vision, even to the noting—

" By a gift God grants me now and then * *
Who walked in Florence beside her men."

Across the Arno from Bellosguardo is the Cascine—pleasure park of the pleasure-loving Florentines, but memorable to us as the spot where was written that loveliest of poems—Shelley's " Ode to the West Wind." Who has walked in the depths of those ilex avenues and seen the scurrying of autumn leaves before the wind, but has walked there with Shelley? All Florence, in carriage and on foot, takes its pleasure here daily, but to those who know the place is haunted by an " unseen presence " beside which the gay Florentines flit by, the most unreal ghosts of all. Shelley has passed here ; for us that is the history and the poem of the place.

Statue of Grand Duke Ferdinand

There is little else in Florence which speaks of him. We all know how he launched his cockle-shell boat on Arno to the horror of the Florentines and his own delight and we all know his fragment of " Ginevra ; " but Shelley never greatly loved Florence and the

Cascine remains the one place in it closely linked with his name.

There are a hundred memories we have not time to gather in the brief space of a morning. We will not stop "to eat an ice at Donay's tenderly," nor to look at the "bold, bright Perseus" in the Loggia; scarcely even to note the violet-laden stone.

"Where Savonarola's soul went out in fire."

If we pause a moment it shall be to listen while

"The Duomo bell
Strikes ten as if it struck ten fathoms down,
So deep, and twenty churches answer it."

But at the Piazza of the *Santissima Annunziata* we may pause altogether with a clear conscience and putting aside Andrea's frescoes think first of Browning. For here in the open square just as he was placed by "John of Douay" rides the Grand Duke Ferdinand. "Empty and fine as a swordless sheath,"—just so he rides as he rode on that day, centuries ago, when glancing up at the palace window he caught the vision of the Riccardi's bride. Palace and window still are there, but the "passionate, pale lady's face" no longer leans from Robbia's cornice; even the "empty shrine" is gone. Six steps away in the Chapel the lovers sleep, or should, had not a subtler craft than Robbia's constrained their "frustrate ghosts" to haunt the square in broad, Italian daylight. Who looks shall see them.

In Santa Croce's Holy Precincts

Another square in Florence belongs to Browning, by association—a memorable square framed by the venerable church of San Lorenzo and the Riccardi Palace; adorned by the statue of "Gian of the Black Bands;" with Angelo's dread marbles but a step away in the New Sacristy and felt even here. But it is memorable for something else too, for here on a certain morning—

("June was the month—Lorenzo named the square.")

and precisely on that palace step

"Which meant for lounging knaves of the Medici,
Now serves re-venders to display their wares."

Robert Browning picked up a book

"Small-quarto size, part print, part manuscript,
A book in shape, but really pure, crude fact
Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard
And brains, high-blooded ticked two centuries since"

Just such dingy volumes lie on just such multi-furnished stalls to-day, but the magician with his ring has vanished.

How like Byron it is that the one place in Florence he has made his own should be Santa Croce—the mournful and the mighty. I suppose, indeed, it would be impossible to enter that jewel-case, the Tribuna of the Ufizzi, where

"The Goddess loves in stone and fills
The air around with beauty,"

without a thought of Byron, as to salute the greater Venus of the Louvre in any other words than Heine's:

"Ever blessed Goddess of beauty and our beloved Lady of Milo."

But, though Byron may have glanced at the Ufizzi, it is only at Santa Croce that he lingered. Enter its dusk, stand before its tombs and mighty cenotaphs, one by one, and about the weight of oppressive silence you will be lifted into audible syllables.

"Dust which is
Even in itself immortality,"

is gathered here.

"Here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo, with his woes;
Here Macchiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose."

What ungrateful Florence failed to do the English poet has done for Florence; he has brought back the scattered ashes of the "all-Etruscan three," and, re-united in his verse, for the first time Italy's great dead sleep together. His reward is this: Borne away from Greece, rejected from Westminster Abbey, exiled from that sweet spot in Rome where his brother poets, Keats and Shelley, lie, he has made for himself a monument of song in this Pantheon of the "Etrurian Athens," Santa Croce, more than marble memorial.

"Still graves when Italy is talked upon!" wrote Mrs. Browning, and it is near the grave of Elizabeth Barrett Browning herself, in a lovely, forsaken place, the very home of solitude and silence, where even the dark cedars have put on a garment of roses, that we must seek the memorial of another English poet, Walter Savage Landor. Not far are the graves of Arthur Hugh Clough, of the sculptor Greenough and of our own soldier-preacher, Theodore Parker.

Landor's home was not in Florence, but in "Milton's Fiesole," or as he himself called it, "Immemorial Fiesole." A charming walk still leads to the stately and sombre Villa Landor where are his "citron groves," where still "a thousand cedars raise their heads," and in the distance Valdarno and Vallombrosa, now as then, double their beauty by one another's. Driven from his home in his old age, Landor

A Favorite Stroll in Florence

found a refuge in the tenderness of Robert Browning, but steadfastly mourned for his lost paradise to the day of his death. A mournful old man, a very Lear of poets, who wrote his biography in four lines on his seventy-fifth birthday.

"I strove with none, for none was worth the strife,
Nature I loved and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

It is to the grave of Landor that Swinburne came,

"As one whose steps half linger,
Half run before,
The youngest to the oldest singer
That England bore."

And above it he uttered the lament so lovely one cannot forbear to recall it.

"Back to the Flower-town, side by side,
The bright months bring,
New-born, the bridegroom and the bride,
Freedom and Spring.

"The sweet land laughs from sea to sea,
Filled full with sun;
All things return to her, being free,
All things but one.

"In many a tender wheaten plot
Flowers that were dead
Live, and old suns revive, but not
That holier head.

* * * *

"But thou, his Florence, to thy trust
Receive and keep—
Keep safe his dedicated dust,
His sacred sleep;

"So shall thy lovers, come from far,
Mix with thy name
As morning star with evening star
His faultless fame."

With that "youngest singer" himself, there is no spot in Florence—if it be not this—which is expressly associated, as Santa Croce with Byron, the Cascine with Shelley, and so many places with the Brownings; but there is no poet whose music will rise more quickly to the heart and lips at certain hours and aspects of Florence. No one has sung so truly "the lily of lands;" none has so well understood the charm

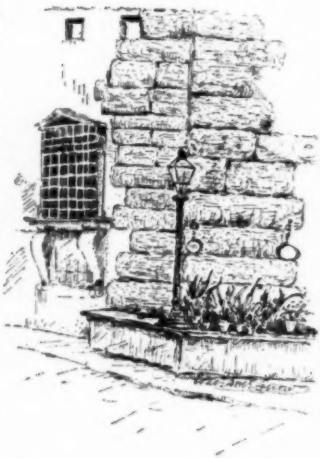
"That binds with words and holds with eyes and hands
All hearts in all men's lands;"

none has so grieved for her

"Bays unplucked, her laurels unentwined
That no men break or bind,
And myrtles long forgetful of the sword,
And olives unadored;"

nor has any triumphed so in her resurrection.

When spring comes upon Valdarno with a rush of light and flush of blossom, he greets her:



"Oh, heavenliest Florence!—from the mouths of flowers
Fed by melodious hours,
From each sweet mouth that kisses light and air,
Thou whom thy Fate made fair
As a bound vine or any flowering tree,
Praise him who made them free!"

And he has listened

"Where spring hears loud through her long-lit vales
Triumphant nightingales,
In many a fold of fiery foliage hidden,
Withheld as things forbidden,
But clamorous with innumerable delight
In spring's red, green and white."

With the red, green and white comes another memory of Swinburne. We who were in Florence last September were the startled witnesses of a solemn and beautiful sight. The chance insult to Italy's most sacred tomb, flung from a wanton heart which, seeking to dishonor Italy, ran the grave risk of twice dishonoring France—wrapped Italy in flags from Turin to Naples. We beheld the fortress-palaces of Florence blossom into the tri-color. Very beautiful she was—our Flower City become a City of Flags; and above all that stir of silken banners,

"Green as summer, and red as dawn, and white
As the live heart of light,"

and above the clamor of Florentine voices chanting Garibaldi's hymn, there seemed to thrill the words of freedom through the lips of the English poet :

"I were not Freedom if thou wert not free,
Nor thou wert Italy."

Since Italian air will hold a strain of English music at such a time, one cannot but believe some ripple of song from these many alien lips will mingle with the flowing of Arno while there remains a stone in Florence to echo either.

ALOHA

BY LOUIS CARL EHLE

Though other lands have liquid words
To voice in melting tones their love,
Among them all, none seem to move
The love-mood of enamored souls
As three sweet syllables that rise
From out an earthly Paradise,
Aloha.

They bring the sweetness of the breeze
That steals perfume from rarest flowers,
Among the fairy island bowers
Of southern seas, the lyric note
Love warbles there, the sweetest word
That mortal ear has ever heard,
Aloha.

This swan-note of a loving race
I cradle in the flowers of love
I send my faith to thee to prove,
And when upon thy lips it lives,
I would that I were there to hear
Thee speak the word I hold so dear,
Aloha.

IN THE YOSEMITE

BY CHARLES T. GORDON

IN that small portion of the Pacific Coast now known as Mariposa County, Nature, a long, long æon ago, designed and executed a work of planetary decoration that exhibits her wonderful handicraft on a scale of marvelous splendor. It took her thousands of years to complete the task, and for other thousands her composition of grandeur and beauty remained unknown and unvisited save by the fauna and avifauna of its environs. Later on the aboriginal forest man found his way to this masterpiece of physical effort and skill and made it his hunting-park, calling it *Ah-wah-nee*. After that for untold generations it was still unapproached by civilized man.

Cradled in the Sierra Nevada Mountains and walled in with a framework of stupendous cliffs and Titanic rocks that are crowned with pinnacles, towers and mighty domes and silver streaked with cascades and waterfalls, no other valley in the world can rival that of *Ah-wah-nee* in sublimity and combinations of the beautiful and grand. As you move from point to point, panorama after panorama of ever-changing views succeed each other. Here the magnitude and solemnity of granite forms, rising thousands of feet above you inspire an emotion akin to awe; there the picture of a slumbering lake, set into the scene like a mirror framed in sculptured adornments and draped with green garlands, lulls the mind to the sweet contemplation of nature's loveliness; anon structures of architectural design, massively magnificent, excite wonder and astonishment; here the rainbow of the cascade's iridescent spray fascinates the delighted eye; there the turmoil of rushing waters mesmerises it; now the stateliness of arboreal royalty evokes reverential admiration, and now floral beauties charm you with the joyousness of their rich colors.

Nor is the mind less appealed to through the medium of the ear. The thunder of the cataract, the sweet music of the singing brook, the whispers of a smoothly gliding stream, pensive in anticipation of its leap into the air; the din and uproar of the eager rapid in its haste to display the glories of a waterfall; and the silence that reigns in the still alcoves of the dimly lighted forest, each and all offer their didactic salutations to the soul. 'Tis a terrestrial uranus, this valley of Yosemite, fit for the abode of Jove himself.

From San Francisco it is not very far away. The wild duck might rise from the water of the bay anywhere between this city and Oakland and after an aerial trip of not more than a couple of hours take his rest on the glassy bosom of Mirror Lake; for in an air-line the Yosemite is not more than one hundred and fifty miles distant from San Francisco. To reach it by rail and stage, however, we wingless bipeds must travel two hundred and sixty miles, and crawl on the journey many times the number of hours that our two-legged table dainty would require. But there are those who come two thousand six hundred miles and farther than that to see this wonder spot, and we invite our readers in all parts of the United States and Europe to pay a mental visit to it.

As an introduction to this former paradise of the Indian—the mysterious deep valley—let us look back on the course of time and witness the legendary fight that changed alike the name of a tribe and that of the valley. It was an exploit which in a Roman

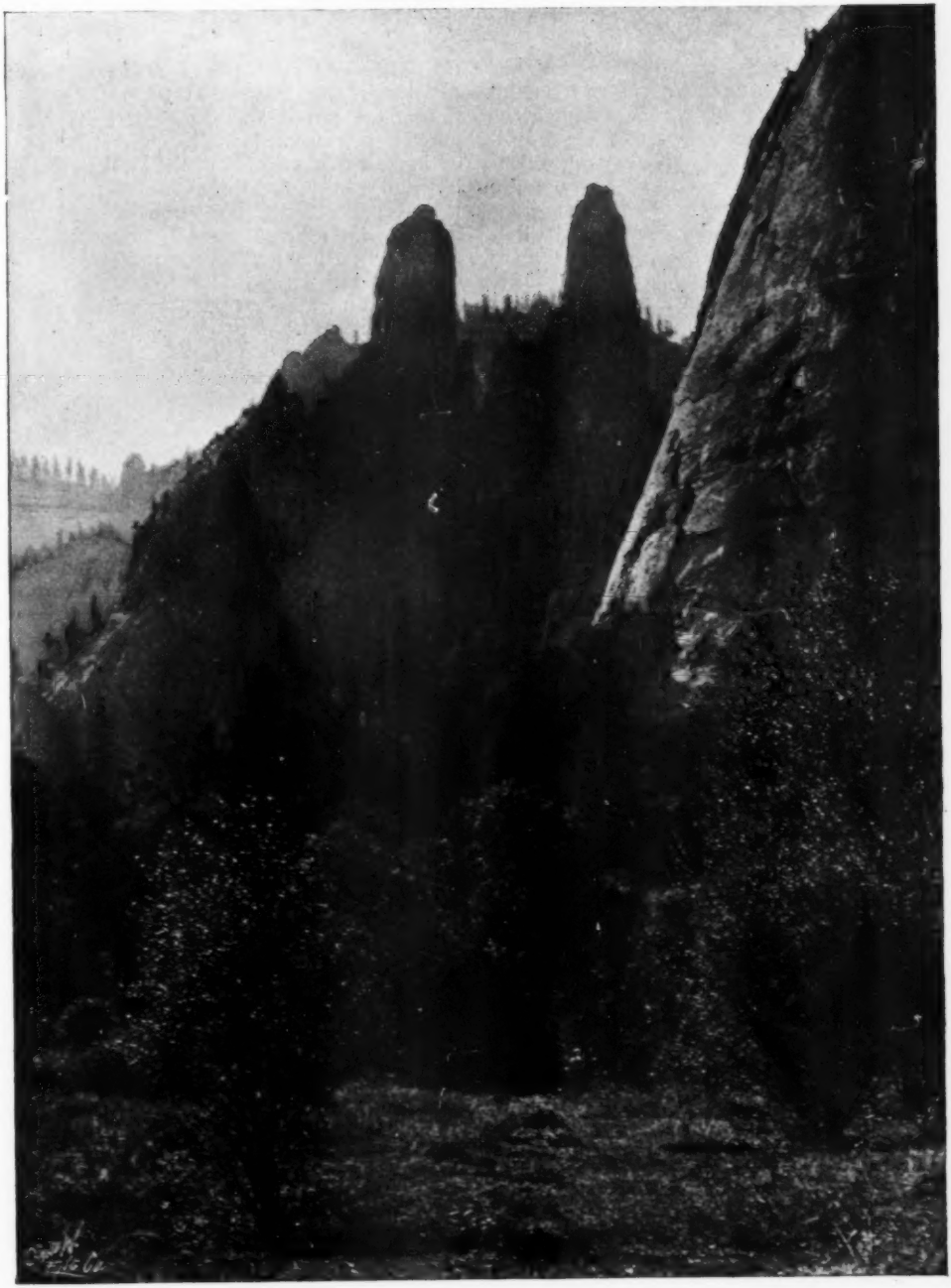
General View of Yosemite Valley from Artist Point

amphitheater would have wrung applause from *morituri* gladiators. In this retrospection we see a young chief of the powerful tribe of the *Ah-wah-nee-chees* winding his way with stately tread among the rocks and boulders to Mirror Lake. He is unarmed, having no other predatory design than the capture of a few trout. Suddenly he is confronted by a full-grown grizzly bear. But the descendant of *Ah-wah-nee* scorns to yield to the monster's imperious claim to right of road, and seizing the dried limb of a tree, storm-torn from its parent stem, does fierce battle with the beast. Little recking of wounds received from the flesh-tearing claws with blow after blow he batters out the grizzly's eyes, and the victory is his. We hear his tribe greet him for his dauntless courage with the proud title of *Yo Sem-i-tee*, the great or full-grown grizzly bear. On our pathway back from the misty land of tradition we find musty records of his children and his children's children bearing the same name until the whole tribe assumes it as a mark of superiority over all other Indian clans.

California is indebted for the preservation of this euphonious and commemorative name to Dr. L. A. Bunnell who has supplied the *Clio* of the Pacific Coast with a truthful account of the discovery of the valley by white men. He accompanied the expedition that first entered it and without giving minute details suffice it to say that the Indians of the Sierra, determined to repel the gold diggers whose encroachments alarmed them, committed numerous murders and robberies during the latter part of 1850. These outrages caused the formation of what was called the Mariposa Battalion, composed of volunteers and assigned by Governor McDougall to keep in subjection the Indian tribes on the east of the San Joaquin Valley. About March 21st, 1851, this command under Major Savage entered what was known as the "Mysterious Deep Valley" the vaunted stronghold of the *Yosemites* who boasted that if their white foes ever entered it they would be coralled like a band of mules or horses.

Ten-ie-ya was their aged chief, and long did he and his people guard against the discovery of the entrance to their valley home. The chief himself declared, when the discovery was accomplished, that he had "made war upon the white gold-diggers to drive them from the mountains and prevent their entrance into *Ah-wah-nee.*" But these same gold-diggers determined to bring the Indians into reservations, marched under the guidance of a friendly Indian in search of the mountain fastnesses of the turbulent bands. As the command approached the cañon, the aged Ten-ie-ya tried by concilation to save his valley from intrusion and his tribe from annihilation. A great "medicine man," an old friend of his father, had warned him that when the horsemen of the lowlands entered *Ah-wah-nee*, his tribe would be destroyed. So war having failed, he approached the invader and promised that his people would come forth from their mysterious abode. But he could not avert the doom pronounced by the old "medicine man." The invaders continued their march. White men rode into the deep valley. The doom pronounced by the old "medicine man" was quickly fulfilled, and in the summer of 1853, Ten-ie-ya and his tribe were no more.

But it was not the white man's doing; their extinction was accomplished by a retaliatory act of vengeance. Ten-ie-ya, after having remained for some time on the reservation to which he and his tribe were removed, was allowed under a solemn promise of good behavior, to return with his family to his old home. Other Yosemites soon stole away and followed them. Then they resumed their predatory and murderous propensities, and late in May, 1852, killed two men, members of a party of five prospectors who had entered the valley. A detachment of regular



The Cathedral Spires, Yosemite

troops was sent against them, but Ten-ie-ya and all but five of his band escaped and sought refuge among the Monos who extended to them hospitality and shelter. No fear of punishment, however, no dread of the white man's vengeance could keep them long from their loved home in the Deep Valley. Thither they returned and shortly afterward, with base ingratitude, made a raid into the country of the Monos, capturing and driving off a band of horses. Erinys soon followed them. Like sleuth hounds the wronged Monos tracked the thieves and fell upon them while torpid with gluttony and feasting on horseflesh. Only eight of Ten-ie-ya's band escaped, the women and children being carried away captives.

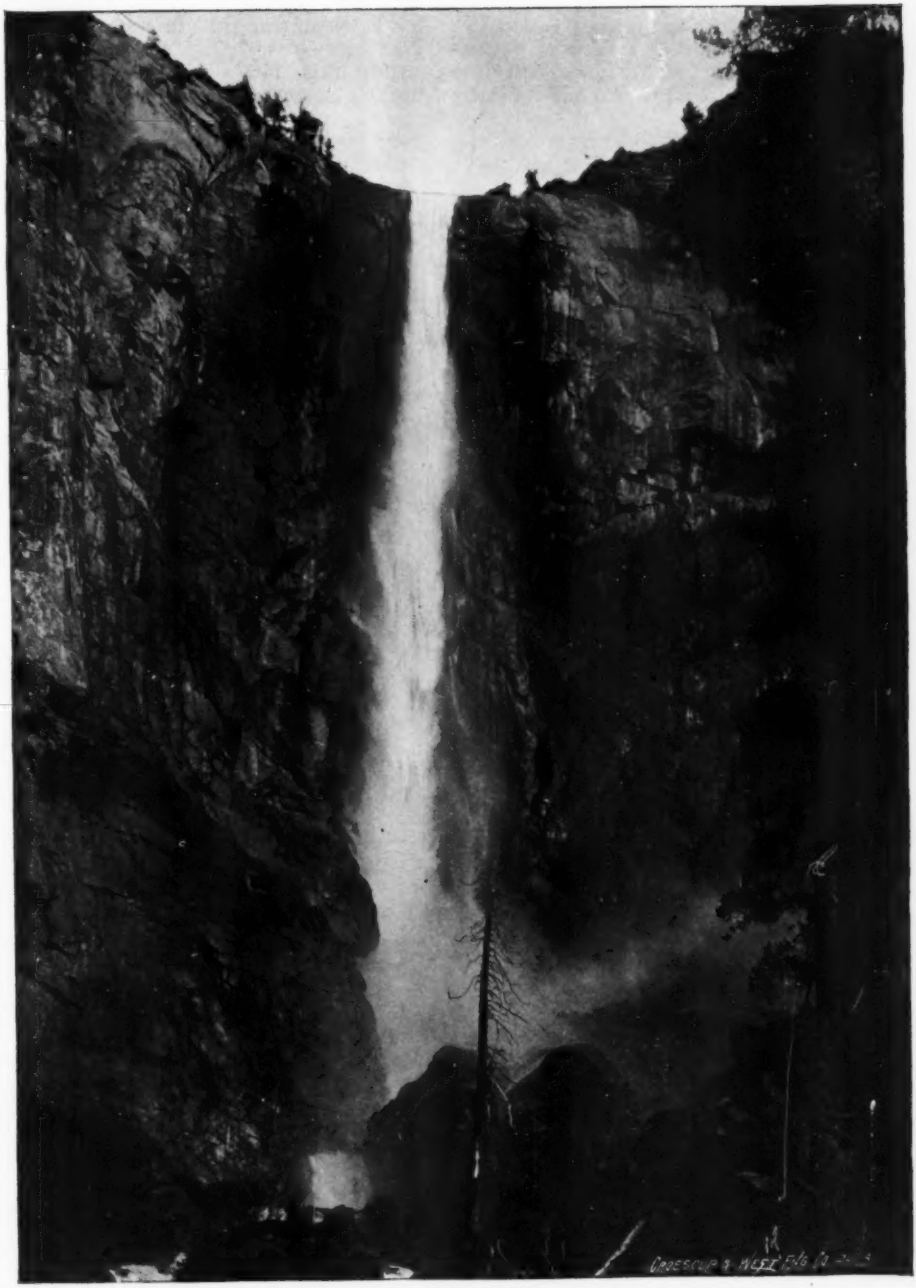
When the command came suddenly into full view of the valley from the plateau now called Mount Beatitude, the gaze of every trooper in it was riveted on the stupendous cliff El Capitan, and his mind was staggered at the immensity of rock that reared its summit thirty-three hundred feet above its base. Dr. Bunnell was so impressed with the inexpressible grandeur of the whole scene that his eyes filled with tears under the influence of exalted emotion. And so it is with all those who behold for the first time this wonderful prodigy of nature; the intensity of feeling is overpowering.

That evening round the campfire, at the suggestion of Dr. Bunnell, the question of naming the valley was discussed, and many names, foreign, romantic and scriptural were proposed. The doctor, however, with better taste, pleaded well in favor of retaining the Indian word *Yosemite*, which was adopted when the question was put to the vote.

Such is a brief account of the first entrance by white men into the Valley of Yosemite. For several years, however, little was thought and little was said of its marvelous grandeur, and it was not until the visit to it, made in the summer of 1855, by J. M. Hutchins, the editor and publisher of *Hutchin's California Magazine*, that the attention of the public was directed to it. On the return of Mr. Hutchins his enthusiastic description of the sublimity and beauty which he found "materialized in granite," and "crystallized in object forms," aroused curiosity. During the year 1856 two brothers, Milton and Houston Mann completed a trail from the South Fork of the Merced River to the Yosemite, and opened it as a toll trail for the accommodation of visitors, who henceforth kept flocking to this panorama of majestic views.

In the fall of the same year, a pioneer house of primitive construction was commenced by Anderson, Ramsdele, Coward and Walsworth, and finished during the following year by Cunningham and Beardsley, who bought out the interests of the above-named partners. In 1888 a more substantial hotel was erected for S. M. Cunningham, and opened and kept for him by Mr. and Mrs. John S. H. Neal, the first hotel keepers in Yosemite Valley. The first white woman to visit it was Madame Gautier, the landlady of Franklin House, Mariposa. Following in the wake of the above-mentioned early structures was the old Hutchins House, a more commodious building and better supplied with conveniences for the comfort of visitors. These were the unpretentious pioneer erections that marked the advent of the white man at *Ah-wah-nee*, and his introduction of the luxuries of civilized life into the former habitation of the savage grizzly bear, and no less savage aboriginal man. In contrast with these primitive buildings, which have disappeared long ago, are the fine edifices that now-a-days supply visitors with most of the luxuries which modern improvements and refinement have added to the comforts of mankind.

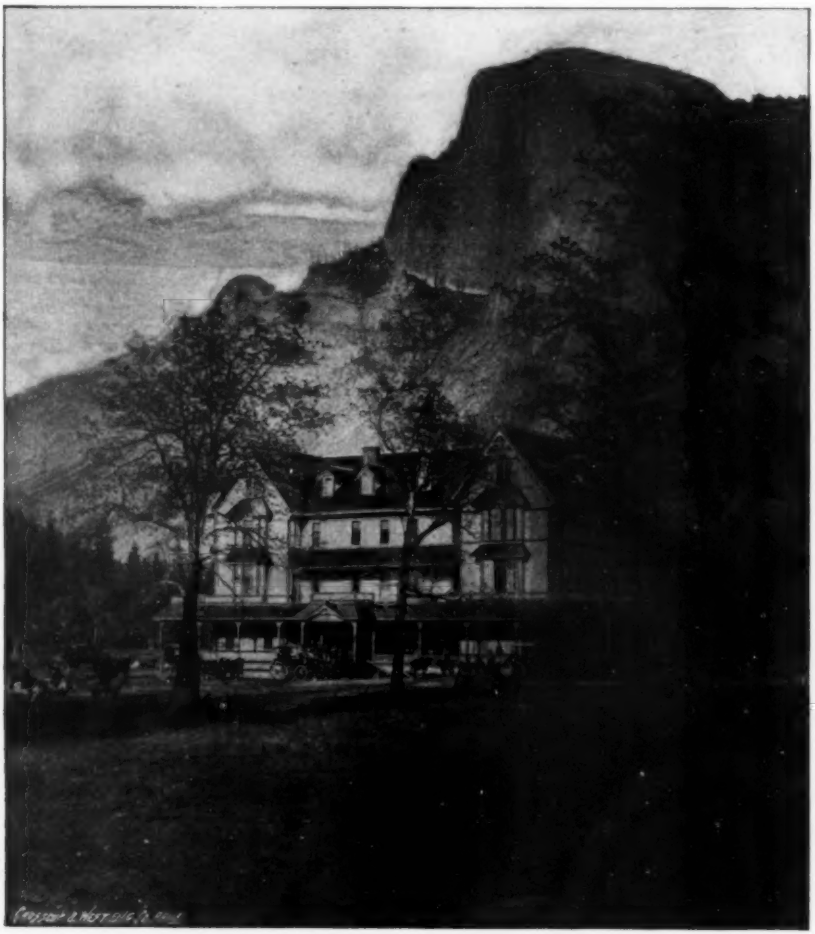
Could we transport ourselves to a seat on the fleecy clouds as they float slowly down the slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and linger fondly



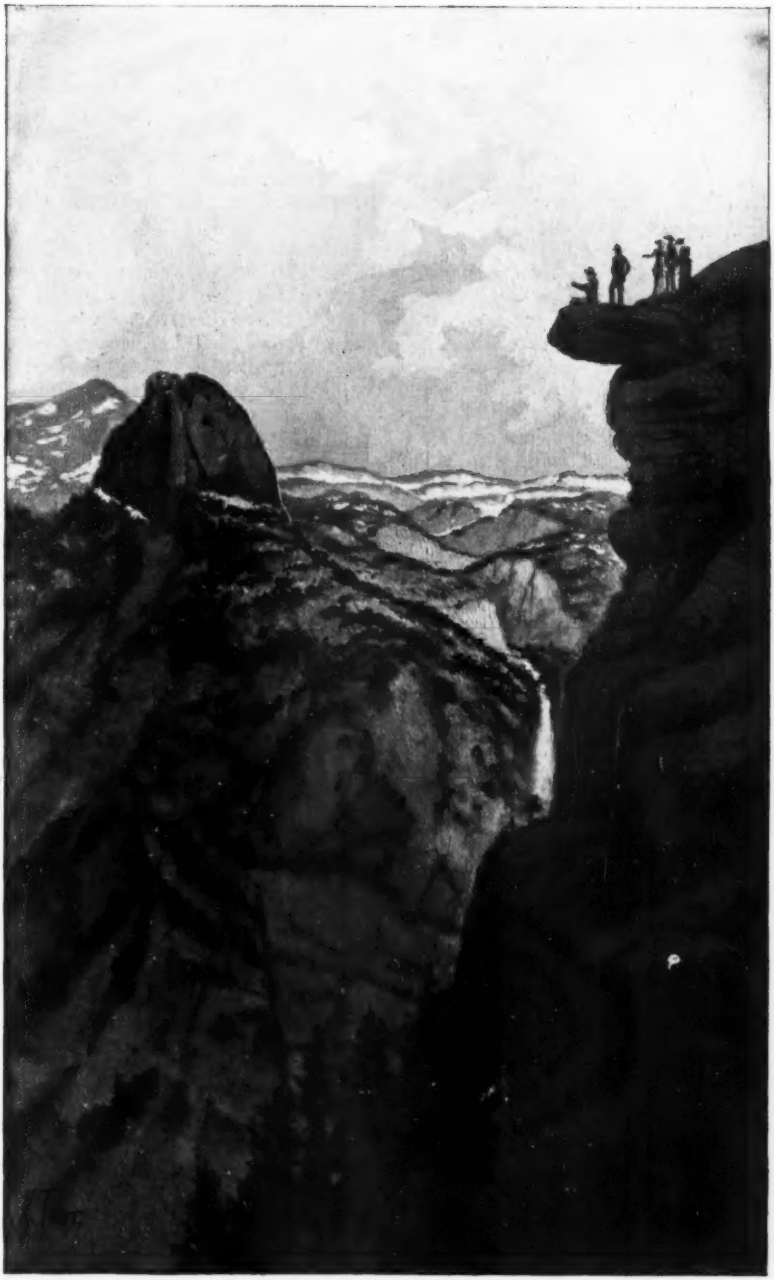
Bridal Veil Fall, Yosemite

over the Valley of the Yosemite, from that lofty place of observation we should regard it as a deep and somewhat gloomy looking chasm cut into the Cordilleras and having a mosaic flooring of picturesque but irregular designs and variegated coloring. At the bottom of this abyss, drawn from one end to the other, we should see a glittering, erratic line of silver, fringed with somber green and here and there a glassy mirror set into the level flooring.

But this bird's-eye view reveals nothing of the extraordinary magnificence that greets us when we descend to Earth and enter the valley as ordinary mortals. Following the footsteps of the pioneers of 1851, we are astounded at the heights of the



Stoneman House, Yosemite



Half Dome and Glacier Point Rock, Yosemite Valley

perpendicular walls of pearl gray granite that rise from their bases to elevations varying from three thousand three hundred feet to six thousand feet; at the massiveness and stern individuality of colossal forms, and at the bewildering variety and gracefulness of rocky minarets and spires, domes, gables and battlements that crown the walls, and down these almost vertical cliffs leap numerous waterfalls, making sheer descents of three hundred and fifty feet or two thousand feet; then the bounding waters hurry in cascades onward to another plunge.

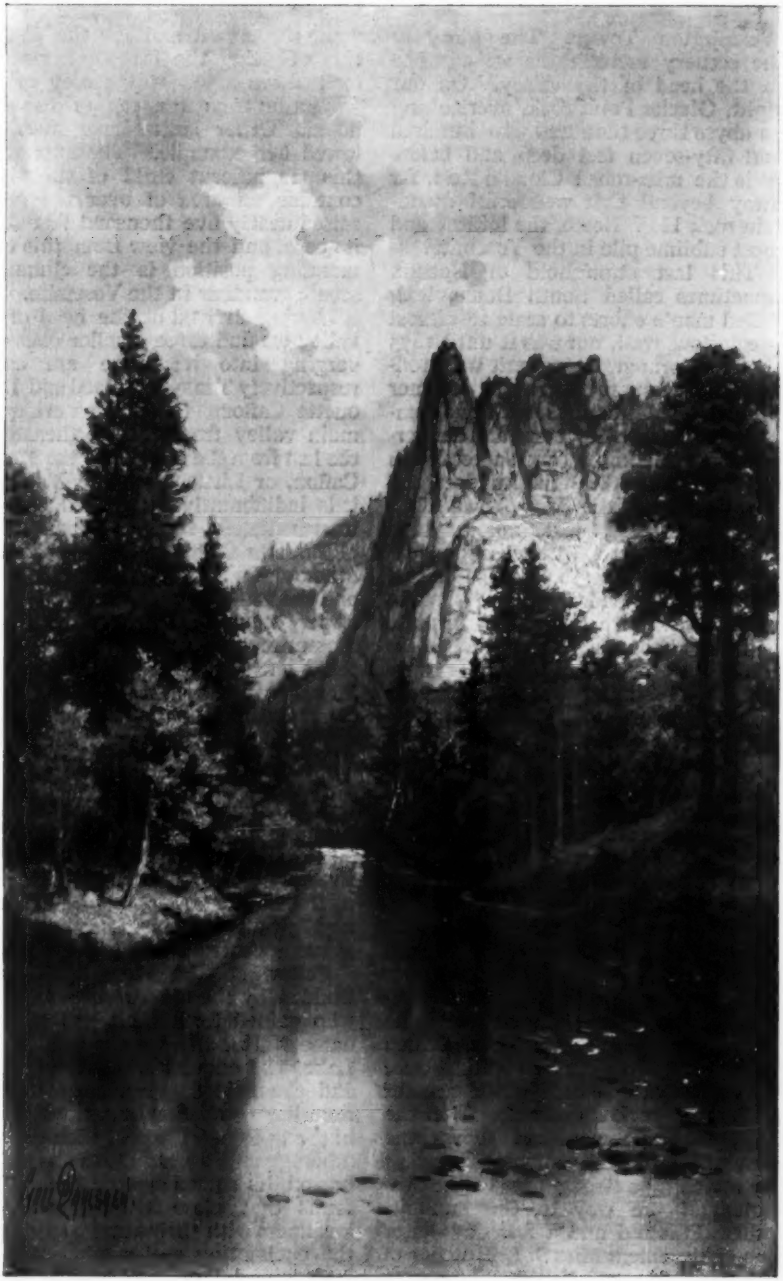
The valley is as lovely and beautiful as its setting is grand and awe-inspiring. Solemnity and exaltation of mind are produced by contemplation of the primeval rocks; the views of the fairy valley which they inclose delight the senses and instill joy into the heart. It is a glorious composition of park-like grounds and natural lawns, groves of trees and flowering shrubberies, rich meadow lands and garden patches aglow with bright-colored petals, and through it winds the beautiful Merced, a crystally transparent stream flowing tranquilly along between banks now decked with azaleas and syringas, now over-arched with cedars, silver pines or oaks.

This idyllic spot is about seven miles in length, and varies in width from half to three-quarters of a mile. At one place the measurement greatly exceeds the average width, the distance between Yosemite Fall and The Sentinel being two and a half miles. According to the report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, Washington, D. C., the total area comprises eight thousand four hundred and eighty acres, three thousand one hundred and sixty-nine of which are meadow land. The general trend of the valley is northeast and southwest. There are three entrances to it —two at the lower end and one at the upper, along a tributary of the Merced. Leading to the former, there are seven different routes by rail and stage, all of them branching off from the main trunk line, the Central Pacific Railroad from San Francisco to Lathrop.

On entering the Yosemite by the southeast side—the road above proposed—the main grand object that arrests attention is the mighty granite projection, El Capitan, which towers in front of us, a veritable Titanic salient to a Titanic *mural* elevation, and as we ride along we feel our insignificance with those perpendicular cliffs, rugged in face and capped with battlements, looking down upon us. On our right, in contrast with the severity of this imposing embodiment of grandeur and bulk—the type of eternal solidity—is the beautiful Bridal Veil Fall, in whose wavy sheets of spray and gauzy drapery the water sprite would love to sport, decking herself with its rainbow jewelry and folding around her diaphanous form robes of opalescent hues resplendent with the sunbeam's painting touch.

Our road lies principally through woods of lofty pines and firs, and park lands grooved with groups of cedar or of oak. Crystal streams, whose waters have dashed themselves down precipices thousands of feet deep, in order to join the Merced on its course to the parent ocean, occasionally cross our path, gurgling softly in gentle contrast with the uproar of their fall, and scarcely rippling, as though exhausted with the turmoil and struggles of their descent.

Fit crowning to the temple beneath them, almost opposite El Capitan, rise the Cathedral spires from amid a profusion of pinnacles and minarets that adorn the roof; and beyond, to left and right of us, the Three Brothers repose and the Sentinel stands, eternal watchman over the valley and the impregnable castle, in front of which has been, and will be, his post for countless years. And now we catch a glimpse of the upper portion of Yosemite Fall, and a little farther on of North Dome, Royal Arches and



The Sentinel, from the Valley

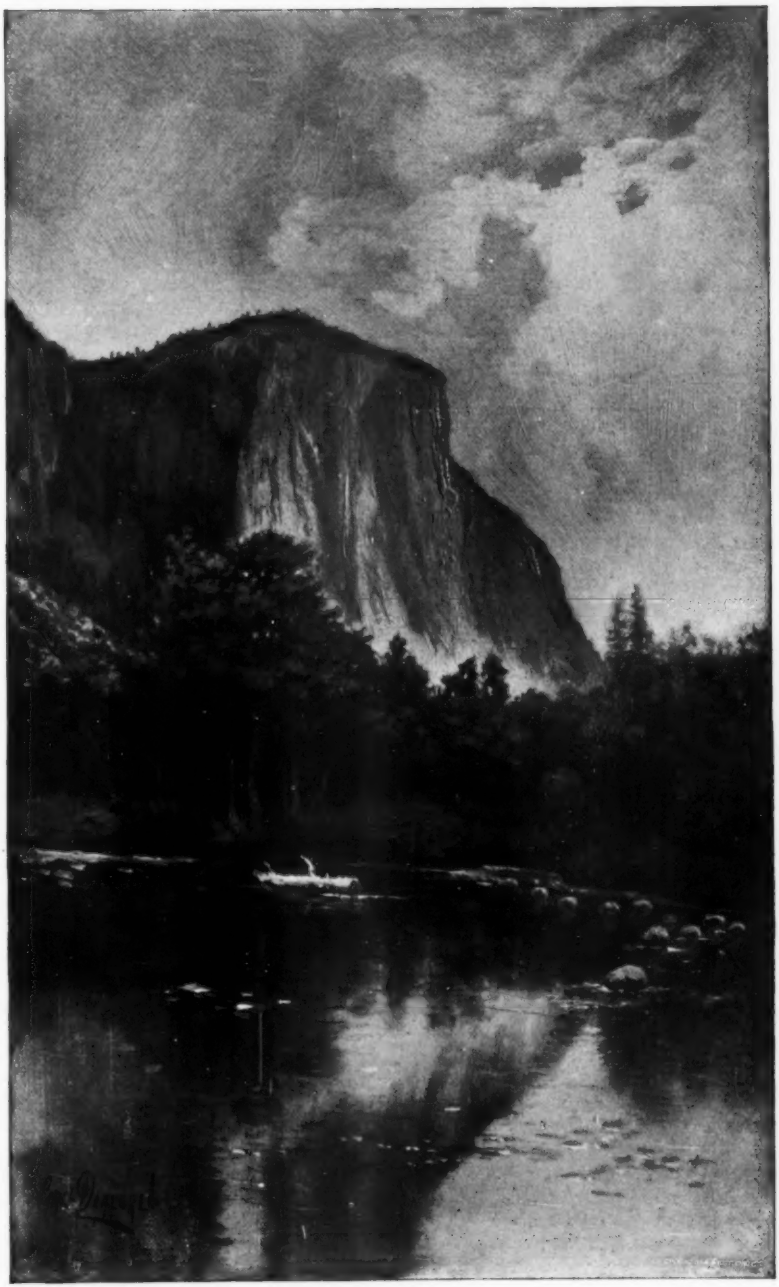
Washington Tower. The glory of the scenery increases as we advance to the head of the valley. On our right, Glacier Point rock, overlooking an abyss three thousand two hundred and fifty-seven feet deep, and before us is the mist-robed Cloud's Rest, far away beyond that wonderful mountain rock Half Dome, the loftiest and most sublime pile in the Yosemite.

This last stronghold of Nature, sometimes called South Dome, long defied man's efforts to scale its almost precipitous wall, nor was it until 1875 that its storm-swept summit was trodden by human foot. In the summer of 1869 Mr. Hutchings, with two companions, made a desperate and dangerous effort to climb it, and succeeded in ascending to within four hundred and sixty feet of the top, when their further progress was brought to a standstill by rock presenting an almost vertical face to them, "its surface overlaid and overlapped, so to speak, with vast circular granite shingles about eighteen inches in thickness." Other attempts were made with similar want of success; but on October 12th, 1875, George G. Anderson, a young Scotchman, stood on the defiant Dome's summit, the first human being to tread upon its granite crown.

The accomplishment of this daring feat was the result of patient courage, unflinching nerve and untiring perseverance. Having tried in vain to scale the height with boots and without them, in stocking feet and barefooted, Anderson adopted the plan of drilling holes in the rock and therein fixing iron eye-bolts to which he fastened a stout rope. As he drilled each hole the pins below him were his only foothold during the greater part of his perilous ascent. After the intrepid Scotchman had shown the way and provided comparative safety by attaching a strong rope to the eye-bolts all the way to the summit, others followed and a few days after his achievement Miss S. L. Dutcher of San Francisco had the courage to make the ascent and win the distinction of being the first of her sex to look down upon the Valley of the Yosemite from the top of the half dome. Other ladies have since followed her example. The summit of this magnificent child of the Sierra contains an area of over ten acres, raised nearly five thousand feet above its base, and the view from this commanding position is the climax of scenic grandeur in the Yosemite.

Having arrived at the head of the valley we find three smaller ones converging into it; these are called respectively Tenaya, Merced and Illillouette Cañons, the first entering the main valley from the northeast and the last from the southeast, the Merced Cañon, or Little Yosemite Valley as it is indifferently designated, opening intermediately between them. The Illillouette Cañon, also, is known by other names, to wit: the South Cañon and the Tu-lu-la-wi-ak Cañon. These upper branches, so to speak, of the Yosemite are especially beautiful for their entrancing variety of scenery. Here are to be seen many of the unrivaled waterfalls that add so much to the fame of *Ah-wah-nee*. Here, too, lies Mirror Lake, that marvelous exhibitor of aqueous reflection of the rays of light; and here reclines that independent, isolated mass, bold in its outlines and strong in its individuality, the Cap of Liberty. But we must visit each vale singly, in order to rightly judge of their respective merits as scene contributors.

Following the stony path once trodden by the *Ah-wah-nee-chee* chief, who gained for himself and tribe the name of *Yosemite*, we arrive at Mirror Lake, the exquisite beauty of which and the majestic grandeur of its surroundings raise admiration to the highest pitch. Fringed with graceful arborage and flowering shrubs reflecting on its ruffled surface the mighty forms that close it in, blending its loveliness with their austere sublimity, this enchanting spot would entice the Naiads and Dryads of ancient lore to



El Capitan, Yosemite

make it their favorite haunt. Looking up the deep gorge, down which, leaping from rock to rock, gliding by crags, seething and heaving and humming, the waters of Tenaya Creek skurry onward to find peace in the bosom of the lake, we behold Mt. Watkins with his summit four thousand feet above us. To the right of him towers Cloud's Rest, two thousand feet still higher, while directly east of us the Half Dome, a moiety of his huge mass split off and scattered below in cyclopean fragments by some convulsive throe of nature, defiantly raises his proud head.

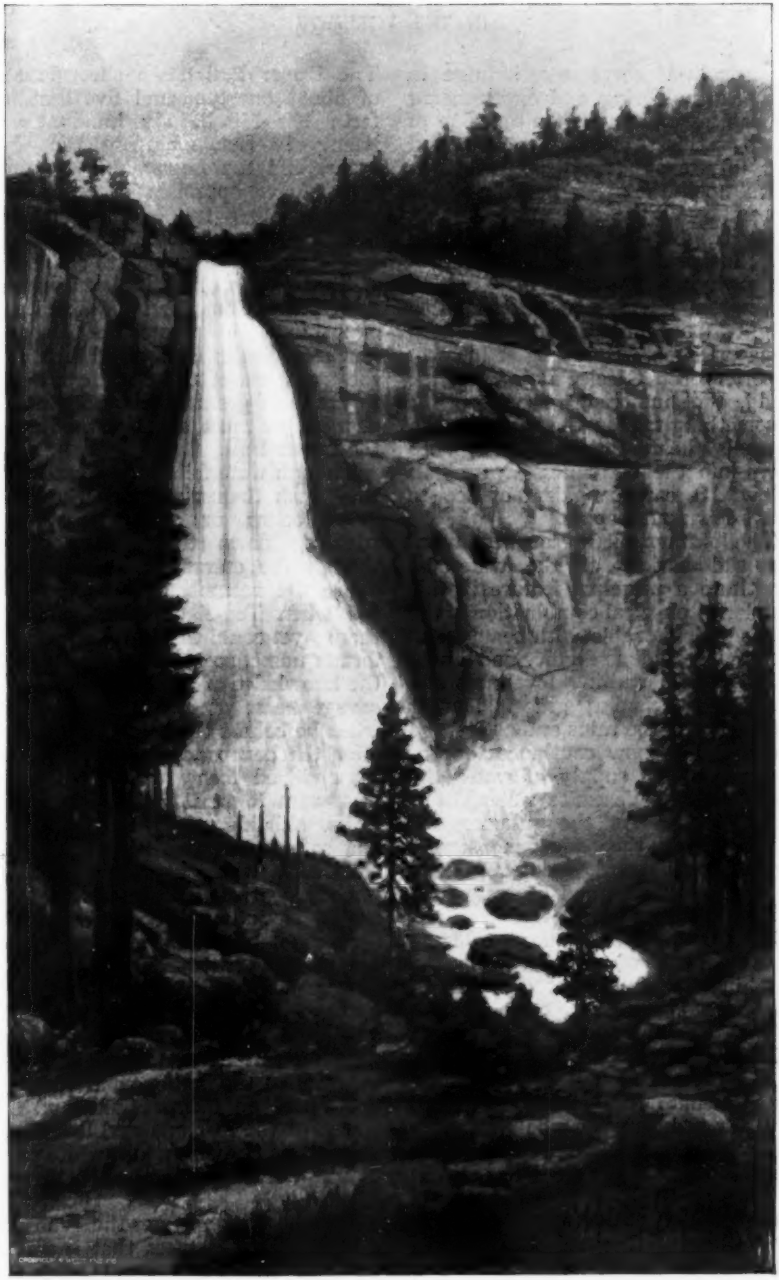
Rapt into ecstasy by the glories of the place, sing some pleasing strain, some poet's song, and the echoes will repeat it over and over again to you, now in soft, musical whispers, now in tones of louder harmony, until the rocks are vocal with melody, and you could fancy that fairy choristers have taken up your song in symphony.

Leaving this romantic spot, we will follow the trail leading up the north side of the Merced River, and enter the Little Yosemite Valley. Having skirted the base of Grizzly Peak, we presently arrive at the Vernal Fall, a perpendicular sheet of water about eighty feet wide at the top with a vertical length of four hundred feet at an average stage of the water. As the stream that forms it strikes the granite basin at the foot of the fall, clouds and waves of spray roll up and forth, glorious with evanescent rainbows that come and go with the surging mist billows.

Our progress now is upward by a sinuous trail, leading over a steep hill some eight hundred feet high, on arriving on the top of which we are rewarded by a scene of imposing attractiveness. It is the picture presented by the Cap of Liberty and the Nevada Fall in combination. The Cap of Liberty, which in boldness of outline and dignity of repose is considered by many as second only to El Capitan, rises, an isolated mass of rock, eighteen hundred feet above its elevated base; and from its summit, by those who care to struggle up its almost inaccessible side, a magnificent and extensive view is obtained. Prominent features of the Yosemite are visible on all sides; the tops of El Capitan and The Sentinel, Glacier Point, Yosemite Fall and Grizzly Peak, Half Dome and Cloud's Rest, with many another production of Nature's handiwork.

And grand among these grand objects is the Nevada Fall. Here the whole body of the Merced River plunges down through the air six hundred feet, with a roaring and a rolling up of volumes of snowy spray and surging billows of white foam as it strikes the pool below. Says Prof. J. D. Whitney: "The Nevada Fall is, in every respect, one of the grandest waterfalls in the world; whether we consider its vertical height, the purity and volume of the river which forms it, or the stupendous scenery by which it is environed." The Merced, after taking this tremendous leap, rushes impetuously, madly on down the Diamond Cascades, tossing up glittering jewels in its wild career, thence with reckless speed it hurries along the Silver Apron into the Emerald Pool. And so down cataracts and rapids, along sloping chutes, swashing through deep narrow channels, past opposing rocks and bowlders, the irresistible river hastes onward to the smooth, peaceful valley below, where it slackens its headlong speed and restingly flows on with gentle current. Its noisy clamor is hushed into low murmuring cadences; its seething broken waves subside into smiling ripples, and it reverentially moves slowly on its way as if subdued and over-awed by the frowning forms and mighty crests which look down on its sinuous course.

At the mouth of the South Cañon is the Tu-tu-la-eri-ak Fall, four hundred feet high. Of this gorge, we gain a splendid view from Glacier Point; we have, too, from this lofty standpoint, a view which none but those of



Nevada Falls, Yosemite

the steadiest nerve can indulge in without shuddering and experiencing a dizziness of brain. On the edge of an abyss three thousand two hundred and fifty-seven feet deep, we look down upon the upper portion of the Yosemite Valley. Seen from that great height, immense trees shrink into insignificance, large dwellings are dwindled to the size of match-boxes, and Mirror Lake seems but a bright fountain-basin in the deep Tenaya Cañon. Speaking of his own experience on Glacier Point, Derrick Dodd, the humorist, remarks: "It is something to stop the beatings of a chamois' heart to * * * glance down into the bottomless, awful gulf below. It causes spiders of ice to crawl down one's spine."

The loftiness, picturesqueness, number and variety of the waterfalls constitute a principal feature in this wonderful physical combination of the vast and immovable with beauty and motion, of sublime dignity and awful severity with smiling loveliness and charms of winning grace. During the period of the rains and as long as the melting snow continues to contribute a liberal supply of water, the number of the Yosemite waterfalls is considerable. As the summer advances and the aqueous supply becomes exhausted, many of them disappear entirely, and others, which made a pretentious show during the rainy months, are reduced to mere fluvial threads, which the winds make laughing-stocks of and dissipate in fleecy mists before they can reach the valley.

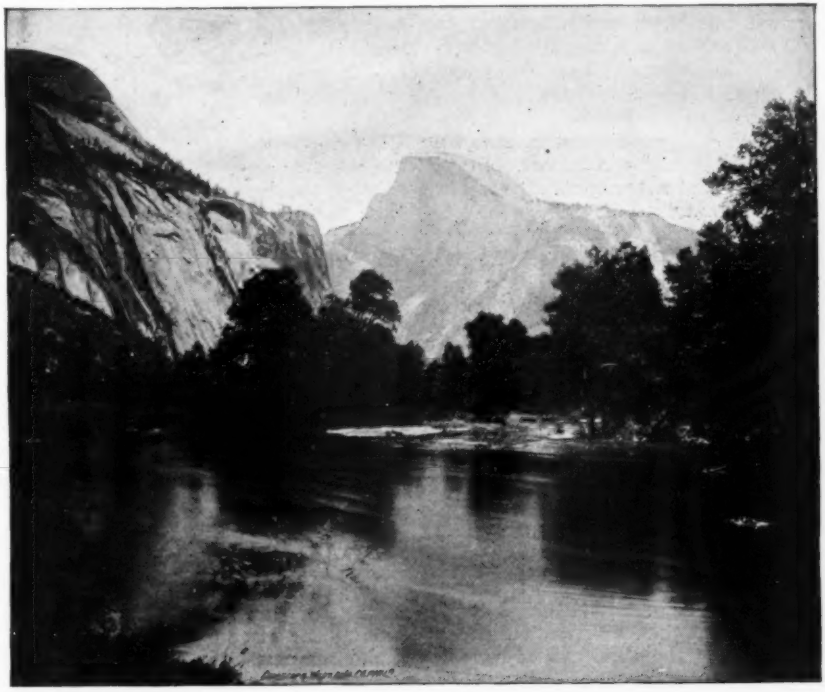
Fed mainly by the melting snows of the Sierras around Mt. Hoffman, the Yosemite Fall is well supplied with water during the whole summer, although the volume diminishes as the season advances. The stream which forms this glorious ornament of the valley leaps into it from on high more than two thousand five hundred feet; not in a single bound, but in three successive dashes, designated as the Upper, Middle and Lower Falls. The Upper Fall has a sheer descent of about one thousand five hundred feet; the Middle, six hundred and twenty-six feet, including the Cascades, and the Lower, four hundred feet. As we approach Yosemite Fall, we realize to a full extent its magnitude and grandness; its resistless force and merciless strength; its overwhelming splendor and beauty; and its imperviousness and indifference to opposition. To appreciate this avalanche of water, spray and mist, and the awfulness of the dark, overhanging walls of granite, between which it charges, we must stand at the foot of the Lower Fall.

Though waterfalls still thunder as they dash themselves into the cauldrons below, or gently sing while trickling down the granite walls, though the eternal rocks still tower above the recumbent valley as they did when Ten-ei-ya had his retreat there; yet could that chief revisit his former home, so anxiously kept from the knowledge of the white man, his savage heart would crack with grief when he beheld the changes wrought after the occupancy of Yosemite by his civilized foes. Where his band was wont to steal noiselessly along trails, skirting dizzy heights, level and safe roads have been cut in the solid rock, where his wigwams were pitched, scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding woods or talus. Spacious edifices have been reared capable of accommodating hundreds of guests; meadows whereon he pastured his stolen horses have been cultivated and are dotted with orchards and gardens; carriage highways seam the valley, and pleasure boats float on Mirror Lake and the waters of the Merced; and lovers can wander without fear where white prospectors were murdered by the Yosemites.

Yosemite is no longer the inhospitable mountain-fastness that it was of yore. Hotels invite guests with the proffer of comfort and good cheer; livery stables provide carriages for

the indolent and riding horses for the more energetic sight-seer; art studios and photographic galleries afford visitors the opportunity of taking home with them faithful paintings and sun-painted pictures of their favorite scenes, as reminiscences of the feelings they experienced while gazing on the unparalleled grandeurs of Yosemite.

All the other accompaniments of a growing community are found in the revolutionized order of things in *Ah-wah-nee*. There is a general merchandise store and a butcher shop, a pie and pastry shop, a cabinet shop and a blacksmith's shop; children frequent a public school, and the devout attend their chapel; Wells, Fargo & Co. have their agent there, and post and telegraph offices supply ready means of communication with the outside world. The valley of the Great Grizzly Bear has cast off the mantle of seclusion, which for thousands of years concealed its wonders from civilized eye, and has become a world-widely known resort of lovers of Nature from all parts of the earth.



The Domes, from the Merced River

POMPEII

BY J. J. PEATFIELD

EIGHTEEN centuries and a quarter ago on the shore of the most beautiful bay of the Mediterranean stood, busy with life, an ancient town whose origin is lost in the mists and myths of antiquity. Built on an eminence favorable as a vantage-ground against hostile attack, and lying on the verge of the sea with the river Sarnus, then navigable, flowing at no great distance from its south-eastern gate, it was admirably situated both as a commercial town and military station. But, apart from these advantages Pompeii possessed attractions in the beauty of its surrounding scenery and in its delightful neighborhood that drew towards it the luxurious and refined Roman and made it and its vicinity a resort of the wealthy. In its benign and pleasant retreats senators and statesmen and wearied advocates sought repose. There Cicero had a villa ; so also had the emperor Claudius, whose little son, Suetonius tells us, was badly choked there by throwing up a pear and catching it in his mouth. Indeed so glorious was this Italian paradise, so genial its climate, so fertile its soil that the slopes of the treacherously slumbering Vesuvius, five or six miles away, were decked with beautiful villas and the shore line of the bay was fringed with lovely gardens and bright villages all the way to Naples.

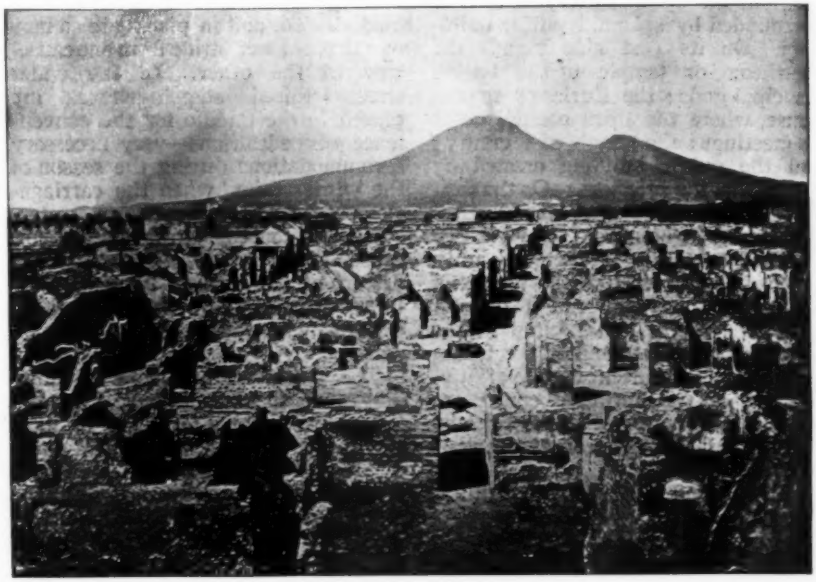
But it is the city proper that we propose to see, not its suburban decorations and delights, and we will steal back along "the corridors of time" and visit the ancient city a few years before the date of the catastrophe which destroyed it. Ascending a flight of steps leading from the city at the gate of Herculaneum we find ourselves on the ramparts which consist of an earthen terrace fourteen feet wide sustained by thick walls, the outer one including the parapet, being twenty-five feet high and the inner one still higher by several feet. Both walls are capped with battlements and square towers are erected on them at irregular intervals. Strong stone buttresses, built at suitable distances apart, support the walls against the lateral pressure of the earthen rampart. As we make the circuit of these defenses we observe that sharp angles are avoided, the base line for the greater part being curvilinear and in its general figure similar to the longitudinal section of an egg, one sharp angle only occurring and that at the apex. They are pierced by seven gateways, the most important of which is the one just mentioned. It is guarded by two sets of gates so that assailants, if they gained the first doors could be attacked from an opening in the arched roof above them and be destroyed before they could force the second set. This gateway in its arrangements is not unlike some of the gateways of old London wall with its large central arched entrance and two small side entrances for the accommodation of foot passengers. The main entrance is fourteen feet seven inches wide and eighteen or twenty feet in height, the smaller ones are four feet six inches wide and ten feet high and unlike the central one are arched along their entire length.

Starting in an easterly direction and making the circuit of the whole line of the ramparts we successively pass over the gateways opening on to the roads leading to Vesuvius, Capua, Nola, Sarnus, Nuceria and Stabiæ, and designated by those names, those of Nola and Stabiæ being of greater antiquity than the rest which are of

more recent Roman construction. As we gradually turn northward along the southwestern portion of the wall we come to an eighth entrance into the city which we will call the Sea Gate. It consists of a long vaulted passage which leads up a steep ascent towards the forum. These mural defenses are not all of the same age, the towers and some portions of the wall being of much later date than the original parts of the structure. The unrestored parts are built of large well hewn pieces of stone fitted together without mortar and exhibiting their antiquity by presenting few vertical lines. The battlements and upper portions of the walls display a more advanced knowledge of architecture, the regular masonry of the Greeks having been adopted in their construction.

Having arrived again at the Herculaneum gate we have made a circuit of nearly two miles, the walls inclosing an area of about one hundred and sixty-one acres, the greatest length of which is little over three-quarters of a mile and its greatest breadth less than half a mile—not an extensive site for a populous town, but variously estimated at having domiciled from twenty thousand to forty thousand inhabitants.

Descending the flight of ten steps, which we find most inconveniently high, we enter one of the principal thoroughfares, a narrow, crooked and irregular street, in places not exceeding twelve and fourteen feet including a raised causeway on each side for foot passengers. On the right we pass the house of a musician and imagine we can hear him giving instructions to his pupils and catch the sound of their flutes; to the left is a thermopolium or shop where hot drinks are sold. The raised causeways are thronged with people passing to and fro, for this is one of the principal ways leading to the forum, the business centre of Pompeii, the resort of pleasure-seekers and idlers, of traders and professional men. Passing on our way a public fountain distant about three hundred



General View, Showing Vesuvius

yards from the gate, we find that the street which we are following divides into two branches, and turning to the left we reach the forum which is situated four hundred yards from the Herculaneum gate.

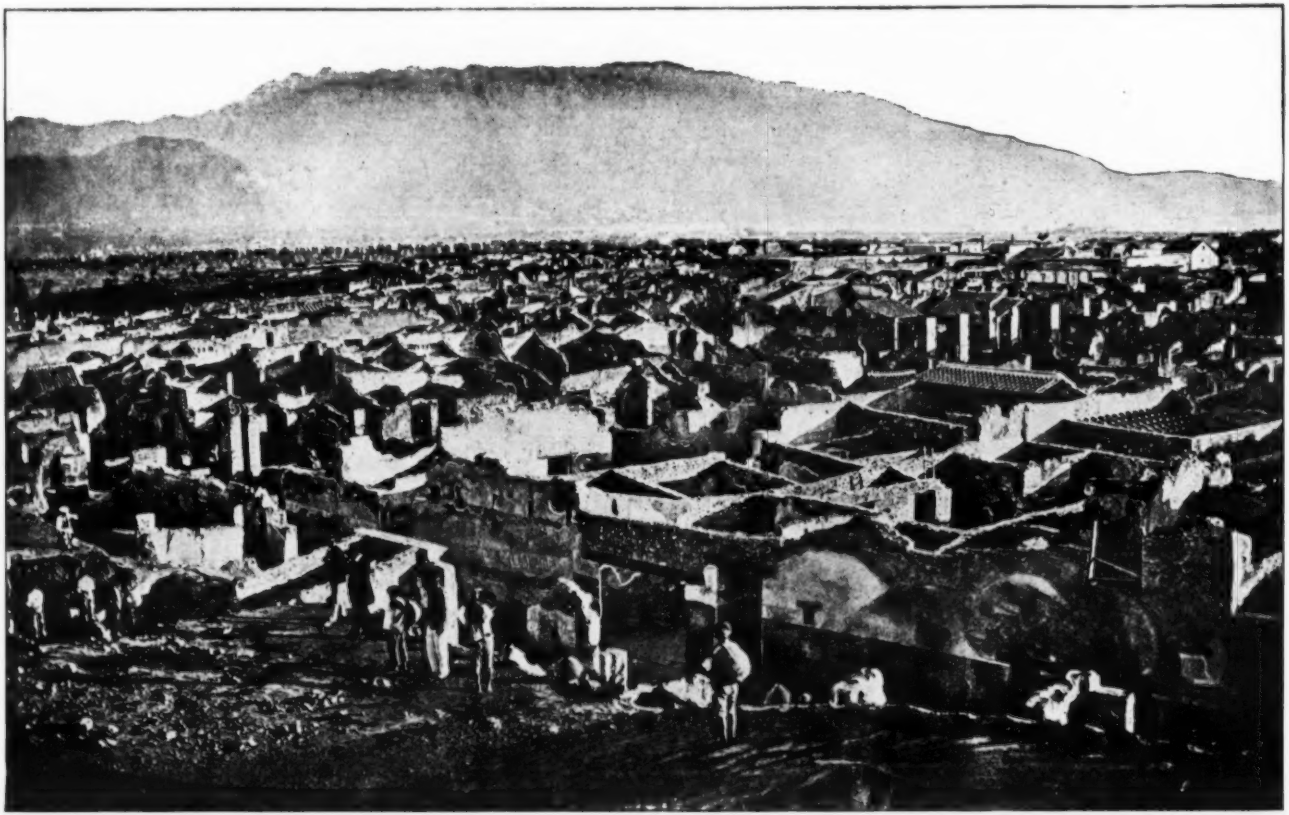
It is a spacious inclosure one hundred and sixty yards in length and thirty-five yards in breadth, and with its porticos which flank it on three sides, occupies an area five hundred and twenty-four feet long and one hundred and forty feet wide. Its porticos are surmounted by a gallery and it is surrounded by splendid public buildings. On its east side stands the Pantheon or temple of the twelve principal gods; the Curia, or senate-house, where the town council holds its meetings; the temple of Mercury; and the public building erected by Eumachia, the priestess. On the west side is the Basilica, or court of justice, the largest structure in Pompeii, two hundred and twenty feet long by eighty feet wide, and next to it the temple of Venus, the finest edifice of its class in size and beauty to be found in the city. At the north end of the forum stands the magnificent temple of Jupiter and at the northeast corner are the public granaries and the prisons. On the northwestern corner spacious baths are situated.

This quarter of the city constitutes the focus of active life, for hither gravitate all grades of society, from the devout worshiper with his pious offerings to the gods to the cheating trader who woos the favor of Mercury with ill-gotten gifts; from the prætor on his tribunal to the captive in the dungeon; from the talented advocate to the frivolous lounger; from the wealthy, proud patrician to the low-born beggar of alms. In that spacious meeting-place, the forum, the people deliberate on public affairs, political contests are decided, and orators deliver their harangues, in its gallery the public revenue is administered, and under its porticos numerous traders ply their business, and money-changers keep their stalls, while crowds of idlers and lookers-on add to the throng and the tumult.

Leaving this centre of activity and movement we proceed to wander through the town, the general plan of which we find to have been regularly laid out, most of the streets being straight and generally intersecting each other at right angles. They are of different widths, varying from eight or nine feet to about twenty-two feet; the broadest we traverse is not thirty feet wide. These widths include the raised footpaths, invariably constructed on each side, and in places are so narrow that one can stride from one causeway to the other. In the wider streets raised stepping-stones are placed in the middle for the convenience of pedestrians—very necessary accommodations during the season of the winter rains, when the carriageways flow with torrents of water. We notice, too, that these raised stones cause little inconvenience to the drivers of the ancient biga, or two-horse chariot, the wheels of which pass freely between them and the curb-stones.

The streets are paved with large polygonal blocks of hard, basaltic lava, and we stand for a few minutes and watch workmen repairing a pavement by fitting pieces of iron into holes that had been worn in it at the jointure of several angular points of the lava. In a similar manner the raised footpaths are paved, though the wider ones are generally covered with stucco and occasionally with a coarse mosaic of brickwork.

As we pass from street to street we find little of the external magnificence we had noticed in the public buildings grouped around the forum. The houses are squat and low, rarely exceeding two stories, and present to the street for the most part bare, blank walls pierced on the upper stories only by small, insignificant windows, some of which are glazed with glass, others closed with wooden shutters. As we ramble on, the town seems to us a gloomy one in the



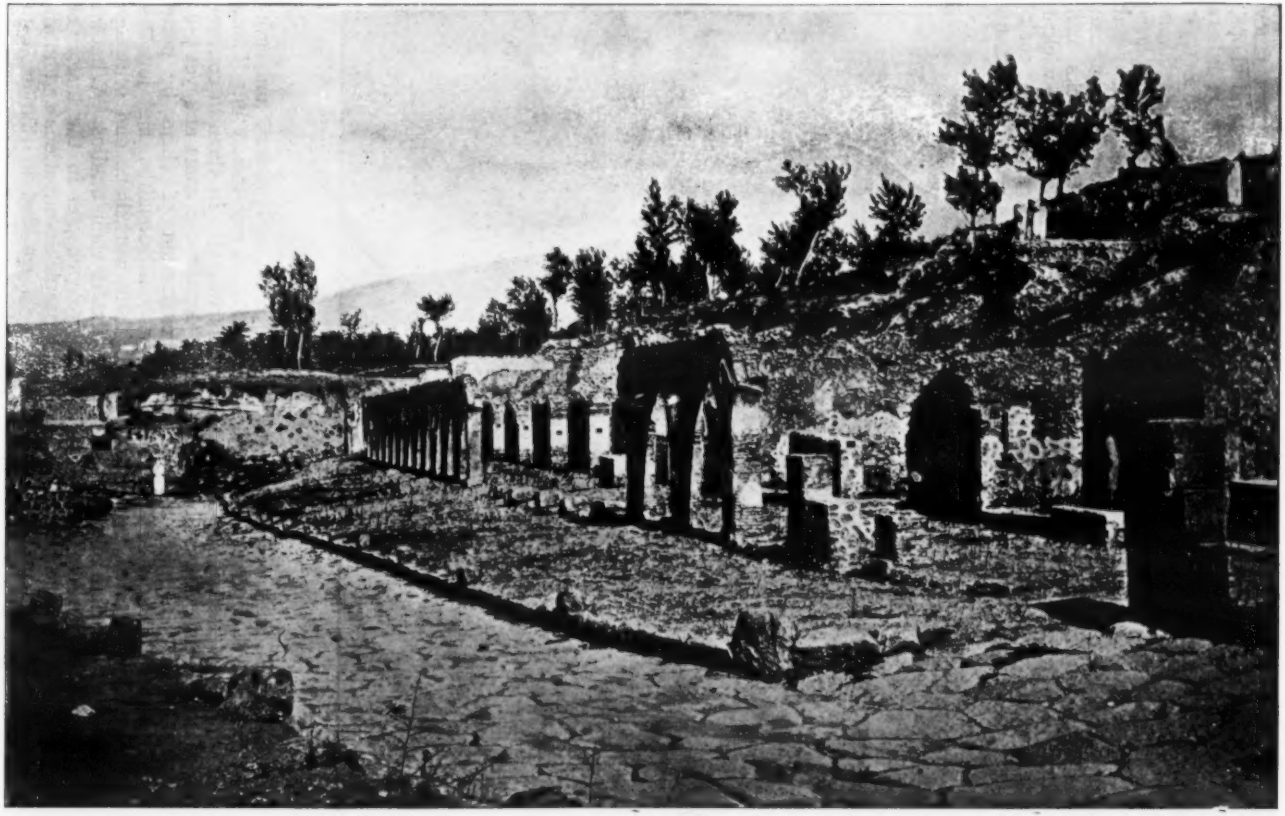
Bird's-Eye View of the Ruins of Pompeii

greater portion of it, with its narrow thoroughfares closed in by dead walls plastered or painted in different colors according to the taste of the owners, and we find relief from the monotony of the aspect when we enter streets where the residences of the wealthy and dwellings of the principal inhabitants are situated; for the fronts of these houses are occupied by shops, sometimes so numerous as to form a continuous row.

They are queer little places these shops of the Pompeiians, and few of them have communication with the mansions or public buildings to which they belong. They seem mere indentures into the main buildings. Most of them have a small apartment in the rear, and many of them an upper room used as a bedchamber. Insignificant as they seem to us they enliven the scene, and we mark the numerous signs that decorate their fronts and indicate the trade carried on within. Here we stop and look at a colored terra-cotta bas-relief representing two men carrying a wine jar and do not doubt that we are in front of a wine-shop; there, across the street, we observe a sign with a painted goat on it as the indicator and regard it as suggestive of milk and cheeses. But such signs are not confined to trade only, for in another street, which passes by the baths near the forum, we notice a rude painting of two persons fighting while their teacher looks on holding a laurel wreath, and we know thereby that we are at the establishment of an instructor in arms, or keeper of gladiators. The landlord of the Elephant Inn displays a painted representation of that animal as his sign.

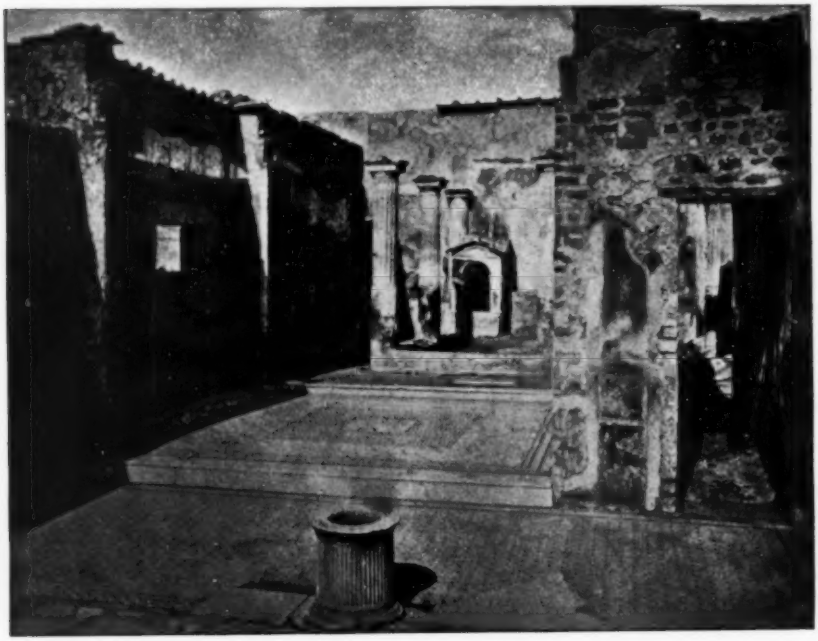
Excavation in Progress

Presently we enter a small street which we will call the Street of Lupanar, and before us are the Great Baths, or Thermœ Stabianæ. Here an agreeable interruption to the dull, gloomy appearance of the thoroughfares we have just passed through greets us. We have found another quarter where liveliness, movement



House of Diomedes

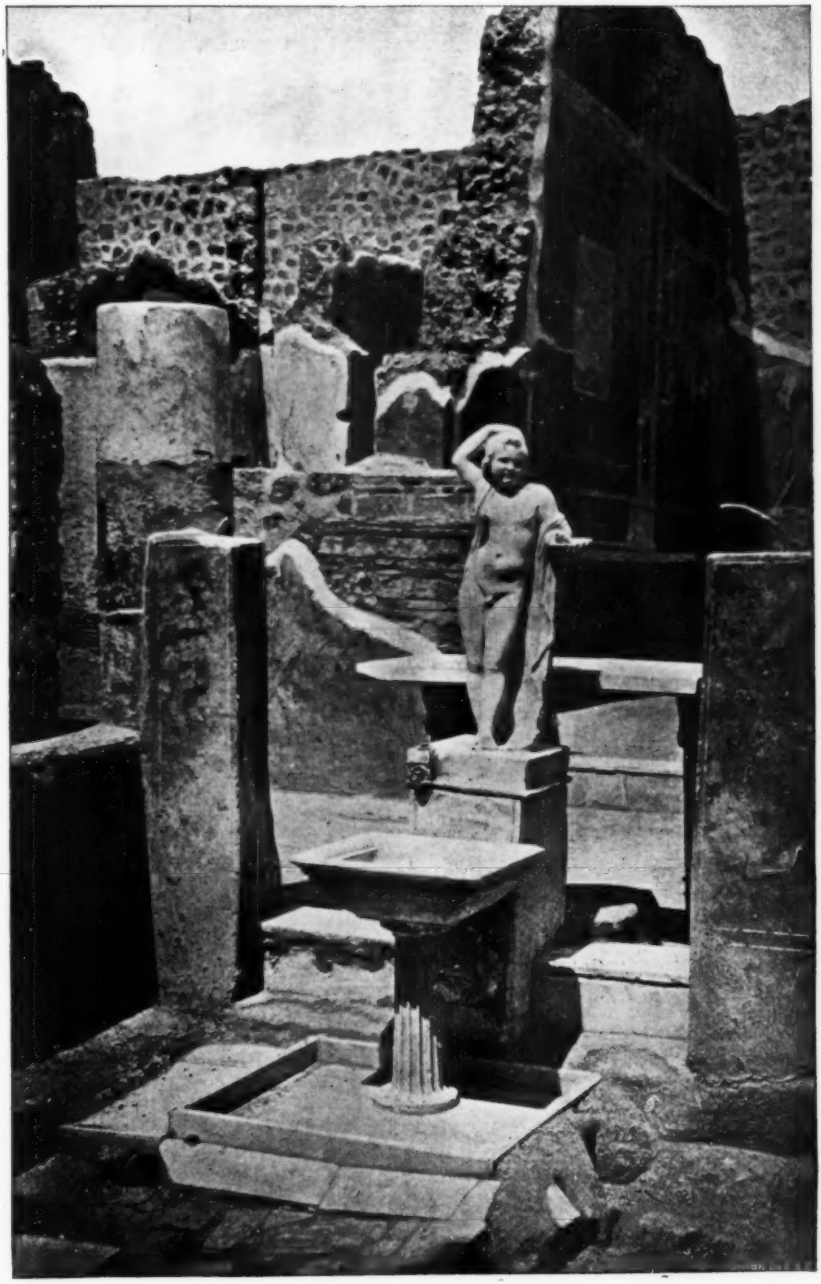
and excitement arouse energy and interest. A row of shops, interrupted only by the two entrances to the baths, extends along the whole of the western and southern sides of the structure, and the owners are busy with their customers who almost jostle each other on the narrow causeway. The hum of traffic and the human voice strikes pleasantly on the ear, while the costumes of a bygone people, the painted walls and signs, the quaint stalls, and places where hot fancy drinks are sold ; there are oil shops, paint shops and color factories ; fullers and tanners and dyers have their yards, and saddle and harnessmakers their workshops. We can buy glassware and bronzeware, fishing nets and weights and scales to weigh our fish with ; inkstands, bells, locks and hinges ; single or double-wicked lamps of bronze or earthenware ; cooking utensils of every description ;



House of the Tragic Poet

little salerooms and workshops, in such diminutive contrast with the great stores and factories of modern times, fascinate us. All is so new to us and yet so old.

And what a variety of articles and objects are manufactured, bought and sold, in these Pompeiian cells of industry and trade ! There are cook-shops, and shops where fruits dried and fruits preserved in glass jars are sold ; there are flour mills and bakeries and pastry vases, plates and dishes, and cash-boxes to keep our money in. These have narrow slits in them to conveniently deposit the coins and yet prevent extraction of them by petty filchers. Silversmiths and jewelers have their workshops and sculptors and painters their studios. What an apocalyptic chapter in the history of a past people's occupations and habits of life do we find in this visit to Pompeii !



House of the Great Balcony Fountain

Having taken this cursory glimpse at Pompeii with regard to the external appearance of the town before its destruction, let us visit a few of the ruins and see what their disentombment reveals to us.

First we will enter the baths last mentioned, for they constitute the most spacious and most beautifully decorated public establishment of the kind in Pompeii. Turning out of the street of Lupinar into that of Holcomus, we arrive at the principal entrance, and, passing through the vestibule, we enter a large quadrangular court, surrounded by a portico supported by pillars. This enclosure, forty yards long by twenty yards wide, served as a gymnasium for athletic games and exercises. On its south side there are only the painted walls that closed in the shops on the street of Holconius, but on the west is the large *natatio* or swimming bath, with a spacious apartment at each end used by the bathers as dressing-rooms. These apartments are highly decorated with paintings, and immediately in rear of the one at the south end of the bath is the *destrictarium*, where the operation of preparing for the bath those who had been engaged in exercising in the *palæstra* was performed. This consisted in scraping off the body the perspiration and the oil and sand used by athletes in their games. The outside walls of these apartments are ornamented with paintings and fantastic and other designs in stucco.

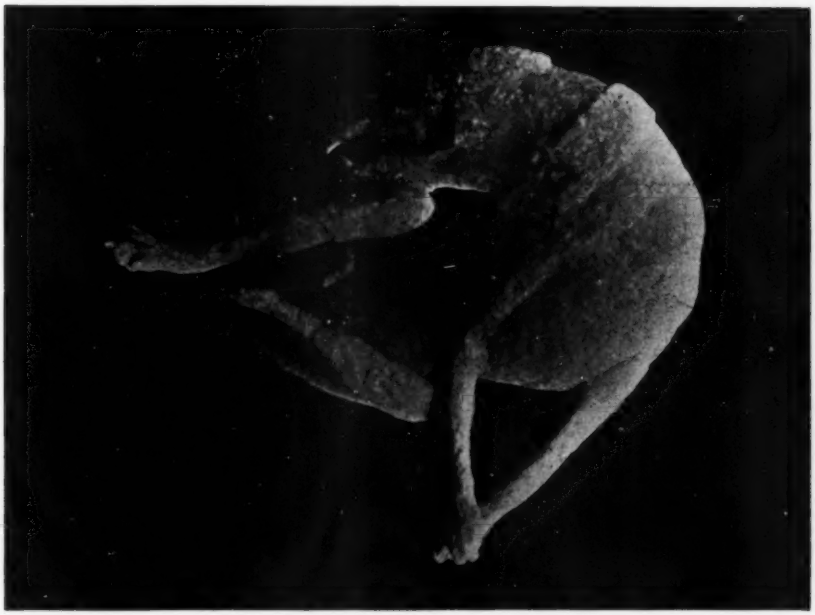
On the east side are the more luxurious baths, so much indulged in by the ancient Italians. Here we see the *frigidarium*, the *tepidarium* and the *caldarium*, the cold, tepid and hot baths, with their appurtenances of furnaces, boilers and water pipes, with the sweating-room and dressing-room, and all the utensils and furniture requisite for this elaborate lavatory. As we pass from bath to bath and from apartment to apartment, the remains reveal to us relics of marble or mosaic floors, the architectural adornments

Cast of Human Body taken from the Ruins of Pompeii

and the paintings that ornamented the walls. On the north side of the *palæstra* are the women's baths, which were not so profusely decorated as those appropriated to the use of the male sex.

Leaving the baths by the entrance from the Street of Stabiæ, we follow that road southward, and in a few hundred yards arrive at the theaters. There are two of these structures situated close together, the larger one capable of seating five thousand spectators, the other hardly having accommodation for one-third of that number. The first is formed on the slope of a hill, and was entered from above through a large open-arched corridor that surrounded the whole *cavea*. It was entirely faced with marble, the benches, orchestra, stage, and the permanent scene, with all its ornaments, being of that material. Like all principal theaters of ancient Italy, this place of amusement was open to the sky, though an awning was stretched over it for the protection of the spectators against the sun or rain. The smaller theater was a remarkable exception to this rule, being provided with a permanent roof, which is supposed to have been of wood.

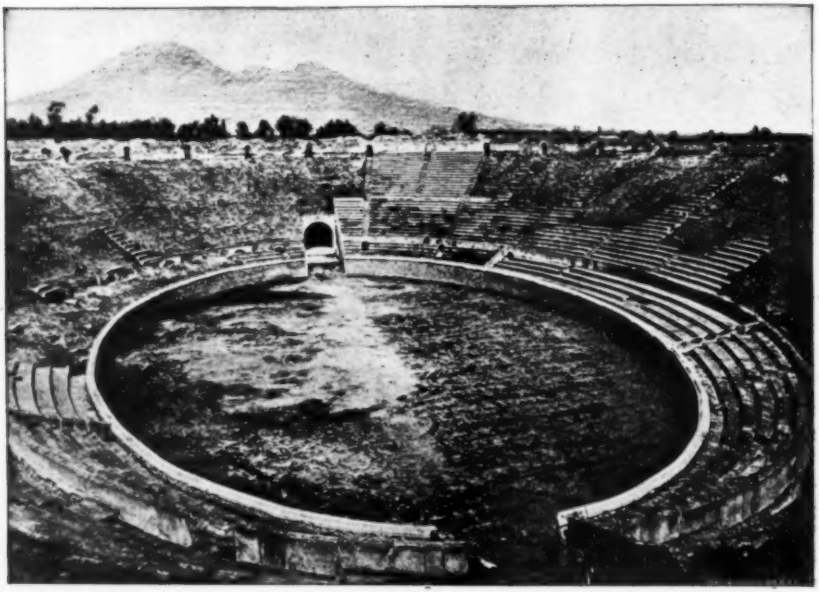
Behind the large theater is the School of the Gladiators, a rectangular enclosure, one hundred and eighty-three feet long by one hundred and forty-eight feet wide, surrounded by a colonnade and portico, around which are the sleeping quarters of the soldiers or gladiators, who once trained within that ancient structure. As only weapons and accoutrements of gladiators and no soldier's arms have been found in the ruins of this building, it is generally conceded that it was used as a training school for gladiators, and not as a soldier's barracks, as was supposed when it was first excavated in 1776 and several following years. The lodgings above



Cast of a Dog taken from the Ruins of Pompeii

mentioned have an upper story, making the number of the rooms sixty-six in all. The upper story has been restored in one of the angles, as will be seen by referring to the illustration.

Five hundred yards away, in the southeastern angle of the city wall, stands the amphitheater where human beings were compelled to fight for the amusement of spectators who loved to gloat their eyes on exhibitions of bloodshed, and where combats took place between wild beasts, or between



Amphitheatre

beasts and men, when some aspirant for popularity courted favor by indulging the public in their taste for cruel sights and deeds.

This great circus is oval in form, its greatest length being four hundred and thirty feet, and its breadth at the widest part three hundred and thirty-five feet. With its twenty-four rows of seats, to which the spectators were admitted by tickets, it afforded sitting-room for ten thousand persons, while on crowded occasions there was standing-room for many more. At each end of the ellipse was an entrance into the arena, through which marched those who were about to die or conquer. Through other openings the wild beasts, whose dens were constructed under the slope on which the people sat, rushed upon their victims.

We will visit one more public building before seeing the interior of private houses. It is an edifice that has greatly perplexed antiquarians, and has already been alluded to as the Pantheon, a name applied to it when first discovered. The reason for that was the finding of twelve stone pedestals placed in a circle round an altar in the center of the area, which was one hundred and twenty feet long by ninety feet wide. These pedestals were supposed to have supported statues of the twelve superior gods, the *Dii Magni*, whence the name ascribed to the building. This idea, however, is now almost universally re-

School of the Gladiators

jected, and the more probable theory that the edifice was dedicated to the worship of Augustus and the use of his priests, the Augustals, is pretty generally accepted. Augustus, it is known, was the object of great veneration at Pompeii, and the paintings on the walls and the statues of the imperial family support the supposition that the place was consecrated to him. The statue of Livia, his wife, is remarkable for the skillful execution of the drapery, and is one of the best that has been found at Pompeii. Those who reject the idea that this temple was a Pantheon conjecture that the twelve square posts were not pedestals for statues, but bases for pillars supporting a circular building.

Of all the private buildings that have been unearthed at Pompeii, not one surpasses in interest, extent and display of luxury the suburban villa, known as the house of Diomedes. This stately mansion was built on the slope of a hill just outside the gate of Herculaneum in the street of the Tombs, and received its name from a sepulchre situated directly in front of it, which bore the name of M. Arrius Diomedes. Who its possessor was is unknown, but that he was a man of wealth, luxury and refined taste, the ruins of his magnificent villa prove. Nothing that could contribute to a life of elegant ease and enjoyment was wanting in that beautiful country abode. It had its gardens and terraces and ornamented porticos, its courts and fountains, its corridors and trellises. Its halls and chambers, its numerous apartments, decorated with beautiful frescoes and architectural designs, its marble and mosaic floors, its bathrooms, subterranean galleries, and cool cellars with wine jars in them, proclaim it to have been the residence of an opulent family surrounded by everything that could make existence happy; but the dark and terrible day arrived and they all perished. When the vaults were excavated, the skeletons of eighteen adult persons, of a boy, and of an infant were found. They were huddled together and beside them lay women's jewelry, bracelets of gold and rings with gems in them. Near one of the garden gates two other skeletons were found. Near one of them lay about one hundred gold and silver coins, near the other silver vases. The excavations of this house were carried on during the years 1772–4, and as the work proceeded ten more skeletons were exhumed in or near the house. So great a mortality in a single ruin would seem to indicate that the whole household perished, master and wife, and children and slaves.

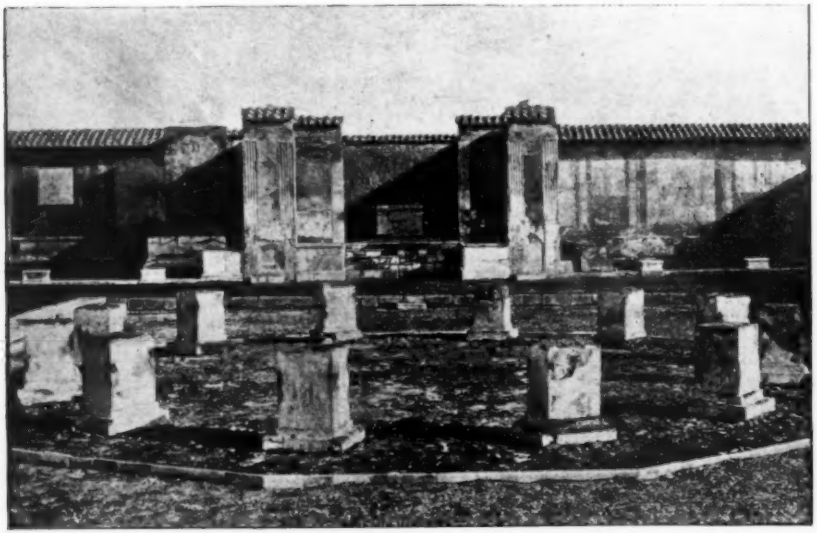
In the limited space of a magazine article, it is impossible to give any other than a general idea of such a building as the one just described, and it would be equally out of place to make mention of more than a very few of the numerous private dwellings that have been unearthed, exceeding as they do, three hundred in number, and making us acquainted with the abodes of all classes of people. In general plan and arrangement the houses of Pompeii, with the exception of those of the humblest class, exhibit great similarity. The principal living rooms were all on the ground floor, the upper story being consigned to the slaves. The apartments below were grouped round an *atrium* or rectangular hall, which was almost always open to the sky, and in the better houses generally surrounded by columns. Into this hall opened the rooms, the entrances to which seem to have been only closed with curtains.

Worthy of mention is the house of the Tragic Poet, which was excavated in 1824. It is conspicuous for the great number and beauty of the paintings with which it is adorned. In size it is not large as compared with some others, but its owner was a man of refined taste and cultivation. Some of the magnificent frescoes that covered the walls have been removed to the Museum at Naples, the rest have perished.

House of Cornelius Rufus — Excavated in 1863

In the *atrium* of the building called the house of the Great Balcony there is an extremely pretty fountain. The house is a small one and received its name from the balcony which projects several feet over the narrow lane in which the building is situated.

The names by which the houses in Pompeii are designated are either fanciful or have been arbitrarily given. Where a house has been distinguished by giving it an owner's name, the grounds for so doing rest upon no good authority. This is not the case with the house of Cornelius Rufus, which is a remarkable exception in this respect. It is a handsome building and at the left hand far corner of the *atrium* is a marble bust of the owner, large as life, finely executed and having his name inscribed beneath it.



Temple of Augustus, or Pantheon

The excavations at Pompeii, which have so extensively enlarged our knowledge of the occupations and modes of life of the ancient Italians have been carried on for more than a hundred years, and there is no doubt that all the most important portions of the town have been examined. There is positive evidence that after the destruction of the city on August 23d, A. D. 79, searches for treasure, etc., were carried on for many years; but in time its site and even name seem to have been forgotten, and it was not until 1748 that it was discovered. In that year Don Rocco Alcubierre, a Spanish colonel of engineers, was employed to examine a subterranean canal that had actually been cut under the site of the ruins at the close of the sixteenth century. From the time of Albucierré's discovery the excavation has been carried on with alternate spasms of energy and fits of indifference. This irregular and ill-conducted work, carried on without definite plan, and having for its only aim the finding of objects of value for the Royal Museum, was disastrous to the preservation of architectural and other details in buildings. It was not until the appointment of Signor Giuseppe Fiorelli as director of the excavations, after the establishment of Victor Emmanuel's authority in Naples that

a proper system was put in operation. This distinguished scholar and antiquary adopted the plan of restoration without removing a single stone or fragment of brickwork from its place. When charred wood is discovered sound wood is put in its stead, and as the volcanic deposits are carefully removed, every piece of masonry is kept in its place by props.

To Signor Fiorellis' ingenuity we are, moreover, indebted for the preservation of other evidences of the destroying volcano's work. The destruction of Pompeii was not caused by a flood of molten lava; the high position of the town protected it from that fate; it was submerged beneath a shower of pumicestones and ashes and a deluge of liquid mud, which penetrated cellars and places which dry cinders could not have reached. This volcanic mud enveloped the objects over which it flowed with a mold of plaster, which, drying and hardening, retained the forms of human and animal bodies that had been surrounded by it and had afterward decayed. The idea occurred to Signor Fiorelli of pouring liquid plaster into the cavities thus formed in the hardened volcanic paste. His experiment was tried and proved successful. The casts of numerous human beings have been taken, and a ghastly collection of these records of death's most horrible doings has been made. These casts are painful to look upon, and the stories that they mutely tell are touching in the extreme. The last struggle and the final agony, the gestures of despair and the convulsive contortions accompanying death by suffocation are all faithfully depicted. Some of these casts are especially interesting, exhibiting the texture of garments and the fashions and class distinctions in dress. Casts of many animals have also been taken.

The number of persons who perished is not considered to have been large, though nothing approaching an accurate estimate can be formed. It seems that most of the inhabitants escaped, and the bodies that have been found were generally those of persons who had fled to their cellars for safety and been there imprisoned and suffocated.

A flood of light has been thrown upon the manners and customs of ancient life in Italy by the excavations at Pompeii, while the knowledge of ancient painting derived thereby exceeds that obtained from all other sources. The profusion of ornamental works and objects in bronze and the elegance of design displayed in that second-rate provincial town excite the utmost admiration, but the frescoes and paintings have produced a still higher impression. When Vesuvius buried Pompeii in ashes, the volcano constructed a hidden magazine of knowledge for the use of future ages.

AT THE DRY TORTUGAS DURING THE WAR

A LADY'S JOURNAL

(Commenced in January number)

[The history of the late war has been well treated in various publications, but that portion relating to the famous Dry Tortugas prison, where thousands of men were kept during the war, and where those connected with the assassination of President Lincoln were confined, has never been described, yet the events are now of great historical value. The island upon which the great prison was established was a sand bank comprising but thirteen acres, — one of the last of the keys representing the end of the great Florida reef. For seven or eight years a lady, the wife of one of the surgeons, lived in this isolated spot and viewed all the incidents from the appearance of the first war cloud until the declaration of peace. The following chapters were not written or intended for publication, the events being jotted down simply for friends in the North; and THE CALIFORNIAN has been enabled to give them to the public in a series of chapters, believing that many are of historical interest and value, and also as showing the singular life of a lady in one of the most out-of-the-way spots in this country.]

AS I look down the vista of all these years that have gone it is hard to realize the isolation of Tortugas life; the heat continuous for six months and more at a time; the mosquitoes—a pest that at times tested our amiability to the utmost, obliging us to sit under tents of netting.

Added to all this there were times when the living was so deplorable, our appetites failed, and a Barmecide feast was always before us.

We studied the cook books for receipts that were only an aggravation, with the energy of despair.

The only variety in our walks was around the seawall or on the ramparts, where the sky for nearly eight months in the year was one grand, burnished dome, that met the seemingly illimitable sea in all directions, reflecting millions of rays of heat that took our strength and courage.

Yet, with all this, there was little complaint; I think all were heroic, and deserved more praise and credit for endurance than was ever received, for very much was enjoyed socially, and the residents of the islands did not grow weary of each other.

The last of March the steamer *Erickson* came in and ran aground, having on board the remainder of the One Hundred and Tenth New York Regiment already on the island, and fifty-seven additional prisoners.

Pleasant weather continued into April; the nights were cool and the days not too warm for exercise; we now had our first thunder storm, which was a sign of summer. About the middle of the month I accepted an invitation from Mrs. W—— to visit them as they were to leave Key West for the North the first of May.

The enjoyment is still fresh with me, and we renewed our friendship that had lost none of its tenderness in the days that had intervened, since we watched them sail away out into the night, leaving us alone so many months before.

The time was filled with riding and meeting our friends who came to see us.

Admiral Baily, who was now in command of the flagship, and Captain and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Herrick, Judge Boynton and many others were there whom it was always pleasant to meet.

The feeling of secession was not appeased, and the undercurrent of animosity, like the rumbling of a volcano, created an atmosphere that was anything but cheerful. But it was not permitted to interfere with the home life at headquarters, which was always a happy one. General Woodbury was a man of the most sterling

character, a true Christian, and one whose influence for good unconsciously stimulated all who came in contact with him. Genial, quiet in his manner, with a keen sense of humor, he was a charming host, and, aided by his wife, who in every way supplemented these many ennobling qualities, their home was a model one wherever duty assigned them.

We were just far enough from town, with pleasant people all about us at the barracks, and we tried to forget the element of discord that was so dominant there, and did enjoy very much, although there would a look of weariness and anxiety in the midst of it all, come over the face of the general that made it an effort, we knew, for him to always put the gloom and sorrow that so enveloped our beloved country entirely out of sight.

The children were happy and we enjoyed all their pleasures, and a house full of their merry voices was an antidote for many outside evils.

I remember a wistful look one morning, that came back to me afterwards so strongly, I wonder I did not almost feel it as a premonition of sorrow in store for those so dearly loved.

One of the boys had just finished his music lesson, given him by his mother, and they both had left the room. The general sat listening to the voices of the three boys who were going horseback riding; he watched them as they rode away, and said "what a lonely house this will be in another month; but if anything should happen to me—" and his voice trembled as he added: "I am blessed with such a wife all will be well."

How kind is Providence that hides the future and leads us gently on, else how could we live and struggle without the hope that sustains us through all, in the blissful ignorance that enfolds us.

Captain and Mrs. Hook had taken tea with us and spent the evening, and about nine, just as they were sitting down to a game of whist, Captain McFarland came in, saying that the admiral was very anxious about the steamer, *Honeysuckle*, and wanted the *Tortugas* to go in search of her, so another hour found us on board the schooner on the way to Fort Jefferson.

The first of May another steamer arrived from the North, bringing two hundred and eighty prisoners from the Army of the Potomac. It was discouraging, but the military prisons were overflowing at the North, and there was not time to investigate and sift them out, so those really deserving imprisonment, and those confined for trivial offenses, came together, a motley, sorry-looking crowd.

To our delight, another norther visited us, with the thermometer going down to sixty-seven degrees. We hailed each one as a reprieve, for we rarely had them so late, and each one shortened the long summer.

The birds came again, and we went on the ramparts to hear them, as the noise distinctly reached us, and we could see the dark cloud they made as they hovered over Bird Key. At the same time we feasted on mutton and beef, brought by a supply boat, and it was the turtle season, too, so that we lived on the fat of the land for awhile.

The last of May the heat commenced in earnest, coming to stay, and our outings were all upon the water. We remained indoors until five, then the boats were out, and for three hours we enjoyed the sailing.

We made our first trip to Bird Key, bringing away fully three hundred eggs. The workmen had long since discontinued their work on the fortifications, and the birds had undisputed possession of the island.

It was very exciting, the birds were in such vast numbers, paying very little attention to us until we shouted, when they would for a second cease their chatter, and with a simultaneous scream that was deafening, rise, looking like a dark cloud hovering over the island, and then return to their nests, not for the pur-

pose of covering their eggs, as the sun was the incubator, but they fed the little helpless things with fish most faithfully.

The seventh of June found us again on the way to Key West, leaving a party on the wharf who had regretfully said good-bye, as taking two ladies away interfered sadly with our little society.

The trip was very tedious, for we were becalmed part of the night and all day, drifting, and the captain's account of a similar time when he drifted way beyond Key West and did not get back for two weeks, when he was greeted as a shipwrecked mariner was not reassuring.

But the day wore on without a breath of wind; the sun was like glass reflecting the heat until our faces were blistered.

We saw no sail or steamer until just before dark one day, a tug came in sight, which we knew must be in search of us; in the course of half an hour it came alongside, and Captain McFarland's cheery voice called out to know if we wanted a line. When he came on board our welcome must have been an assurance of our appreciation of his efforts. He said: "I concluded you must be drifting around somewhere in this part of the Gulf, and as there was no sign of a breeze we started out, not expecting to go more than half way, but the tug will take us in before midnight."

By eleven we reached the wharf to find the steamer *Admiral* in; but the passengers were too worn out to go on her, and so waited for the *Patapsco*, which was expected in a few days. The next day found us comfortably settled at Captain McFarland's, as his family had gone North a few weeks before, and he had room for all the party, and the few days of waiting were very pleasant ones.

Mrs. Hook called in the morning, asking us all to the barracks to tea, and Captain Hook told us that she was going North with my sister and Mrs. Holgate.

Captain Hook was very earnest about it, although we could see that his wife was consenting very reluctantly to leave him, yet if she were going, the opportunity was one to be considered. I remember the evening as being exceptionally beautiful, and General Woodbury, who had joined us, proposed a walk on the piazza, during which he talked of his family, the life at Tortugas and its quiet happiness, in a way that, as I looked back upon it a few weeks later, seemed almost prophetic.

The next evening at Captain McFarland's we had an impromtu reception.

The Admiral and his staff, Mr. Butterfield, the British Consul, Doctor Van Riper, Captain Ralph Chandler, Captains McCauley and Bowers, Captain and Mrs. Hook, the Misses Furgerson and Bethel and Doctor Mitchel, in fact, all our friends came to say good-bye to my sister. It was long remembered as such a happy time, with no foreshadowing of the sorrow that was so soon to follow.

The next morning while we were at breakfast Captain and Mrs. Hook came in; he on his way to the Fort where he spent part of each day, and she to tell us that she had a reprieve. She had promised faithfully that if Captain Hook would allow her to remain two weeks longer, until the next steamer, she would go willingly and there was a joy in her face that told its own story. Was it inspiration that had brought this change of plan? Certainly it was a kind Providence.

Mrs. Holgate and my sister left in the *Patapsco* that evening, and I went to Mrs. Hook to remain until the boat left for Tortugas the following night.

We had a quick trip down, and the following day the *Nightingale* came in bringing seventy more prisoners.

The *Tortugas* on her return trip brought the news that Captain Hook was stricken down with yellow fever and the *Nightingale* which came in two days later brought the sorrowful news that our dear friend whom I left

as well as usual only one week before, had succumbed to that terrible disease that we had all felt in his condition, he bore a certain immunity from contracting.

Had Mrs. Hook gone North as was at first planned, her first news would have been of her husband's death, and perhaps in those days of irregular mails it might have been two weeks before the sad news reached her.

She went on the next steamer, but under what different circumstances.

Reports abroad of the havoc made by the increase of the epidemic, shut us off from the world again, and it was with dread that we saw the schooner *Tortugas* come in.

The break-bone fever made its appearance again with us.

The Colonel and his wife were among the first victims and few escaped; my son succumbed, then the Doctor, who could not give up to it, and who went about doing the best he could, obtaining a few hours' rest whenever the opportunity offered, until finally the whole island became one immense hospital.

The heat was intense, the silence oppressive beyond description; there were no soldiers for drill or parade and the gloom was indescribable.

We were all ill at the same time with no physician; five hundred at one time would scarcely cover the list of those ill with the fever; thirty out of one company and all its officers, while those who were able to move about looked like ghosts.

The mercury was one hundred and four degrees in the hospital. As each one rallied they would visit those still in bed; but no one seemed to gain vitality sufficient to throw off the feeling that we were in some horrible nightmare. The disease was very prostrating and for days we had only the stewards to depend upon who were hosts in themselves. My husband's steward remained with us nights inside the Fort and the steward of the One Hundred and Tenth was invaluable in his skill, attention and kindness; but it was terrible beyond description, to be hemmed in by those high, literally red-hot brick walls with so much suffering sickness. I could look from my window and see the piazza, with beds brought out hoping for a breath of air to fan the burning brow and fever-parched lips; there was nothing to brighten the cloud of despair that seemed to encompass the island.

The mail schooner, *Tortugas*, came down but was put in quarantine for eight days. The yellow fever was raging with great fatality in Key West; even the old acclimated residents succumbed to it. The ships put out to sea.

In the midst of all this, news reached us that General Woodbury and Captain McFarland were ill with the fever and the painful suspense waiting for the delayed sailing vessels added to our depression, for vessels avoided us; no steamer came near us except Captain Craven with his *Monitor en route* for Mobile.

He spent all the time he could with us. Fortunately, it happened just after the Doctor's illness. Captain Craven brought all the latest news from Washington, but he seemed less cheerful than when he was with us before and talked constantly of his wife and children. Was it a premonition of the dark shadow hanging over him? He brought their pictures up for us to see and after the vessel had coaled he invited the Doctor and myself on board to lunch with him. I remember as we stood in the turret of the curious-looking half boat half sea monster, I said, "If this should go down how could you escape?"

He replied, "We should run up this ladder and jump from the top of the turret." My heart gave a little shiver as I said, "I trust you will not be obliged to resort to that." He was ordered to the monitor *Tecumsah* while a vessel that he was to be given the command of was being made ready, as the fight at Mobile was not expected to occupy much time.

We watched her steam out of the

harbor and until it was a mere speck on the top of the water, our hearts heavy with a premonition of coming sorrow.

And it came, first, when the mail boat came in with the heartrending news of the death of our dear friend, General Woodbury.

Doctor Mitchel, who came down to visit us, was not well and looked worn and pale, but had he remained, we could not help feeling that he might have lived; yet, on the other hand, had he been taken with the genuine yellow fever, at Tortugas, it might have been the spark that in our deplorable condition would have devastated the island.

He returned to Key West, finding that my husband was able to attend to the hospital and the next boat brought a note from Captain McFarland telling us that his work was ended in less than a week from the time he left us, just as his "leave" expired from his own, the British navy, and his resignation had been accepted from our army which came and was read to him within an hour of his death.

We began to dread the incoming of the mail, fearing what might come next. We were weak and depressed enough to be almost superstitious. And the next news was the sad fate of Captain Craven. The *Monitor* was blown up in making the charge with Farragut in Mobile Bay; and so died one of the most chivalrous men of our navy. Captain Craven was a man of courtly presence, and his courtesy was the direct cause of his death. When the torpedo exploded beneath the *Monitor*, they felt her going and instinctively rushed for the turret, as he had told us he would do. As Craven reached the foot of the companion way, another man, I believe the pilot, reached it just behind him. The *Monitor* was then making the final plunge and there was time for one to spring out and only one. Craven stepped back, saying, "After you, sir." The other sprang through the opening and the commander went down, caught in the whirl of waters that burst through the hatch.

All of these men were intimate and valued friends, and their deaths followed each other so rapidly, for it was not six weeks since the death of Captain Hook, that it was not strange that it was impossible to throw off the gloom which hung over us like a pall.

People finally began to rally, but very slowly, and the lethargy we had fallen into from all this sorrow and sickness was hard to shake off. I remember going out sailing, to meet the *Tortugas*, on the ninth of September for the first time in three months.

After awhile the ladies began to visit, getting together with their sewing, gradually falling into their old habits in a quiet, subdued way, with the feeling one has after watching with sickness so long they tread and speak softly as though the object of their care was still with them. My husband now took the entire medical charge of the prisoners; his sympathies were aroused when he treated them during the illness of the regimental doctor, and he found them in a terrible condition from the effects of scurvy. His first inspection occupied five hours, and every corner of their quarters and every man was examined. He found nearly two hundred with the loathsome disease, many too ill to rally. Fortunately, the officers were only too glad to second any efforts he wished to make, and the idea of having some one specially interested in them was to them a ray of hope.

He called for a new clean building, taking them out of the casemates and sent for all the limes Key West could provide. He found in the commissary stores dessicated vegetables which the doctor should have given them before, had he understood the nature of the disease.

He sent men to the islands to gather parsley, which grew there in abundance; had it boiled as a vegetable and they ate it with vinegar, and soon new life was instilled into the wretched miserable lot of men. Yet there were many to whom all this came too late.

(*To be Continued*)

CUPID AFLOAT

BY M. IMLAY TAYLOR

On a dreamy afternoon,
Mid the tender bloom of June,
  On a river, softly flowing,
Oars kept time with rhythmic tune
  —For Love went rowing!

All was quiet, nothing stirred,
And the only sound one heard
  Was the merry sound of mowing,
Or cry of startled bird
  Where Love was rowing.

Sweet the sultry air did seem
And the trees stood in a dream;
  Not the lightest zephyr blowing
Ruffled the enchanted stream
  Where Love was rowing.

The wild roses on the bank
From intrusion wisely shrank,
  Even blushed where they were growing,
And the lilies deeper sank,
  —For Love was rowing!

All the blossoms to the skies
Turned the fragrance of their sighs,
  Wily circumspection showing;
And the daisies shut their eyes
  Where Love was rowing.

Poets hardly dare to quote
What was whispered in that boat;
  Question in, and answer towing;
Doubt and passion were afloat
  —And Love was rowing.

She was lovely to behold,
He was bashful, hot and cold—
  Redder every moment growing,
Struggling with a tale half-told,
  Slow—Love was rowing.

In the midst of all their sighs,
Love turned with laughing eyes,
  Gave a wink profoundly knowing;
Listened to his victim's lies—
  And laughed while he was rowing.

SHALL WE EDUCATE OUR POLITICIANS?

II

BY C. T. HOPKINS

THE former article of this series attempted to point out that the need of the best education has been long ago felt, and partly supplied in several departments of the Executive and in the Judicial branches of our Government and drew attention to the as yet unfilled want in the Legislative branch. Herbert Spencer in his essay on Political Education, after showing the entire educational unfitness of nearly all members of the English Parliament for the work of law-making (though there has been a far larger proportion of university-bred men in that body than in any American Legislature), uses this language: "One would think that the whole system had been framed on the sayings of some political Dogberry. The art of healing is difficult, the art of government easy. The understanding of arithmetic comes by study while the understanding of society comes by instinct. Watch-making requires a long apprenticeship, but there needs none for the making of institutions. To manage a shop properly requires teaching, but the management of a people may be undertaken without preparation."

Experience has amply shown that some of the ideas of the old Constitution makers were founded in error. Notable among these is the universal provision which as yet there has been no thought of changing, that mere citizenship, lawful age and legal residence are the only qualifications necessary for any office. Another is that a governing class can be avoided and good government secured by short terms and frequent elections. A third is that in every representative office the candidate must be a resident of the district that elects him. The result of all three errors is the universal verification of the maxim that the Government cannot be any better than the people, a maxim whose contemplation satisfies thousands of unthinking voters, with whom the Government is good enough when it is no worse than the people. Unfortunately for this class of political optimists, the operation of these three fundamental errors in combination with the corrupting power of wealth, has in many instances degraded the Government below the people both intellectually and morally. President C. W. Eliot of Harvard, in an excellent paper in the *Forum* for October, 1891, after showing the impossibility of good municipal Government so long as short term and frequent changes in City Councils make impossible the necessary knowledge in taxation, water supply, drainage, sanitary conditions, control of corporations and the thousand other details which must be regulated by the City Government, if regulated at all, concludes that "it is no exaggeration to say that good municipal administration has now become absolutely impossible without the employment on permanent tenures of a large number of highly trained and highly paid experts in various arts and sciences as directors of the chief city departments. * * * *Before Municipal Government can be set right in the United States, municipal service must be made a life career for intelligent and self-respecting young Americans; that is, it must be attractive to well-trained young men who enter it — as they enter any other profession or business, mean-*

ing to stay in it, learn it thoroughly, and win advancement in it by fidelity and ability." If this be true as to Municipal Government is it less true as to State Legislatures and Congress?

But the difficulties in the way of securing trained talent and character in the elective service of our Government are manifold and fundamental. They are:

1st. The absence of any class properly educated in statecraft from which proper candidates can be selected, and of any institutions for supplying such education.

2d. The absence of such public opinion as at all recognizes the necessity for any special education in candidates for elective office.

3d. The universal dominance of a class of active and unscrupulous politicians whose idea of office is private gain, not public service, and whose principal test of fitness is corrupt subservience to the nominating power. These have no use for educated candidates, whom they love as the rats love the ferret!

4th. Universal suffrage implies the right to hold office (as if it were a property or a power) as the correlative of the mere voting power, and therefore ignorance and incompetence have the right of representation, in proportion to numbers, equally with knowledge and talent. Therefore the more ignorant voters, when in the majority, would deem themselves disfranchised if not permitted to choose their representatives from their own body.*

5th. The entire absence of educational qualifications for legislative office in every Constitution.

6th. The uncertainty of the election of educated candidates.

7th. The further uncertainty of their re-election, especially under Constitutional provisions confining representation to residents in the district, thereby disqualifying non-resident candidates though in every respect better men.

8th. Extreme partisanship, which everywhere seeks the election of party leaders regardless of their education, knowledge or character.

So then, so far from realizing the dream of the fathers, that free elections by the people would naturally result in the choice of their best men, and therefore in a far better administration than is possible under hereditary or autocratic governments, here are eight conditions whose operation makes it almost as impossible to place able and clean men in the Legislature as in the jury-box. How are these conditions to be changed, without changing our form of Government? *Only by such changes in public opinion as shall do away with the conditions!*

Public opinion is sovereign in a Republican Government. When the people shall have been taught to apply to public questions the same common sense and common honesty which regulate all private business, they will as naturally place in office only those who are educated in statecraft, as they now entrust their law business to lawyers, their health to trained physicians, their building to carpenters, and their horse-shoeing to blacksmiths. Strange that with all our progress in enlightenment and the experience of a century pointing out the fallacy of expecting good government from incompetence and vice, it should seem now a startling, perhaps a visionary or even ridiculous idea, to attempt to utilize the higher education in the administration of public affairs.

Able and patriotic minds in the older States have now been at work for ten years in planting the seeds from which this change in public opinion is to grow. Several strong societies have been formed, and their number is increasing in accelerating ratio, whose members already include thousands of the best minds, and whose object is the general introduction of the duties of citizenship, or "Civics" in the public schools, and

*Since the recent extension of the franchise in England, the proportion of university men elected to parliament has fallen from its former majority to ten or fifteen per cent of the whole.

of the study of political and economic science, history, etc., in the Universities. Prominent among these societies are the "American Institute of Civics," established in New York in 1885, and the "American Academy of Political and Social Science of Philadelphia, now entering in its third year. In compliance with the suggestions of these centers of enlightened opinion, several States have caused elementary text-books to be prepared, explanatory of State and Federal Constitutions, and have introduced their use into the public schools. Among these, California has taken the initiative, and the text-book for which an appropriation was made during the session of 1887–8 is now in course of preparation by Professor Jones of the University of California.

Moreover, during the last ten years, professorships and courses of study in political and economic science have been established in the Universities of Pennsylvania, Kansas, Nebraska, Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana and California; also at Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, Brown and Johns Hopkins Universities. The Leland Stanford Jr. University, lately opened, has at once introduced these studies. The idea of generating an educated class for future public service has therefore already germinated, and seems to be growing But it is yet but a tender hothouse plant. What are thirteen Universities out of three hundred and fifty-seven? And not one of the thirteen has yet established a distinct college, or degrees in statecraft; nor is it probable that any one of them covers all the studies which a thorough outfit for public work requires, or bases its instructions upon such a course in *practical morals* as is indispensable, if *character* as well as knowledge is to be included in the qualifications of a statesman.

Our first want therefore in this connection is the establishment of distinct colleges of statecraft, in which the course of study should embrace the following topics:

1st. Practical morals, to be inculcated in public discussions between teacher and students, in such manner as to awaken the mind to the habitual decision of right and wrong, the recognition of duty and the obligations of patriotism and good manners.

2d. A thorough course of ancient and modern history, especially that of England and the United States.

3d. Philosophy of history and development of ideas of Government in Europe.

4th. Biography, "Plutarch's Lives," Lives of Statesmen and Patriots in England and United States, Washington's Life and Papers.

5th. Political ethics.

6th. Science of Government, comparative ideas of Government, leading American ideas, both political and legal.

7th. Constitutional, civil, criminal, international and parliamentary law and the laws of war.

8. Political economy, with especial reference to the principles of taxation, public finance, protection and free trade, relations of capital to labor, money, banking and the laws of commerce.

9th. Political and commercial geography.

10th. Diplomacy and foreign treaties.

11th. The elements of the sciences that affect social conditions; social science.

12th. The science of statistics.

13th. Logic, rhetoric, correct use of English in writing, and public speaking.

14th. Penology, State asylums and Eleemosynary institutions.

15th. Modern languages (optional).

16th. Military training and tactics.

The object of this course should be a clear understanding of the true place of American Republicanism in the history of political evolution, as the protector of liberty and consequent promoter of happiness. The students should be thoroughly informed of the

dangers which threaten it through mal-administration, and of present corruptions and political crimes. They should be inspired with the determination to correct abuses, to prevent the election of bad or incompetent officers, and promote purity and efficiency as the only means of securing the perpetuity of our institutions. They should be taught that the reward of the faithful civil officer, like that of the Army and Navy, is not in a fortune, but in the exercise of wisely used power, in popular love and gratitude, in promotions, and finally, in honorable mention in history; that an office is not to be regarded as a private property and worked for personal profit, but as a service, in which the public are the masters and sole rightful beneficiaries; and that the salary or fees payable by law, as the full compensation for service performed, are the limit of the pecuniary emolument, which can be honestly received by any officer.

Such a course as is here delineated should lead to the degree of Bachelor of Statecraft, to be followed by subsequent degrees of Master and Doctor of Statecraft, when earned by post-graduate attainments and distinction.

By whom should such colleges be established?

1st. By universities already in existence, especially those which have already provided instruction in Political Science, and particularly by all State Universities.

2d. By wealthy philanthropists, seeking objects on which to bestow a portion of their wealth, and who may perceive that the greatest possible impulse would be given to political reform by large endowments to an entirely distinct institution, devoted wholly to education for political life. For in such a college the military system, which at West Point has produced such satisfactory results in the formation of character could be made to cover every movement and every hour of student life. The proper location for it would unquestionably be at the National Capital, where the students would have the advantage of attending the meetings of Congress; of studying the workings of all the Federal offices and departments; of the Smithsonian Institute; and perhaps of the great Congressional Library. They would hear frequent lectures from leading statesmen, could frequent the courts and city offices, and visit the jails. They could be sent by classes or companies in charge of professors to adjoining State Capitals and large cities, there to attend Legislative and Council meetings, and study State and City Governments.

3d. The Federal Senate has appointed a Standing Committee on a National University of which the new Vermont Senator, Proctor (late Secretary of War), is Chairman. What is expected from this committee, we are not advised. Perhaps it has been raised in compliance with the advice of President Washington in his last message to Congress in 1796, the same in which he recommended the establishment of the Military Academy. In that message he used the following language:

"I have heretofore proposed to the consideration of Congress the expediency of establishing a National University and also a Military Academy. The desirableness of both these institutions has so constantly increased with every new view I have taken of the subject, that I cannot omit the opportunity of once for all recalling your attention to them. * * * Amongst the motives to such an institution (the University) the assimilation of the principles, opinions and manners of our countrymen by the common education of a portion of our youth from every quarter well deserves attention. The more homogeneous our citizens can be made in these particulars, the greater will be our prospect of permanent union, *and a primary object of such a National Institution should be the education of our*

youth in the science of Government. In a Republic, what species of knowledge can be equally important, and what duty more pressing on its Legislature than to patronize a plan for communicating it to those who are to be the future guardians of the liberties of the nation?"

(*Sparks' Washington, XII,* 71.)

In a letter to Thomas Jefferson, written in the preceding year, (March 15, 1795) he expresses his preference for the National Capital as the proper site for such a University, and his intention to contribute towards it the fifty Potomac Navigation shares, presented to him by the Legislature of Virginia. His first and last reasons for the location at Washington were "on account of its being the permanent seat of the Government of the Union, and where the laws and policy of it must be better understood than in any local part thereof, and as this seminary is contemplated for the completion of education, not for boys in their rudiments, *it will afford the students an opportunity of attending the debates in Congress and thereby becoming more liberally and better acquainted with the principles of law and Government.*"

(*Sparks XI, 23.*)

Who knows whether if this eminently wise advice had been at once followed, the homogeneous education of Northern and Southern leaders in political thought would not have forestalled our Civil War? When men are taught alike they are apt to think alike. When they think alike, they act alike. War cannot originate but from differences of opinion or contending passions, uncontrolled by reason. The establishment now of a great Federal College of Statecraft at Washington, where the same ideas of Government shall be scientifically taught to thousands of bright youths, gathered proportionally from every State and Territory, may forestall future wars or divisions. The benefits it would otherwise confer, if patriotically managed and kept free from partizan control would be incalculable.

4th. Ultimately, free colleges in statecraft should be established and maintained by each State as a part of its system of public instruction, and as the especial school for its own politicians. Such schools, if started now, would be crowded with students inspired by the natural love of office, and willing to undergo any amount of preparation therefor, if that labor were to be tolerably sure of its expected reward. But the present class of Legislators cannot be expected to take a step which would lead to their own extinction as politicians, except under such a pressure of public opinion, as it will take at least a generation to bring to bear upon the question. It is a mark of the gross ignorance of our Legislators, of their utter failure to appreciate the value of our institutions and entire indifference to their future maintenance, that it has taken more than twenty years of agitation to introduce "civics" into the public schools of a half-dozen States, out of our forty-four. At this rate the first State Patriotic College may be expected to materialize about the year 2000, the period fixed by Bellamy for the absorption of the Government by organized socialism!

But wherever, however, whenever, and by whomsoever, colleges in statecraft are established, what must be their results upon American politics?

In the first place, the present style of politicians find their opportunity in the fact expressed by the maxim, "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." The secret conspiracies of a few have ever been the terror of the unorganized and thoughtless many. One born organizer, like Chris Buckley, can out-general the voters of a State. Tammany has been the tyrant of New York for two generations. Now and then a Tweed ring, a gas trust, or a set of rascals like those in San Francisco prior to 1856, so abuse the powers filched from the people that the latter revolt, and by a phenomenal exertion of physical or moral force, for a while

overcome the politicians. But such efforts must always be ephemeral under our system. The few good and true citizens who head the reform become by-and-by exhausted. There are none to take their places. The crew at the pumps wears out, but the leak continues, for the pressure of the sea water never ceases. Our masters expect these occasional rebellions, but knowing that they are always short-lived, they bide their time to resume their empire in safety. The people are too busy about their private affairs, and therefore leave public business to the public officers, relying upon our system of checks and balances to prevent abuses. But when all the officers are alike corrupt, because owing their places to the same corrupt powers, what becomes of the checks and balances? Of what use are the District Attorney or the Grand Jury, when the former is in the ring, and the boss, through his minion, the sheriff, can pack the Grand Jury? The recent proceedings in San Francisco show how utterly powerless the sovereign people may become, through legal technicalities contrived by political lawyers for the protection of their criminal clients. The old theory that short terms of office will always cure the evils of malfeasance, amounts to nothing when the same occult powers refill the offices at every election. Changes of parties effect only temporary relief, for the people are equally victimized by the power of public plunder under all parties of whatever name. Even a people's party may nominate a man who, entering upon office with a fair reputation, may presently show how ignorant he is of legislative work, or how feeble his ideas of honesty when he is exposed to the temptation of public trust. Nor does continued publicity cure corruption; for in all our great cities the public mind has become so familiarized with every form of political vice as to have lost its sense of right and wrong in the political field.

The profession of the law is popularly supposed to be the true education for public life; but Herbert Spencer, in his essay on Political Education, says: "A familiarity with law is no more a preparation for rational legislation than would be a familiarity with all the nostrums men have ever used as a preparation for the rational practice of medicine." The political lawyer is a natural partisan. He knows how to work only as an attorney for one of two sides in a controversy. His knowledge of the laws that *have been* made has often no bearing upon laws that *should be* made except to prevent them, owing to his professional adherence to precedent. Nor does the knowledge only of law presuppose familiarity with any other study in our curriculum for an education in statecraft. Nay, further, is the profession that lives by constant contact with fraud and crime thereby rendered pre-eminently honest? Is the practice of taking fees for services in court suggestive of refusing fees for services in the Legislature? Have political lawyers no pecuniary interests in statute-making, independent of the profits of bribery? Can no relation be traced between the continually-controlling presence of lawyers in the Legislatures and the thousand needless complexities, costs, delays, appeals and technicalities in probate, insolvency, street assessment and criminal proceedings, all making work and fees for the bar at the expense of a permanent divorce between law and justice? Is it not singular that, under a Government so carefully dividing its powers, that the law-making department is left utterly powerless in execution and administration, all three of those powers should be everywhere blindly conferred upon the lawyers? For as legislators they make the laws; (often in their own interest); as judges they administer them, and as attorneys they execute them. In protection of the rights of the public ought not lawyers to be *ex-officio dis*qualified to be legislators? What right have they to have any share whatever in

framing the laws, out of whose execution they make their living?

As to all the other four hundred trades and professions of civilized life, which of their candidates could stand an examination in the course of studies necessary to equipment in statecraft? How particularly "smart" it is for this great Nation to be continually entrusting its enormous Federal interests to a House of Representatives, not one of whom has been educated for the work, while all of them are elected for only two years, the first of which slips away while he is trying to attain some little inkling of the varied knowledge necessary to the position, and the second in intriguing at home for his re-election, which generally fails. We condemn many such a man for accomplishing nothing for his constituents. How *could* he? And instead of giving him time to complete his education, in hopes that by-and-by he will know enough to be useful, we turn him out and send up another ignoramus to go through the same farcical process in his place, and so on *ad infinitum* in Congress, in Legislatures, City Councils and all! Would it not be wiser first to prepare by suitable education a class of candidates who would be sure to possess before election the necessary knowledge and character to perform satisfactory service, and thereafter by electing only these, avoid the risks, the expense and continual failures consequent on our present plan? Would it not be wiser to extend the term of legislative office to six years, and make re-election of all successful incumbents a matter of course, thus reaping the benefit of their experience and familiarity with public affairs? And lastly, would it not cause great improvement in the personel of our Legislatures, if it were competent to dispense with the present strict requirement of residence in the district, whereby able and good men, failing of election in one district, might be chosen in another, and a distinguished representative be secured for many a distant or sparsely settled district, in which no suitable candidate might happen to reside?

Now, the creation of a body of specially trained young men, who would look upon politics as their life work; who would be equipped with the necessary knowledge; whose characters would be formed under honest and patriotic influences, and whose business it must be to work their way into the public service, would be laying the corner-stone of political reform upon the broadest and surest foundation. To begin with, the proverb above quoted would no longer apply. It would be the business of this class to watch public affairs, to attend primaries and conventions, to investigate and expose corruption, to counteract political schemers, to work their way into party management, and by-and-by get themselves and their fellows into the public service. Between them and the present political powers, it would be war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt. It would be "diamond cut diamond." At first, the chances would all be against their success. But their common interests and education would attract them to each other, as is the tendency in all trades in these days. A strong political Propaganda would result. Powerful influences would be brought to bear upon the civic education of youth. Books and pamphlets would be written and circulated, courses of reading suggested, (Chatauqua fashion) and associations formed to promote purity and efficiency in the Government. As editors, lecturers, schoolteachers, business men, whatever the utterances of the graduates, they would tend to the enlightenment of the public conscience and abatement of corruption. Can it be possible that such a leaven would not in time leaven the whole lump? In the conflict between good and evil, good always triumphs in the end. Can it be possible that the common sense of the American people, when disabused of party prejudice

and tradition, would not ultimately insist on placing their Government in competent and trustworthy hands? Is it inconceivable that as they now deem it absurd to apply to a lawyer to shoe their horses, or to a blacksmith to cure their diseases, or to a thief to serve them as cashier, or to a carpenter to fill their teeth, they will sometime wonder that they ever trusted all these to manage the infinitely more difficult and responsible work of making the Nation's laws? They will look back with astonishment at the fact that during a century such a thing as political education was never thought of any more than the continual peril of entrusting to one interested and powerful profession the power of molding to their own advantage the entire legal machinery of the country.

Given then a class of young men who are fitted to pursue politics as a learned and honorable profession, whose numbers would continually be reinforced by successive graduations from more and more colleges of statecraft, and who would be supported for office by more and more of the younger voters, who had learned the duties of citizenship in the public schools,—and the effect upon public opinion can be safely predicted. When the majority of any State shall have been converted from party to patriotism, such Constitutional amendments as may be deemed necessary to forever debar ignorance and venality from elective as well as appointive offices, will follow as a matter of course. The nation will have been saved, its institutions will be perpetuated. Liberty and happiness will be secured to all, when we can realize the motto: "The brain work of the country for men of brains, its trusts for men of integrity and honor." But if we go on as we are, who can venture to predict the celebration of our second centenary under circumstances of continued progress, peace and union? As we have attained our present greatness in a tenth of the time occupied by old Rome in reaching the zenith of her power, will not our decline and fall, owing to the same terrible demoralization, be proportionately rapid?

Now, let it be borne in mind how many political heresies already command large followings in the United States. Among these a new party, the "Farmers' Alliance," insists upon a great enlargement of the powers and duties of Government, and a tremendous increase in the number of its officers. These enthusiasts would have the Government own and operate all the railroads, telegraphs and expresses. They would abolish all the moneyed institutions and make the Government the only banker. The "Nationalists," as they call themselves, would saddle it with all business, productive and distributive, reserving for the individual only the right and power of consumption. Do these fancy thinkers ever stop to consider what sort of men they must be who could and would satisfactorily discharge all the tremendous powers thus imposed on Government officers? Or what would be the situation if Tammany, Buckley, *et id omne genus* were to be entrusted, in addition to present powers, with the management only of the railroads (to say nothing of all the rest), with their seven billions of invested capital, their seven hundred millions of income and their five hundred thousand employees?

Will it not be time enough even to dream of such enlargement of the powers of Government when the descriptive phrase, "the filthy pool of politics," shall have been forgotten in admiration of the work of a body of politicians who shall be scholars and gentlemen, the peers of our West Point and Annapolis graduates—competent, patriotic and honest enough to satisfactorily discharge the present duties of public life in the public interest only?

The conclusion of the whole matter is *that the only mode of checking the present infection of corruption in American politics is by elevating politics into a learned profession.*

AUNT MILLY'S LOVE LETTER

BY HELEN RACHAEL ROBB

"PLAGUE take de beasts! Ef I kotches ye, I won't leave nary squeal in yer pesky hides! Dat's hit now, I's got ye! Oh, gracious Cain and Abel, whar's me!" and "Unc Joshaway" sprawling on the ground, grasping fiercely at the remnants of sweet potato vines scattered about and uttering some expressions for which his exalted position as one of the chief brethren in "John de Baptis" church did not wholly account, succeeded in getting upon his feet, the blood trickling from his nose. But the pigs were again serenely engaged in the occupation for which indisputably nature endowed them with snouts.

Another race was run round and round the field, but at last, with maternal grunts and adolescent squeals the invaders were ejected on the highways and "Unc Joshaway," full of just wrath, crossed the road to his cabin, and finding that Mammy Cindy had gone to her day's toil, seated by the fireplace, he solaced himself on the hoe cake that she had prepared for his breakfast before leaving for the establishment, where in rather soiled and greasy majesty, she reigned as cook. The old man felicitated himself greatly on his permitting this, and frequently informed his friends that "dis time of de yeah, foh cotton-pickin' time, he 'lowed de ole lady ter job roun' fer herself."

As he munched his bread, mighty thoughts revolved through his woolly pate. The marauding pigs were the property of Aunt Milly, one of "de mothahs ob de church." At first he thought he would go at once to the lady and demand that she make good the damage done his crop. "But," he reasoned, "coas she'll say dey warn't hern, and come to think, how kin I prove it agin 'em?"

As he meditatively raked the ashes and smoked his pipe after finishing his breakfast, a pleasing thought came to him with the suddenness of inspiration. Going to the door, he summoned his son from the top of a post that at some former time had supported a gate. This youth, "Unc Joshaway's" youngest offspring, was the object of his pride and delight. He would sometimes remark, "I's gwine ter make sumpum out'n dis hyah boy." This high destiny was foreshadowed in the name which, with paternal pride, he had collected for the boy by much careful inquiry among the families for whom he occasionally spaded a garden or put in a small crop. At last, after considering all the names suggested, he had selected the combination, Cæsar Augustus Jay Gould Vanderbilt Hundred Dollar Millford. By frequent repetition he at last succeeded in incorporating the mighty name into that part of his organism controlled by memory, but, being altogether too long a name to manage readily, on ordinary occasions it was abbreviated to Honey or sometimes to Hun, as suggesting the sweetness of the parental love and also the exorbitant commercial value attached to the child.

This small black gem of future greatness had been put to school as soon as his age permitted and had at last acquired the mysterious art of writing. His daddy regarded this as proof of high genius, not to be refuted and with awe-struck visage, would gaze on the characters traced in the soiled and ink-blotted copy-book by the hand of his son.

"Unc Joshaway," reflected that if he should write a letter to Aunt Milly, or rather dictate one, it would be a more dignified course than paying her

a visit, and at the same time, it would impress more deeply upon her the greatness of the offense. It would have something of the force of a legal document, he thought, "An it'll skeer 'er," he said aloud as he went to the door to summon the writer.

"Son," began the old man, "reckon ye could write a lettah for yer ole daddy?"

"Yes sah, can dat!"

"Eber write one, son?"

"N–o, sah, but I know I could," confidently.

"Waal, now git yer writin' pin an' yer ink an' a piece o'papah, an' we'll see 'bout dis hyah business." Then he laid the whole matter before his son.

"We'll fotch 'er, won't we, pa?" chuckled the boy, seating himself at the table and pushing aside the miscellaneous assortment of greasy pans, dirty cups, plates and old rags that encumbered it. A leaf from the mysterious copy-book, bearing at the top the suggestive legend, "Knowledge is power," was spread out to receive the message.

The sire remarked, "Now we'll write 'er sech a love lettah as she nabor got fore. How ort it ter start off, Hun, ye reckon?"

"Wif 'er name at the top, pa, so's she'll know hit's meant fer 'er," replied the learned youth.

"Let's hab de whole name den, son, an' make it soun' big and like hit war de consoble comin' arter 'er. Write it big an' loud." And then in sonorous tones, "Missus Milly Green!"

Hun dipped his pen into the ink, turned his head very much towards the right, and with tongue projecting between his white teeth, began the laborious work. The spelling was after a method of his own. His daddy watched with reverent pride as the pen was dipped again and again into the ink and the blots fell thick and fast on the paper, while with inky fingers, the scribe rubbed over many letters that did not seem exactly right. At last he announced that the name was written.

"What nex', pa?"

"Waal," said the old man, "ef we *is* mad, peers like we ort to be perlite, an' looks ter me like we'd ort ter say how'dy, nex." Again the boy wriggled himself into the position he deemed fitting for one holding a pen, and, after much painful effort, accomplished this.

"Dat ole sow an' litter o'youn broke inter my 'tater patch dis mornin," dictated "Unc Joshaway."

This long sentence required such a stretch of memory that Hun after many unsatisfactory attempts and consequent rubbing with his finger, asked that it might be repeated one word at a time as he wrote. This was done, and after the lapse of perhaps half an hour, the statement was committed to paper, and father and son, both thoroughly exhausted with their literary labors, decided to take a rest. "Unc Joshaway" also wished to collect his thoughts for the next statement. The daddy smoked and slept, and the boy wallowed in the road dust and lazily threw stones at passing stock. After several hours of this blissful inaction, they resumed their work. With much stumbling and halting, Hun read aloud what he had previously written. "Unc Joshaway" nodded approvingly and then added in awful tones, "Ef ye don' keep 'em up I'll sue ye at de law." This terrible announcement was at last set down.

"Now, pa, yer name ort to go at de bottom, so's she'll know whar hit come from."

"Dat's so, boy, suah's yer boan."

After much consideration, he said, "I tink I'll say de 'onahable, rev'rent mistah Joshaway Millford. How dat soun', son?"

"Soun' mighty fine, reckon dat'll skeer 'er."

These magnificent words proved rather puzzling to Hun when he attempted to spell them, but at last characters hideous enough to represent the personality of any being were described on the page, and the mighty document was finished.

"Unc Joshaway" gave a sigh of relief as the mental strain was removed, and instructed his son to carry the missive to Aunt Milly. "An' min' ye gib hit inter 'er own han', son, ; don' lay it down nowhars, er let no no-count nigger take hit from ye. An' Hun, min' ye don' say nothin' t'yer mammy 'bout what we's bin 'gaged in ter day. She's sort o' spicious like, an' meby she'd tink like how I ortn't to be writin' ter no lady 'ceptin' her. Now, honey, g'long an' carry de lettah."

Aunt Milly at the wash tub, her black arms submerged in billowy suds, and her white teeth gleaming between her spread lips, was a pleasing study in black and white, as she gossiped with a lady friend, seated on a box near her.

"How'dy, Aunt Milly," said Hun, "hyah's a lettah pa done sont ye."

"Dat so, Hun? What sort ob a lettah am hit?" asked Aunt Milly.

"Dun know'm. Pa said hit was a love lettah," was the reply, and after giving it into the hands that were carefully wiped on her dress before taking it, Hun sped down the road to join a group of his companions in a friendly fight.

"Les see hit, Aunt Milly," eagerly asked the friend when the messenger was gone.

"No ye don," responded the coy lady, presumably blushing, and gazing fondly on the dirty scrap of paper.

"I'll neber tell nobody what's in hit," pleaded the friend.

"Coas ye won't, kase ye'll neber see hit," responded Aunt Milly, with unbounded satisfaction.

After more ineffectual pleading the friend took her departure, only to pay a dozen more visits that evening to relate to interested groups how "Unc Joshaway" what hollers louder'n de preachah in meetin', an' what ye all tinks 's got so much sanctimigumption he wouldn't wipe 's nose on Sunday, done writ a love lettah ter Aunt Milly Green! An' he so outdacious he done sont hit by Hun, like he warn't skeered o' Mammy Cindy hearn tell on hit, ner nothin."

Of course the virtuous ladies who heard this delightful scandal could not be so selfish as to enjoy it alone, so it increased in magnitude and horror, till when it was two days old, it was able to run alone and needed not the mouths of those who were but too willing to carry it. Many claimed to have seen the letter, and all agreed that "Unc Joshaway" had proposed an elopement with Aunt Milly, and each gossip had arranged the details of time and place to suit herself.

Meantime Aunt Milly, being unable to read anything, could only gaze rapturously on the scrawls, blots and finger marks, and dream of all the sweetness that they were meant to represent, feeling that she could not bear to allow anyone to read it for her.

Owing to the perversity of fate, neither she nor any of the other ladies interested in his movements, saw anything of "Unc Joshaway" for some time, for on the day after the letter writing he had heard that his brother living in the next county was lying at the point of death and wished to see him. Therefore, next morning he set out on foot, taking Hun along that he might see something of the world in which he was expected to be so important a figure. And so, poor virtuous Uncle Joshaway and Hun, who might have explained the misunderstanding, were miles away when the scandal was growing so great.

At last some considerate friends constituted themselves a committee to wait upon Mammy Cindy, and inform her of the misdeeds of her husband. She was righteously indignant, and at once betook herself to Aunt Milly's cabin to investigate the charges, which she declared that she knew were untrue.

"What's dis hyah you's bin a sayin' agin my ole man, what ain't hyah ter 'fend his self?" she demanded as she stalked through the doorway.

"Why, sistah Millford, what ye a sayin? I ain' done nothin agin 'im," was the conciliatory reply.

"Ye is, ye is; wher dat lettah ye say he done write ye? Ef ye's got airy lettah, jes' les take a look at hit."

"He done son't me a lettah, suah's yer boan, Lucindy Millford, an' ye shan't tech hit, nuther, but I'll show hit t'yer so's ye'll have ter 'knowledge I's tellin' de truf," and thereupon Aunt Milly produced the much-discussed letter from under the pillow of her bed, and held it before the astonished gaze of the other lady, but far enough away that she might not snatch it. Mammy Cindy was silenced, for she recognized the page from Hun's copy-book, and, with great dignity, she walked out of the cabin. As she returned home, her mind was fully made up that Joshaway was false to her, and accordingly she decided to lay the matter before the minister of "John de Baptis' Church." On inquiry, she found that the worthy gentleman was that day employed in cutting wood at Dr. Miles'. It was a long walk, but she had determined on bringing Joshaway to justice as soon as possible, and felt that this was the most effective way of accomplishing it. At last she arrived at the back yard, where the reverend gentleman was wielding the ax.

"Good evenin', sistah, how's yeself and yer fambly?" was his greeting in a pompous style, as he leaned on the ax handle.

"Oh, brudder Simpson!" exclaimed the dejected lady, "we's pow'ful bad off."

"What am de cause ob de grief, my sistah?" was the next inquiry.

"I has a 'plaint ter make agin Joshaway Millford, him as bin my husban' sence 'foh freedom come. I's gwine ter make a 'plaint agin 'im I wants ter 'quest ye will lay it foh de church."

Brother Simpson gently seated the afflicted parishioner on the saw-buck and himself on a log opposite her, that they might discuss the matter more comfortably. As he was paid by the day for his wood chopping, the rest was all the more agreeable to his sense of justice. Then Mammy Cindy poured forth her woful tale into the sympathetic pastoral ear.

She did not know when the erring one might be expected to return, so it was decided not to wait for this. "But," remarked the clergyman, weighing a chip judicially on the point of his finger, "I'll call a meetin' ob de bredrun to-morrow night, an' you be dar, my sistah, an' we'll try an' heb sistah Green dar wif de lettah what she's got, an' we'll see 'bout dis hyah. Don' grieve over much, sistah; brudder Joshaway 'll like's not 'pent of his sin when it's laid foh him, an' we's all pow'ful ap' to err. Le's not blame de sinnah moh'n we can't help."

The next night quite a number of both sisters and brethren were assembled to hear the charge made against the absent Uncle Joshaway. Mammy Cindy was asked to make a statement of the case, which she did in many rather incoherent words; but as the audience was thoroughly familiar with the story, it was called for, and Aunt Milly willingly produced it, being assured that it would be returned. Brother Simpson adjusted his glasses and gazed thoughtfully at the small scrap of paper that had caused such trouble. It certainly looked mysterious, but he could decipher nothing upon it indicative of either love or hate, and, after some frowning and fidgeting, he called up the schoolmaster to assist in the work. But, with the light of both brilliant intellects shining upon it, it still failed to yield its secret.

After much suspense, the preacher announced: "De writin' ob dis hyah lettah am curuser dan me er de purfuser eber seed afoh, an' I hereby 'nounce to dis hyah company, hyah 'sembled, dat de writah ob dis hyah Mistah Joshaway Millford, am not ter be 'lowed ter 'take ob de priblege er de ord'nances ob dis church tell he

kin' splain his conduc' an' 'splain de writin' ob dis hyah paper so's somebody kin read hit. We'll now sing

'I's a rollin' ober Jurden.
Oh! my sins, don't ye worry me,'

and den ye kin 'sidder yerseves 'journed. After the singing, the friends of each lady crowded about her to express their sympathy, and each was escorted home by her supporters.

A few evenings after this "Unc Joshaway" and Hun entered the village, dusty and weary from their long tramp. The good man meeting several friends, was surprised at the coldness with which he was greeted, but on reaching home, where he found Cindy preparing supper, he was still more perplexed when she resented his attempt at affectionate greeting and began wrathfully to upbraid him. "Ye jes get out'n hyah, Joshaway Millford. Reckon I's sech a ole fool gitin' up 'foah day an' cookin' yer bite, and slavin' all day an' night, 'bout killin' mesel scrapin' up ebery nickel what I kin lay han's on ter make ye easy in yer laziness, an, when I's off arnin de money, ye a kitin' roun' 'mong de wimen folks? Reckon I's sech a fool's ter keep on dat way? Ye's mighty mistook ef ye's got dat notion. Now I says dis hyah my house, tain't yourn no morh. Git!"

Poor Uncle Joshaway gazed at his consort in stupid amazement. His jaw dropped, his hands hung limp, and his eyes opened wider than for many a day. At last the voice that had been struggling in his throat, got as far as his lips, and he said in an awe-struck tone: "Why, Cindy's somebody done voodoord ye while I's bin gone! What ye talkin' bout, honey?"

"I's in my plain senses, Joshaway, an' I'se got sense ter know when I sees wif mi eyes a love lettah what you done writ an' sont by dat poh in'cent chile, Hun dar, ter a low down no-count, yaller nigger. An' moh'n dat, de whole chuch done seed hit an' dey's 'barred ye frum de pribleges ob de chuch, an brudder Simpson he done say ye's ter be a outcas, an' a wander' on de face ob de yarth, an' nobody what 'longs ter de chuch an' what's got de blessins ob 'ligin, dasn't speak ter ye. Now ye g'long whar ye likes ter, fer ye can't set down in dis hyah cabin!"

During the progress of this speech, after the letter had been mentioned, Uncle Joshaway's brain seemed to reel as he heard the awful fate that had been decreed against him and realized that somehow it was on account of the letter he had sent to Aunt Milly. Could he ever vindicate the purity of his motives in sending that letter?

"Cindy," he said, "Cindy, ef ye'll hol' on a bit, meby I kin splain dis hyah; don' know, but I'll tell ye how hit was. I done sont a letter ter Aunt Milly Green an' Hun done gin hit ter, didn't ye, son?" but Hun had slunk away to a safer place till his mammy's wrath would have spent itself, having learned by past experience the wisdom of this course.

"Coas ye did, Joshaway Millford, ye's got no call ter tell me dat, didn't I tell ye I seed hit?" was the indignant reply.

"But," continued the unjustly accused, hit warn't no love lettah, mighty fur frum hit. I tole Hun what ter say, an' he sayd hit in writin' on a piece of papah; 'Missus Milly Green, dat ole sow an' litter o' yourn broke inter my 'tater patch dis mawning, an' if ye don' keep 'em up I'll sue ye at de law. Joshaway Millford.' An' dat are what ye calls a love lettah, Cindy? May de roof o' dis hyah house fall an' mash me flatter'n a hoecake, ef I ain' tellin' ye de bressed truf."

Mammy Cindy cast an uneasy glance upward and moved a few steps towards the door, not wishing to allow the innocent to be destroyed with the guilty. No catastrophe happened, and she was further convinced of the truth of his statement on re-

flecting that he could not have repeated the words of the letter so glibly if it had been composed on the instant. At least this was chiefly what she thought as she rushed at Joshaway and throwing her arms about him, declared her unwavering belief in him. Hun was summoned, and confirmed his daddy's statement and the reunited family were blissfully happy.

The same evening Uncle Joshaway visited brother Simpson and gave him the explanation that had already satisfied his wrathy spouse. It was not difficult to summon a meeting of the church, and Aunt Milly was asked to come and bring the letter, that had caused the trouble. This she did without hesitation as brother Simpson had kept the explanation of the document a secret. Hun being the writer, read it to the assembly, who voted "Unc Joshaway" clear of blame and again received into full fellowship with the church.

There was much giggling and many derisive looks cast at the unfortunate Aunt Milly, whose wrath increased momentarily. "Look y'hyan, Hun Millford," she called out, "what fer ye tells me hit was a love lettah?"

Hun whimpered out that "Pa sayd hit war."

This surprised good Uncle Joshaway exceedingly, but at last after some consultation between father and son, the remark was accounted for and explained publicly, and everyone, except Aunt Milly, went home in a happy frame of mind.

After reaching home, Uncle Joshaway solemnly announced that he would never again put his name to "airy papah." "An' look y'hyah, son," he remarked, as he chunked the fire," "ef I eber kotcher ye a writin' a lettah agin I'll war ye out, ye heah!"

A show being in the village the next day, the happy family of Millford celebrated their reunion by attendance thereat, going into all the side shows, riding on the "flying jimney," dropping many nickels into the slot, and "chawing" on candy and bad tobacco to their heart's content, and spending in so doing all of Mammy Cindy's wages for the two preceding weeks.

GAME FISHES OF THE PACIFIC

BY HENRY T. PAYTON

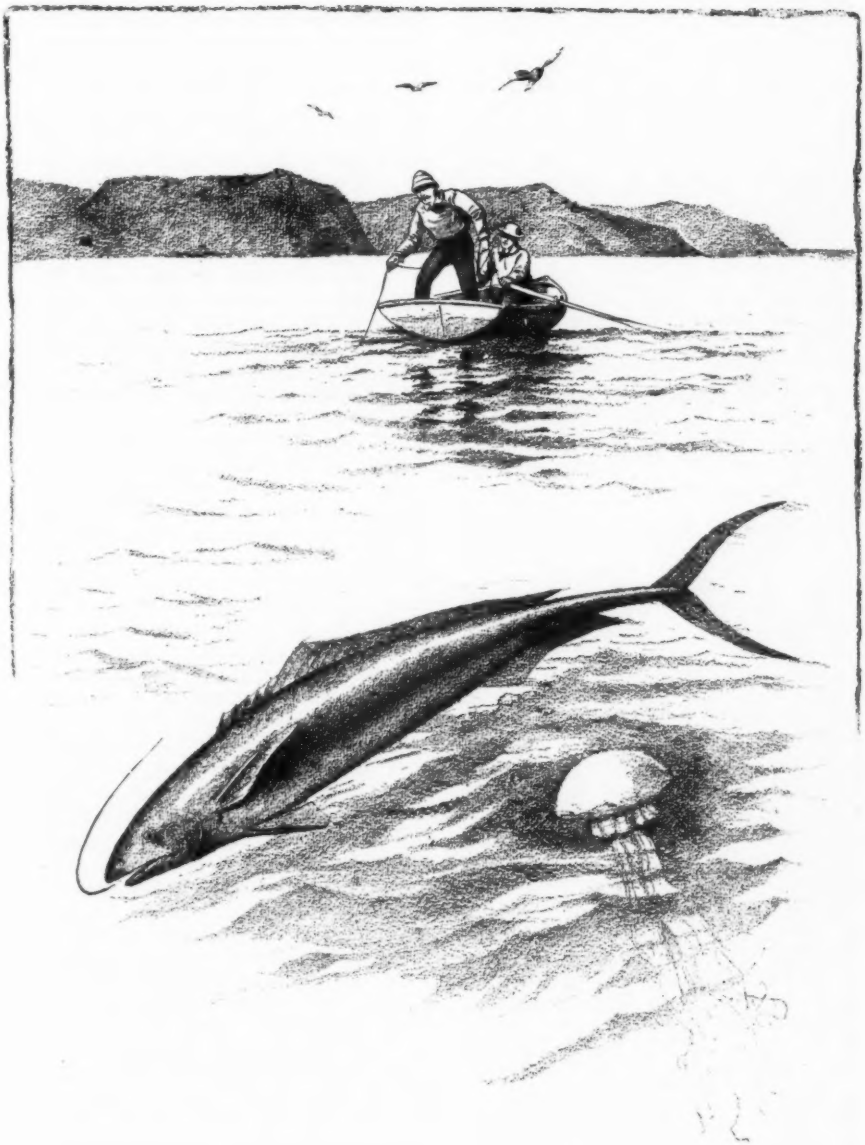
THE deft manipulator of the split bamboo is inclined to look askance at the big game of the ocean. To him who, by a clever turn of the wrist, hooks big trout, salmon or bass, the capture of large ocean fishes is a rough-and-tumble sport, a series of "catch-if-you-can" episodes not to be entertained. No one has taken more delight in whipping the St. Lawrence for black bass than the writer, and the moments of contest with the noble game are among the choice memories of many seasons in the northern waters; yet, withal, I am an advocate of sea fishing, so eminently strong in its contrasts, and have always contended for the recognition of the sport.

The trout fisherman may sneer at the jew fisherman, or the fisherman who would spend half a day taking a ten-foot shark, yet I maintain that either of the latter fish, properly managed and taken fairly, single-handed, in a small boat, requires a large amount of skill and *finesse*. In the struggle with the striped bass, the danger is the escape or a broken rod; with the shark or jew fish a slip or a wrong move often means a capsize, a possible fatality; in short, as in cross-country riding, there is an element of danger in it. So in taking the big jew fish of this coast, the fisherman lands his game after a mighty struggle and comes off victor after doing the work of four or five men. The Pacific Coast offers many inducements to the marine sportsman, if so he can be called, and the summer days now here woo him to incontinent indulgences in tackle of various kinds.

The most attractive fishing ground, so far as the personal experience of the writer goes, is among the islands of the Santa Barbara channel, off Los Angeles. Here we have what is virtually a mountain range twenty or more miles long, four or five wide, rising from the sea thirty miles off shore—a lofty spur that has apparently strayed away from the mother range, the Sierra Madre. This island extends parallel to the coast, constituting a perfect barrier or wind break, so that its eastern shore is a series of snug harbors. Here is the fisherman's paradise. The water is so clear that objects at a distance of thirty or forty feet deep can be seen very plainly, while the rocks abound with a variety of aquatic verdure that cannot fail to attract and please the most phlegmatic individual.

The island rises precipitately from the sea, often in sheer cliffs, the bases of which are worn out into caves, lined with kelp and other weed, into which the waves roll with sullen roar. The little harbors are the mouths or entrances of the various cañons which cut the range in every direction, and are often very picturesque. Some are the summer homes of the Southern Californians who love the sea and have a *penchant* for boating and fishing. As the people gather, so do the fish. Many varieties of the finny tribes that have been wintering in deep water, or possibly somewhere far to the south, come north or in shore to deposit their eggs in the quiet bays along the rock-bound shores, and from June or July to August there is a series of piscatorial appearances gratifying to the sojourner. The barracuda, big sea bass, yellow-tail, jew fish and many more each have their seasons, and afford abundant sport to the summer toilers of the sea.

Of all these fishes, the yellow-tail commends itself to the lover of true sport. In general appearance, it



Playing the Yeliow Tail

might be taken for a salmon, at first glance resembling this fish. In size it attains four feet, and in weight, ranges from ten to thirty and even forty pounds. The yellow-tail or amber fish is an ally of the mackerel, a distant cousin, yet near enough to have the wandering bohemian spirit of the latter with the courage and even ferocity of many of its compeers. In its moods, the yellow-tail is like the salmon. I have seen the water fairly tinted with yellow for many acres, changing in a marvelous way to blue, then green to yellow again. Entering the area of changing hues, the cause was found to be countless numbers of yellow-tails packed side by side, their huge plump bodies not ten feet from the surface, now standing idly, drifting, as it were, with the current, then breaking and moving gracefully by within touch of the very oar on which you are resting. The most delicately prepared bait—a struggling sardine—fails to attract at this time. Why? Who can tell?

You sit and feast your eyes upon their goodly proportions alone; watch the flashing colors of their fins, look into the big, expressive eyes as they pass you in review by tens, hundreds and thousands, and—well, your satisfaction is in the looking. Perhaps half an hour later, after you have returned and your boat is sunning itself on the beach, a man is seen upon the sands going through some extraordinary evolutions. He pulls in violently, casts a line, waves his hat in the air, pulls again, and finally in a frenzy of excitement rushes into the water, coming out with his arms about a gleaming silvery monster that beats his legs and face, producing smiles of pleasure and delight. Even now you sit quietly; but the old fisherman who dashes past with the exclamation that the "yellow-tails have sot in," brings you to your feet, and a few moments later with the rest of the population—for they are all there—you are in the heart of the yellow-tail country.

They have "sot in," indeed; not the sedate, impalpable crowd of scale-bearers that you eyed a short time before, but a community gone mad; an aggregation of forms darting here and there, driving schools of small fry on the beach, coming almost out of the water themselves, here, there and everywhere, paying no attention to the twenty or more boats that are moving to and fro, or the oars that are splashing among them. The entire bay, from one rocky point to the other, is boiling and seething, and the sport grows fast and furious. Men and boys crowd the little wharf, and great shining fish are brought in hand over hand, breaking lines with their very weight, splashing back to be caught again.

We are three—one rowing the dinghy slowly along, and two fortunates, with lines out astern—big Eastern cod lines, with Abbey and Imbrey hooks and piano-wire leaders, the bait, a six-inch sardine. Out the line rushes; a big, shiny creature shoots alongside and takes it the moment it clears the boat. Away it goes with a rush that is irresistible. The line hisses through your fingers, and you inwardly wonder what rod and reel would master this gamy creature. Its rushes have a peculiarity I have never noticed in other fishes; a singular bearing off during the run that breaks the strong line, while apparently the strain is not sufficient.

The yellow-tail is a schemer, and is never brought alongside until a score of tactics have been tried. Now it rushes at the boat, hoping to confuse you in the overhaul, then darts directly away, and unless you slack, the line snaps like thread. Now it is in the air, shaking a massive head and flinging the crystal drops in every direction. But finally you have it alongside, and the oarsman who has joy enough in watching the performance gaffs it and with a sturdy heave, sends the twenty-five pounder into the boat, where it exhibits its glories and covers

the planking with gold and silver scales.

The summers on these islands are a revelation to the Eastern visitor. Every day is clear and bright. The strong wind sometimes experienced at the mainland resorts is unknown and the little bays are generally smooth. The ocean breeze coming down the big cañons is tinctured with the flowers and shrubs of the hills and mountains over which it passes. Even the fog is rare at Avalon. It can be seen off shore and around the island at times, but rarely does it encompass the little half-moon bay.

In the warm days of August there will sometimes be seen a singular phenomenon away to the south. The water all about is perfectly smooth and quiet, but moving along is a large area of whitecaps which we see advance. As it comes nearer, moving along about half a mile off shore, it is evident that the appearance is occasioned by something rushing up from below. Now a dark body is seen springing into the air like an arrow, and it dawns upon us that this is a run of fish, that something else has "sot in." On come the foam caps, the ocean for many acres glistening and gleaming in the sunlight—a striking and absorbing spectacle. To watch this from a hilltop is attractive, but to be in the very center of the line of march offers more inducements, and upon one occasion we with others quickly pulled out of the little bay to intercept the advancing horde.

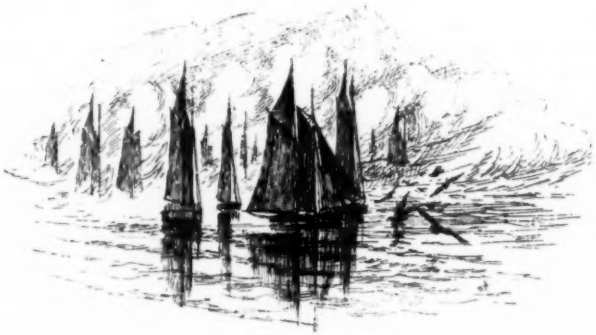
The water was like glass. Hardly a breath stirred the air, and a butterfly was gaily fluttering over the water in all confidence that it could reach the island again. As smooth as it was, rapidly approaching us was what appeared a mass of foam, coming on at the rate of perhaps five miles an hour. Soon it resolved itself into its component parts, and the waves were seen to come from the dashes of gigantic fish from below at some smaller game. The next moment a school of frightened flying fish darted by beneath the boat. One of the latter came flying through the air not a foot from my head. Another that seemed to have started an eighth of a mile away, struck my companion in the back and fell into the sea. Bands of two, three and four of the terrified fish dashed by before the advancing horde, and then we were in the midst of the whitecaps A few moments before we had feared we should not reach the spot in season; now we feared the possibility that one of the fish would land in the boat, which it could not have done without going directly through the bottom. A more remarkable piscatorial gymnastic exhibition was never seen.

The tuna, the horse mackerel of the Pacific, was charging a school of flying fishes, driving them up the coast, and the foam was occasioned by their leaps into the air and ferocious charges. The fish ranged from four to nine feet in length, as near as I could determine, and must have weighed from two hundred to seven hundred or eight hundred pounds—possibly more. They rose under the flying fish and in their attempts to seize them, gave a marvellous exhibition of ground and lofty tumbling. They would dash directly up, rising to an estimated height of ten feet, turn as gracefully as an arrow, gleaming and scintillating in the sunlight, then fall, head first. I saw one rise and snap at a flying fish. Another, in dashing up, missed the flier, but struck it so violently that it went whirling upward, looking with its gauzy wings, like a windmill, as it turned round and round, the big fish falling back to receive it.

When we were in the center of this throng, there were from one to ten of these beautiful fishes in the air at a time, in all conceivable positions, and from their size and the force with which they shot down, had one struck our frail boat it would have gone through it as though it were paper; but no such calamity occurred. The tuna did not approach nearer than twenty feet to

the boat, yet could be seen dashing all about us, while the air was filled with flying fishes, darting in every direction. I found later that they crowded into the harbors and bays, lining the shore, and even flying out upon the beach in their fear.

In many cases the tunas followed the flight of the flying fishes, seizing them as they struck the water. One passed within a few feet of the boat, and as it dropped its tail upon the water, the tuna that had been following just below the surface like an avenging Nemesis, dashed out and carried it away. Slowly the school moved up the coast, and for five or six miles the foam was seen and the warfare continued. I put out a yellow-tail line baited with a large flying fish but the tuna did not regard it with favor, and had it been taken there would have been but one result. Certainly the largest shark line would be required to even control so powerful a fish, and in a small boat the sport would not be unaccompanied with danger.



THE OBSERVATORY ON THE MOUNTAIN

BY LILLIAN H. SHUEY

I saw those amber cloud-like hills to-day —
Those blue-veiled mountains east of San José.
When first upon my sight they sprung
Above the fair green valley hung,
They seemed unto my dumb surprise
Like some old amber walls of Paradise,
That long forgotten since that fabled time
Were now piled up to keep a fairer clime.
Wrapped in pale azure, near yet dim,
And tinted with pure tones that rim
The sunset clouds, with purple deeps, and old
Dull ambers, and high-lights of sunny gold: —

And so up-piled, this Paradise they keep;
For on yon peak against the cloudless sky,
The guarding eye of Science reads the deep, —
The starry paths where vengeful demons fly.

A STRANGE WARNING

BY LIEUTENANT J. C. CANTWELL

THE rain fell in a persistent, steady fashion and the wind moaned dismally outside in the streets as Lieutenant Thomas Duncan, U. S. N., gazed contemplatively at the storm through the windows of his club in San Francisco, one stormy night early in the present year. The uninviting prospect apparently did not cause Mr. Duncan any great amount of grief; on the contrary, he seemed to rather enjoy seeing, with a sailor's weather-wisdom, that the storm had set in, to use a seaman's expression, to "make an all-night's job of it." When he had fully decided in his mind that this was the case he turned, with a sigh of relief, and, crossing the reading room, entered a small apartment adjoining the library. A group of gentlemen were seated around the fire, which burned cheerfully in a large, open fireplace, but, as the room was not otherwise lighted and Duncan had entered quietly, his advent was not noticed. He seated himself in a chair near the door and began to listen, with a sort of dreamy pleasure, to the murmurous voices of the occupants of the room, sounding strangely like water running in the dark.

The flames from the fire, now rising high and then sinking low, cast strange shadows on the faces of the men seated around the hearth and played a fantastic game of hide-and-seek amidst the trophies of the chase, stands of arms and suits of uncouth armor from savage lands, which adorned the walls.

Somewhat apart from the rest of the gentlemen two persons were conversing in low tones evidently deeply absorbed in the matter under discussion. One of these gentlemen was probably fifty-eight or sixty years of age, but his robust physique and clear, florid complexion gave him a more youthful appearance. His short gray hair curled close to his head, and beneath his square brows his eyes appeared as steady and as bright as those of a youth of twenty. Only occasional glimpses of his companion's face could be had as he was in the shadow cast by the projecting mantel; but when he bent forward to hear what was said the fire lighted up a face which was younger than that of the speaker, but even to a casual observer it would have been remarkable for the sad intensity of its expression. During one of those pauses in conversation, which often occur even in crowded assemblages, the young man's voice suddenly arrested every one's attention as he enquired: "Doctor, do you really believe it is possible for persons to communicate with each other over long distances with other than natural means?" The doctor did not answer at once but sat with his head bent slightly forward and his eyes shaded from the firelight, with one hand, as if in deep thought; then rousing himself, and without appearing to notice the silence which had fallen upon the rest of the party, he said: "I certainly do believe that there have been instances of communication between highly organized or peculiarly sensitive persons in the way you mention. These instances are of frequent occurrence and are too well authenticated to be set down as mere coincidences. The most learned psychologists have utterly and confessedly failed to trace the workings of this special sense; but whether it is termed electro-biology, animal magnetism, second sight or force, its existence is no longer denied, except by the ignorant or the bigoted. You ask me if persons can communicate

with each other through long distances by means of this power (if I may so call it). I would say that everything depends upon the parties to the experiment. Whether the power can be developed by individual action or not is yet an open question. My own experience leads me to suppose that it is neither capable of increase nor diminution and that the most remarkable instances of its exhibition have been in the cases of persons who were ignorant of possessing such power and at times when they were utterly unconscious of exerting it."

As the speaker ceased every one started as the lieutenant rose from his seat and said as he came toward the fire: "Doctor, I would like to add my experience to the many with which you are acquainted on this subject." The doctor rose to his feet with an ejaculation of surprise and hastened across the room with outstretched hands to greet the new comer, "Why Tom, my dear boy, is it really you? Where did you drop from? When did you get in?" Then without waiting for answers to his questions he led the lieutenant toward the group of gentleman and introduced him. In the course of the rather general conversation which followed, the remark made by the lieutenant seemed to have been forgotten, but it was recalled by the request of the doctor's young friend that Mr. Duncan relate his story. "By all means, the story!" cried everyone.

"Very well, gentleman," said Duncan, "but first let me apologize for interrupting you so abruptly a minute ago. The fact is, however, that what Dr. Sturgis was saying was so interesting to me that I really forgot everything else and I think you will pardon my apparent rudeness when you hear my story.

"As Doctor Sturgis has told you I am in the Navy, and for three years past have been attached as navigator to the U. S. Brig *Ashuelot*, engaged in hydrographic work on the Asiatic station. I arrived in San Francisco this morning, and finding that my wife, who expected to meet me here had been detained by the heavy storms in the East and would not probably reach this place until to-morrow, I resolved to take advantage of the opportunity thus offered to do one of those acts of social penance known as a duty call; but it is such a bad night outside and my long absence at sea has so blunted my sense of what is due *les convenances* that I gave it up, and so here I am. By a strange coincidence I entered the room just in time to hear the Doctor's answer to one of two questions which I intended asking him myself at the first opportunity. What the second question is I will explain presently."

The lieutenant paused as if considering how best to begin and then abruptly continued:

"We had nearly completed our summer's work, having stood well up toward Cape Navarin, and all hands on board were looking forward eagerly to the day then near at hand when the last sounding would have been taken, the last observation made, and the old *Ashuelot's* head turned again toward the south.

"Several of us expected to be ordered home at the expiration of the cruise and all looked forward with pleasure to the meeting with old friends and the enjoyment of civilization to be found in Yokohama.

"On the 6th of October, 1891, I had the first watch on deck that is from eight o'clock to midnight, and as the wind was fair and the moon but two days from full, everything seemed propitious for a pleasant watch. When the first lieutenant had received the eight o'clock reports he said to me as he passed on his way to the cabin: 'Well, Mr. Duncan, you've got a fine night and I hope you will keep the breeze.' When he returned from making his report to the captain, he said: 'The captain wants the order passed to keep her on this course till eight o'clock to-morrow morning and

carry all prudent sail.' Then wishing me good-night and a pleasant watch 'the hardest-worked man in the ship' disappeared down the wardroom hatch. I walked forward to see that the lookouts were properly posted, that the watch was wakeful, and in general to see for myself that everything was in proper shape in case of any sudden emergency, and then returned to the quarterdeck and took up my position on the weather horse-block. As we bowled along with the white sails soaring aloft and the tautened rigging singing in the breeze the motion of the ship was so easy as she rose and fell on the gentle ground swell that one could almost imagine her to be at anchor, until his eye caught the gleam of the breaking wave leaping away from the weather bow or the smother of lace-like foam that whirled and eddied under the counter. Instead of decreasing, the wind which was west southwest at eight o'clock gradually increased in force and backed more to the southward until at two bells, nine o'clock, the old brig began to pitch into the young sea that was rising with such force as to send the spray flying over the bows and along the decks. The royals first and then the other light sails were taken in and furled as they were really doing more harm than good, and by three bells the wind had drawn so far aft that the yards were run in square and the weather-clew of the mainsail hauled up. Still the brig seemed to fly through the water and the taffrail log indicated a speed of twelve and one-half knots per hour. The night continued perfectly fair and clear, the moon shining so brightly that no lantern was necessary in making the regular entries in the log-book. Just here let me say by way of explanation of what follows that on all government vessels it is customary to strike the ship's bell every half hour, and at night if underway to report all running lights burning brightly. The men stationed at different places about the ship on the lookout are also required to announce 'all well!' at these times. On a small vessel like the *Ashuelot* the duty of looking out for the lights and striking the bell in addition to his regular duties at 'the conn' devolved upon the quartermaster of the watch, so that when he walked forward at four bells, ten o'clock, to strike the bell, there was no one left on the quarterdeck but myself and the man at the wheel.

"As the sharp clang of the bell awakened the echoes along the deck and was lost amidst the rush and roar of the wind in the sails overhead, the sonorous cries of the lookouts were heard from the different posts about the ship announcing '*All's Well!*' At that moment I was standing on the weather horse-block with one hand grasping the hand-rail and the other feeling the topsail-brace, for the wind had by this time freshened so much that the weather braces began to *sing*; and I was debating whether I should hold on a little longer or adopt the more prudent course of shortening sail, when as I loosened my hold on the brace and it straightened out with a *twang*, I distinctly heard a voice say, '*Tom, you must go more to the right!*' My first impression was that this rather unnautical admonition was addressed by the quartermaster to the man at the wheel; but as I faced inboard I was amazed to find that the helmsman and I were the sole occupants of the quarterdeck.

Looking forward I saw the quartermaster on the hammock rail examining the lights. I crossed the deck and said to the man at the wheel: 'Did you speak, my man?' He simply touched his hat and shook his head negatively, and I noticed that his mouth was so charged with tobacco that he couldn't have spoken if his life had depended upon it. I was so thoroughly mystified that the fellow escaped the reprimand he otherwise would have received for this breach of discipline (seamen are not allowed to use tobacco while at the wheel), and as he was relieved shortly by another of the watch he got out of the way before

I had recovered myself. It may be observed that it had not occurred to me to attribute this warning to any other than a natural agency. After carefully thinking the matter over for a few moments and finding that it was impossible that anyone on board ship could have played such a trick on me, I simply considered that I had been made the victim of my own imagination and by mere force of will threw off the feeling of nervousness which had begun to creep over me.

"In order to assure myself, however, that there was really nothing in our path ahead I left the quarterdeck and went forward on the forecastle-deck and with my night glass swept the sea ahead with the utmost care. The moon was by this time nearly on the meridian and lighted up the sea almost with the brightness of day; but not a thing could I discern except the heaving sea and the calm sky above it. I returned to the quarterdeck greatly relieved and rather ashamed of myself to have been caught napping on watch. Nearly a half-hour afterwards I had walked forward to the break of the quarterdeck and was about to sing out for the watch to hand the topgallant sails, as the wind was steadily growing stronger, and a slight almost imperceptible mist began to be visible low down in the sky, indicating squally weather, when again I heard the same voice as if directly at my ear say, 'TOM! TOM! YOU MUST GO MORE TO THE RIGHT!' This time there could be no mistaking the warning human or supernatural, real or imaginary; the accent of alarm and terror with which these words were uttered communicated itself to me and left me in no undecided frame of mind. I must obey the warning direction whatever the consequences. 'Lay aft the watch!' I cried out sharply, 'and brail up the spanker!' The men sprang aft and in a moment the driver was snugged in close.

"'Put your helm up!' was the next order, and the men, realizing, as all good sailors will, that some emergency was at hand, did not wait for further orders but sprang to the main braces and lee clew-garnet. As the brig obeyed her helm and flew around, the mainsail was hauled up, and the yards swung around with a will. As she came to the wind on the other tack the topgallant sails were taken in and the mainsail and spanker set again. Then as she leaned over and buried her lee cathead under the water for a moment, only to rise and bound forward with a cloud of spray flying over her bows on a course almost at right angles to the one which we had been pursuing, a load seemed to have been suddenly lifted from my shoulders, and although I felt that in changing the ship's course I had disobeyed the captain's order and really had no excuse to offer save one which I had every reason to expect would be treated as the wild raving of a madman, I did not feel the slightest tremor of hesitation as to the justice of my action. I stepped below after seeing everything shipshape on deck and knocking on the captain's companionway entered the cabin at his bidding. I found the captain sitting up on one of the side transoms where he had evidently been taking a nap until awakened by a change of motion in the vessel as she came to the wind.

"Everybody in the Navy knows Captain L——. He is a man who has seen so much of life and has himself been through so many strange experiences that it was a matter of doubt with us juniors whether there was anything left on earth for him to learn. It seemed impossible to astonish him or even to arouse him from his usual condition of calm reserve and almost habitual abstraction. With him an order always carried with it the obligation of implicit obedience. There were few men who ever disputed his authority, and none who ever boasted of having done so. Now that I stood before him, self-convicted of having disregarded an order that he had passed, I could not help wondering why it was that I did not feel the slightest alarm for

the consequences. Without wasting words, as I could only remain a moment below decks, I reported the change of course to the captain and then added: 'I have no excuse or reason to offer, sir, for my action except that I honestly believe that there is some obstruction in our path ahead, and that if I had continued on the course, we would have been lost.' As usual with him, the captain made no comment, but bidding me return to the deck, he said: 'I'll be up in a moment, Mr. Duncan.' I had hardly reached my position on the weather horse-block when he appeared on deck, took a sharp look around, and then, coming up to me, said: 'Now tell me your reasons for changing the vessel's course.' I related to him exactly what I have told you about the warning voices, and to my surprise he not only did not relieve me from duty, but somehow I felt that he was actually in sympathy with me. He did not say anything at the time, but after taking a turn or two on deck, he ordered me to shorten sail and keep a careful record of the ship's way through the water so that she might be brought back to the position where I had received the supposed warning next morning, when a thorough examination could be made of the locality by daylight.

"At midnight I was relieved by one of the junior officers, who expressed surprise at finding the ship almost hove to, but before I could answer his rather querulous inquiry as to 'What I was trying to do with her,' I was relieved from my embarrassing position by the captain himself, who said quietly: 'It was *my* order, sir.' We both started rather guiltily, because neither of us had observed him standing just inside the companion-way.

"It may be a matter of surprise to you gentlemen to know that I slept any that night, but singular as it may seem, I had hardly touched my bunk, when, as if overpowered by profound fatigue, I fell asleep and did not wake until roused by the knocking of the quartermaster outside my door, with the announcement: 'It's seven bells, sir, an' capen's complimen's, and would you come on deck, sir.' I sprang from my bunk, mortified that it should have been necessary to call me on such an occasion, hastily dressed and went on deck.

"The captain was standing aft when I reached the quarterdeck, and after returning my salute, he requested me to take the log-book and calculate the time the vessel should be back at her ten-o'clock position of the previous night. She was now standing to the westward under easy sail. In a few moments I handed the captain the result of my work. 'Half-past four, eh?' he said more to himself than to any one else. It was now nearly four o'clock and broad daylight, as the night is very short in these latitudes at this time of year. If my calculations were correct, we ought to be back at the place where I had heard the warning voice the second time in *half an hour*. The keenest sighted men in the brig were stationed aloft to search the water for anything unusual, and, taking my glass, I went up myself on the foretopsail yard. The breeze had moderated, but the sea caused by the fresh wind of the previous night had not yet gone down. The gleam of a gull's wing as it turned in the sunlight, and the swelling canvas and graceful lines of the brig were all that broke the monotony of the vast expanse of sea and sky. I strained my eyes as I examined every square foot of the sea ahead and to the westward, but in vain. Once, twice, the glasses swept over the expanse of water from left to right, until the whole arc of the horizon had been completed. Then as I gazed through them again, mechanically going over the same field for the third time, there suddenly flashed out upon the deep blueness of the sea a blinding white cloudlike mass of spray. As it subsided and the wave sank down, there, almost

directly ahead of us and not a mile away, was a long, low, rugged line of rocks partially submerged and only made visible by the cataracts of foam and water which roared down their sides with the rising and falling of the sea. My head swam for a moment, and my heart almost ceased to beat. Could my senses be leaving me? No, for the next instant from a dozen throats the cry issued: 'BREAKERS AHEAD! BREAKERS AHEAD!'

"A sharp order rang out from on deck, and amidst the rattling of blocks and thrashing noise of slackened sheets and braces, the *Ashuelot* shot up into the wind with a plunge that sent the green water boiling over her bows, and then with a premonitory flutter of her sails, like a bird changing its course in flight, she fell off on the other track and lay to almost stationary, with her maintopsail to the mast.

"Before I could reach the deck two boats in charge of officers had been cleared away and sent to examine the reef more closely. When they returned the officers reported that the reef was a little over a mile in length, and, judging from the sharply defined fractures and the appearance of fresh sulphur stains upon the rocks, the reef must have been the result of some very recent upheaval. Certainly it is not to be found on any chart hitherto published of the region. Nor can there be found any mention whatever of the supposed existence of a reef at this position in the works of the early navigators. When it appears on the United States Hydrographic Charts next year it will be the first time recorded as a danger to navigation.

"We finished our survey in due season and returned to Yokohama, where I found my orders for home awaiting me. Of course there was considerable excitement on board at the time, but as the captain never mentioned the circumstances attending its discovery and I did not care to discuss it with any one, the danger we had all been threatened with was soon forgotten."

The lieutenant ceased speaking and the silence which followed was not interrupted for fully a minute. Then the doctor's young friend inquired:

"Lieutenant, have you mentioned this matter to your wife?"

The lieutenant started violently and said, "No, I have not. It is a most curious circumstance," he added, "that you should have again anticipated me by asking a question which brings out the second question I intended to ask Doctor Sturgis. Before doing so, however, doctor, I would like you to read this, which I received from my wife on our arrival at Yokohama." The lieutenant produced from an inside pocket a letter, and, taking the missive from its envelope, he opened it, and, handing both to the doctor, laid his finger on a passage in the letter. The doctor took the letter and envelope and adjusting his glasses, leaned forward, so that the blaze from the fire fell directly on them, and examined both carefully. He read the passage through once and then, with a long whistle of astonishment, he looked up and said, "May I read this aloud?"

"Certainly," said the lieutenant. The doctor again closely examined the two pieces of paper in his hand, turning them over and over and viewing them from all sides as if by that means he would find a solution to what appeared a very grave problem.

At last he said: "Gentlemen, this letter was posted in San Francisco on October 7th, 1891, and appears by the postmarks to have been sent, first to Hongkong, where it was re-directed to Yokohama, at which place it seems it was delivered in due form. The passage in the letter which Mr. Duncan wished me to read is as follows: * * * * 'I know you will think I am silly for letting so small a matter worry me but, somehow, I cannot entirely recover from the effects of a horrible dream I had about you last night. I thought I had gone to meet you somewhere in the open country but it seemed a long, long distance, and

the aspect of the landscape was so cold and cheerless that it sends a shiver through me now as I recall it.

"'Not a vestige of grass or foliage relieved the horrible ghastliness of the low, barren hills. To add to the general effect of utter desolation and ugliness there were yawning chasms out of whose gloomy depths there issued sounds as if of breaking waves and the agonizing cries of a multitude struggling against death. As I stood near one of these fissures, unable to tear myself away, I suddenly saw you running toward me from the opposite side. You were waving your hand to me and smiling, apparently all unconscious of the terrible pit at your very feet. With one almost superhuman effort I aroused myself from the horrible paralysis which seemed to be freezing my very blood, and cried out with all my strength: *Tom, Tom, you must go more to the right.* Twice I called to you and then awoke, crying bitterly.'"

The doctor folded the letter up slowly and, replacing it in its envelope, handed it to the lieutenant without speaking.

After a pause, during which the group of men seemed to have been suddenly stricken dumb, the lieutenant said: "Now, doctor, what I want to know is, ought I to tell my wife?"

ITALY

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

A multitudinous stir and melody
Of whispering leaves;
Of olive boughs the subdued silver revelry
Held in the blue; and outside, fretting audibly,
A wind that grieves;
A perfume of warm violets in the air,
Beneath, and everywhere;
A glimmer of dim marbles, rich and rare
And marble-cold;

The scent of Tuscan mould
Up-breathing where the crowding violets be,
Remindingly;
A subtle, troubling something, faint and fair,
Delight, despair!
A bird-song; a far bell; a drowsing bee;
A murmur and a motion; a caress;
Of sun and air; a touch; a tenderness;
A smile that runs from Heaven down to me;
A music and a silence—
Italy!

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

BY E. S. GILL

THERE is probably no section of the United States as much misrepresented, or of which the general public is so little enlightened as Arizona. Even her next door neighbors in Southern California are lamentably ignorant of the diversified industries, the great natural wealth, and the magnitude of the domain of the future State which lies just to the east of them.

The "boom" of Southern California set all the world talking about that region. Likewise the booms of the northwest brought that section into prominence, including Oregon, Washington, Montana and Idaho. Colorado took her first start in the days of the Pike's Peak excitement and this has been followed by the Ouray, Leadville, Cripple Creek, Creede and other mining furores. Some little attention was directed to Arizona in the early eighties by the rich strikes of silver but the almost daily dispatches giving accounts of outrage, murder and rapine committed by the Nation's pets — the fiendish Apaches — kept out many an intending settler and also gave the Territory a "backset" from which she is only now recovering.

The few hardy pioneers who braved the danger of Indian foes were miners and wasted no time in endeavoring to cultivate, what to them, was but a broad expanse of desert. Even at this late day, when it has been so fully demonstrated what can be done with the deserts of the West, by irrigation, it is difficult to make a resident of a rainy country believe that the almost boundless plain before him, covered only with sage brush, grease wood, cactus and a few other dwarfed growths can, with the aid of water, soon be turned into green fields of alfalfa, waving grain, or giving forth the sweet perfume of orange blossoms from thrifty and growing young trees.

A gentleman from Arizona travelling in the East a year ago was telling some friends of his farm in Arizona, on which he raised all kinds of blooded stock, small grains and fruits from peaches and apricots to oranges, figs and dates.

"You don't mean to tell us," said one of his listeners, "that there is any farming in Arizona, do you?"

"Indeed I do," was the reply, "and the time is not far distant when we will command the cream of the market with our early fruits and vegetables and be California's strongest competitor in the production of blooded horses."

"Yes, but I thought Arizona was only a mining State," again exclaimed the gentleman.

"True, that is what people like you used to think of California but you found it to the contrary when she took the best markets from you with her superior wheat and now the oranges on your table were grown on her golden shores. Arizona is a mining country, and no doubt you will be surprised when I tell you that she is also a timber and coal country, and that her pine forests cover a greater area than did the great pine forests of Michigan before the ax of the white man had touched them, and her coal fields are larger in extent than those of Pennsylvania. Arizona covers an area as large as that of the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois combined, so that besides her inexhaustible mountains of precious metal, her vast forests of pine and her great coal fields, she has millions of acres of the richest farming land on earth."

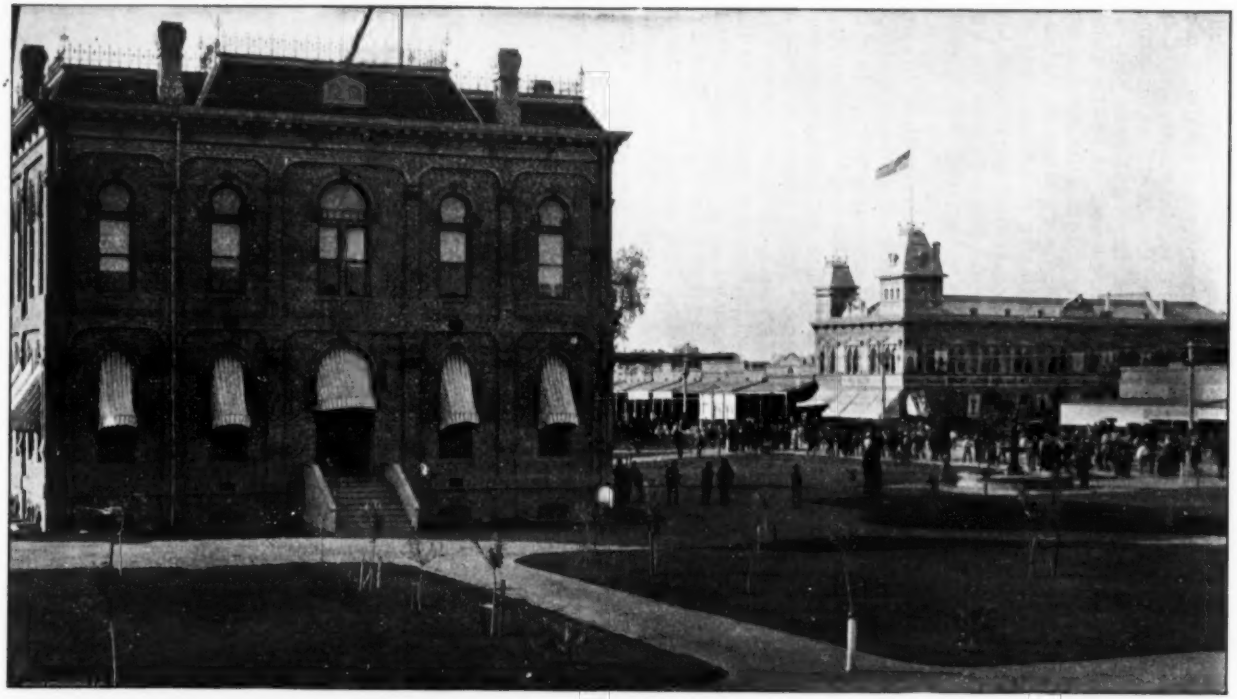
The old idea that only "black lands" were rich and of the best

quality for farming has long since been exploded. People have learned that the reddish-brown soil of the valleys of the west have been covered, through the long ages, with the decomposition and silt from the mountains giving the soil a fert' 'zation that makes its productive powers almost beyond comprehension.

The oldest, and therefore the best developed, agricultural section of Arizona is the Salt River Valley, in Maricopa County. By looking at the ordinary railroad folder the reader will see that the Southern Pacific and the Atlantic & Pacific railroads cross Arizona from east to west, the former in the south and the latter in the north. Nearly parallel to the Southern Pacific flows the Gila (pronounced He-la) River, which enters the Territory from New Mexico, on the east and empties into the Colorado near the southwestern corner. Among the tributaries to the Gila is the Salt River and along this stream, in west central Arizona is the now famous Salt River Valley.

Although the old stage trail to California in the fifties followed along the Gila; and the mountains to the north of the Salt River Valley had been prospected from 1863 to 1865 it was not until 1867 that a few men wiser than their companions, left the search for gold and began taking up homes on the desert land along the Rio Salado. In traveling over the valley they had become impressed with the ruins of ancient canals and temples that had been used by the pre-historic races hundreds of years ago. Taking out a ditch from the river they followed along the lines distinctly marked by the ruins of ditch banks that some day, probably before the man of Galilee had taught his new commandments, had carried waters to produce nourishment for mankind. Along this ditch the first crops were raised by the modern Arizonians. The success of the farmers in the little settlement attracted others and in a few years a very considerable settlement had sprung up. In November, 1870, a survey of a townsite was begun and in February, 1871, the first house was built in what is now the City of Phœnix, the capital of Arizona, and the most important town within her borders. Residents of the settlement soon began to feel the need of a more local county government and in 1871 a new county was formed out of the southern portion of Yavapai County and named Maricopa after the Indians who for so long had dwelt within its borders.

Maricopa County has an area of nine thousand three hundred and thirty-four square miles. It is larger than the States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire or New Jersey, and approximately as large as Vermont or Maryland. The new county grew and prospered so well that in 1873, a second canal, named the Maricopa, was taken out on the north side of the river. Five years later, fourteen miles of a third canal, called the Grand, were constructed, and other extensions were made in 1880–81–82. These canals carry twenty-four thousand miner's inches of water and irrigate eighty thousand acres of land. In 1884, a few public-spirited men began work on the Arizona Canal, one of the largest, if not the largest, irrigating canal in the United States. The great ditch was completed in 1887. This canal heads in the Salt River, just below its junction with the Verde, near McDowell Butte, twenty-eight miles northeast of the City of Phœnix. The main canal is forty-one miles long, with an extension of seven miles, making the aggregate length forty-eight miles. The dam in the Salt River, which diverts the water into this canal, is eleven feet high and one thousand feet long. The canal is thirty-six feet wide on the bottom, seven and one-half feet deep and fifty-eight feet wide at the top. Its grade is two feet to the mile, and it carries forty thousand miner's inches of water, forty miner's inches equaling one cubic foot. Twenty-two



City Hall, Phœnix

miles from the head of this canal, it is cut through solid rock at the base of a hill, and here falls sixteen feet over an abrupt rockbed, developing great power, which will ultimately be utilized for manufacturing and electrical purposes. One mile below the falls is the head of a lateral canal, called the "Crosscut," which is a feeder for the Grand, Maricopa and Salt River Valley canals. It has a capacity of fifteen thousand miner's inches, and in its four miles of length there are twenty-four falls, aggregating one hundred and thirty-five feet. Together with the falls of the Arizona Canal, they have a combined horsepower of three thousand seven hundred. The acreage of land redeemed by the Arizona Canal is ninety-six thousand. All these canals were a few years ago consolidated under one management, thus greatly lessening the running expenses. Combined, they have a total length of one hundred and six miles of main canals and one hundred and sixty miles of lateral ditches used in conveying water to the respective farms irrigated. The land covered by them aggregates one hundred and seventy-five thousand acres —an empire in itself larger than several of the European principalities.

While all this progress in development was being made on the north side of the Salt River, settlers were also at work on the south side. They have the Utah, Mesa, Tempe and Highland canals, aggregating over sixty miles and irrigating nearly one hundred thousand acres. Much work has been done along the Gila, in the western part of the county, particularly within the last year. Canals are now under construction that will redeem two hundred thousand acres of land in that part of the county.

Maricopa and Phœnix Railroad Bridge

Naturally the question arises, what will this Arizona land produce after it is irrigated. To such question, one may well answer, "Everything." The first settlers devoted their attention solely to the growing of grain and alfalfa. The mining camps in the mountains to the north called for supplies, and all attention was devoted to filling the demand. Some small fruits were planted about the houses, but no attempts at establishing vineyards or orchards on any considerable scale were made until 1887. Some small vineyards had been set out

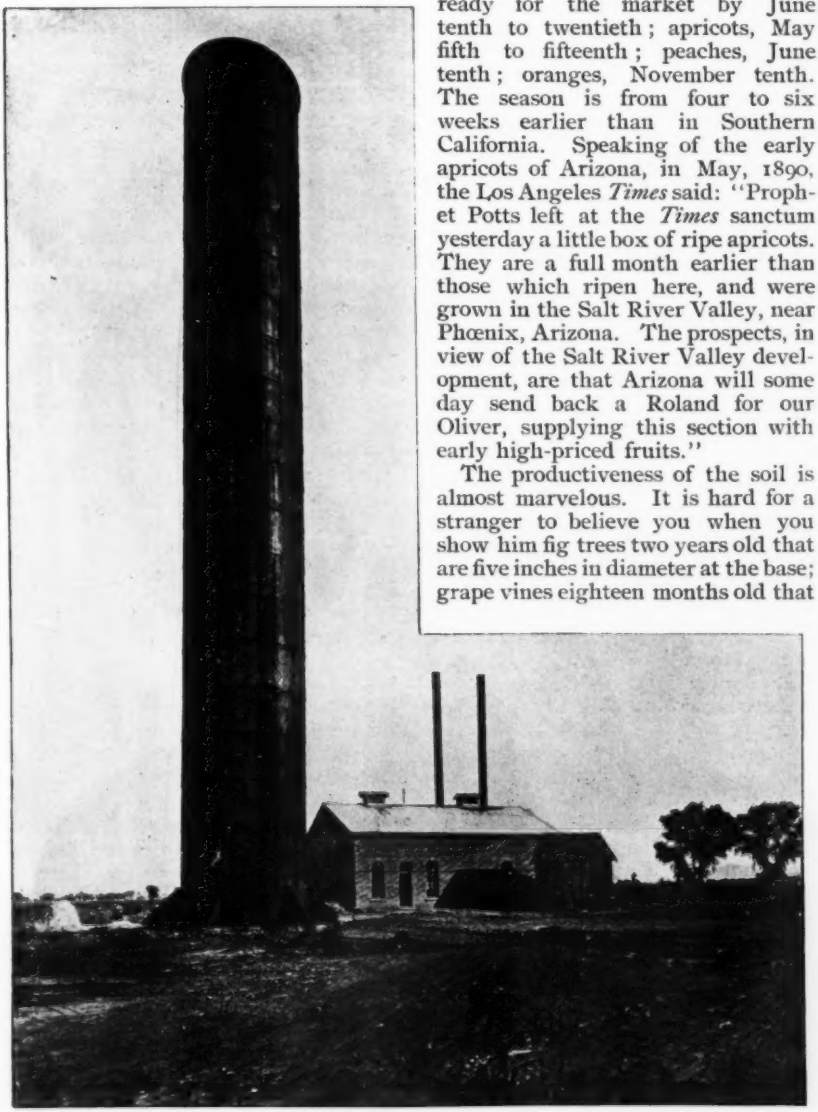
previous to that, but through lack of care had been but partially successful. The few fig trees here and there about farmhouses bore large crops, and this induced W. H. and Samuel Bartlett to try their culture on a large scale on farms northwest of the city, under the Arizona Canal. The first orchard of forty acres was planted in 1887, and so successful was it that the Bartlett Bros. planted another one hundred acres the next year. They have kept adding to the acreage each year since, their two farms consisting of six hundred and forty acres each. A few acres on each farm are devoted to raisin grapes, oranges, lemons, olives, apricots, peaches, plums, prunes and other fruits, but the bulk of the land is set to figs. Large brick curing and packing houses were erected on these farms in 1891. Figs from their orchards were awarded the first prize over all competitors at the Mechanics' Institute Fair in San Francisco, in 1890. The success in this instance has clearly proved the profitableness of fig culture in Arizona. In most sections of the United States, where their culture has been attempted, the result has not been what was hoped for. The fruit would shrivel on the tree or drop off before ripening. Here two crops a year are assured, and three crops are not uncommon. The White Adriatic fig grown in Arizona is very thin-skinned and sweet, while the seeds are small. In fact, the sweetness of all fruits is noticeable, particularly in figs and raisin grapes. The soil of the Salt River Valley carries a very large amount of saccharine matter, and this is imparted to its products.

The Arizona Improvement Company planted the first orange orchard near the Arizona Canal Falls in April, 1889, the trees being two-year-old buds. In November, 1890, some fruit was produced, and in 1891, about half a box to a tree was gathered. The fruit was of a beautiful dark-red color, exceedingly smooth, large and juicy. The entire crop was ready for market before December first. The success of this pioneer orange orchard induced many others to plant groves, and seven hundred and thirty-eight acres were set out in 1891 in orchards of five acres or more. The exact acreage planted this year cannot be given at this time, but it will reach nearly five thousand. Altogether there are now over twenty-five thousand acres in the valley in orchards and vineyards, the Improvement Company alone having one orchard of six hundred acres set to apricots, peaches, almonds, French prunes, olives, seedless Sultana, Malaga and table grapes.

Scene on Ranch of Arizona Improvement Company

It is in her early season that the Salt River Valley's greatest success will come in fruit culture. Shut out from the cold winds that visit other sections in the spring vegetation has no drawbacks. Early grapes are ready for the market by June tenth to twentieth; apricots, May fifth to fifteenth; peaches, June tenth; oranges, November tenth. The season is from four to six weeks earlier than in Southern California. Speaking of the early apricots of Arizona, in May, 1890, the Los Angeles *Times* said: "Prophet Potts left at the *Times* sanctum yesterday a little box of ripe apricots. They are a full month earlier than those which ripen here, and were grown in the Salt River Valley, near Phœnix, Arizona. The prospects, in view of the Salt River Valley development, are that Arizona will some day send back a Roland for our Oliver, supplying this section with early high-priced fruits."

The productiveness of the soil is almost marvelous. It is hard for a stranger to believe you when you show him fig trees two years old that are five inches in diameter at the base; grape vines eighteen months old that produce one thousand pounds to the acre, and at five years old produce



Water Tower at Phœnix

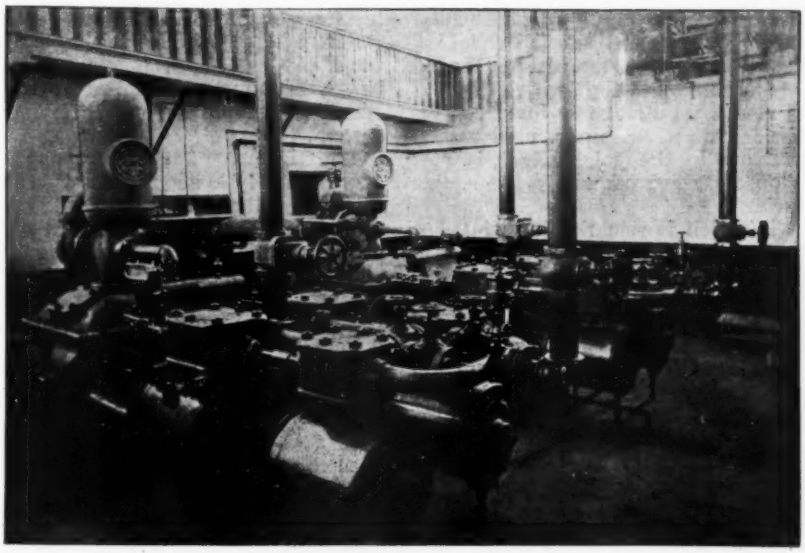
from four to eight tons to the acre. Alfalfa produces five and six crops a year, with from one and one-half to two tons to the acre at each cutting. An analysis of the soil by a Government chemist, who accompanied the Senate Committee on Arid Lands in 1889, showed it to be richer than the soil of the valley of the Nile.

There was placed on exhibition in Phœnix in September, 1891, a small limb from a date palm grown on the Hatch farm, three miles north of the city, that contained one thousand and forty-four fully-matured dates, weighing eighteen and one-half pounds. To enumerate what can be produced here would be to give a list of the products of the soil of the temperate and semi-tropic zones. Among the fruits which have been most successful are figs, raisin grapes, oranges, lemons, dates, quinces, prunes, nectarines, pomegranates, olives, peaches, apricots, pears, plums, almonds, berries of all kinds and apples. Sugar cane produces enormously and has more juice than the Louisiana or Sonora cane. Sugar beets harvest two crops a year, producing from seventeen to twenty-five per cent. Roasting ears can be gathered in from five to six weeks after planting the corn. Strawberries and garden vegetables can be produced throughout the winter months, and with the completion of the railroad giving connection with the Santa Fe system, a large demand for such products for the Chicago and Eastern markets will be created.

In all new settlements the first thing done after pitching the temporary tents and planting the crops is to lay out a town. The settlers of the Salt River Valley were no exception to the rule and the work of laying out a town was begun in the winter of 1870-71. When a name was to be selected for the embryo city Byron Darrell Duppa, a highly-educated Englishman, proposed that it should be called Phœnix. He had been greatly interested in the ruins of the pre-historic races scattered over the valley, and in proposing the name said: "Here, upon the ruins of this long-forgotten city let us establish a new civilization, that, Phœnix-like, will rise from its ashes." For eight years the growth was slow, but with the building of the Southern Pacific Railroad into the Territory in 1879 Phœnix became an important stage station between the mining country to the north and junction with the railroad at the old Maricopa wells. Besides this the farm products of the surrounding country made it an important supply point. That her citizens were progressive and enterprising is shown by their having built a thirty-five-thousand-dollar courthouse in 1884, when the assessed valuation of the county did not reach two million of dollars.

In 1886 a subsidy of two hundred thousand dollars was voted to the Maricopa and Phœnix railroad, and the line (thirty-four miles in length) was completed the next year, giving connection with the Southern Pacific. The town now took on new life, and soon the adobe buildings began to give way to brick business blocks and residences. Meantime the location of the Territorial Insane Asylum had been secured for Phœnix and the Territorial Normal School for Tempe, only nine miles distant. Successful thus far, her citizens became ambitious for still further honors, and in January, 1889, secured the removal of the capital from Prescott to Phœnix, building a fine City Hall, which could also be used as a Capitol building until such time as one could be erected by the Territory. Her liberal citizens went still further and donated a beautiful block of land of twenty acres in the western part of the city for Capitol grounds. A gardener is kept constantly employed in caring for and beautifying the grounds, so that by the time a building is constructed it can be erected in the midst of one of the most beautiful little parks in the Southwest.

Nearly all the older towns of New Mexico and Arizona were formerly Mexican *pueblas* with narrow streets and adobe houses. Not so with Phœnix. It is a lively, enterprising and progressive American city. The principal streets and avenues are one hundred feet wide, while all cross streets are eighty feet. The blocks are three hundred feet square, lots being fifty by one hundred and thirty-seven and one-half feet with a twenty-five-foot alley cutting through each block. Through the streets flow



Engine Room of Water Works, Phœnix

streams of pure water, while rows of shade trees line both sides of all the residence avenues. Surrounded by a wealth of flowers, fruits and foliage, it is one of the handsomest cities in the Southwest. It may sound strange to the uninitiated, but so dense is the verdure in this city built up on a former desert, that it might now well be called the Forest City.

As might be expected, a city with such enterprising people would have all the modern conveniences. A street railroad was one of the first improvements to follow the advent of the iron horse. This proved a paying investment and has aided greatly in building up the city, extending its borders in every direction. At present this company has over eight miles of track, five cars and employs twenty-five mules and horses. The income for the six summer months was three thousand five hundred and fifty dollars; the cost of running was one thousand six hundred and fifty dollars; the income for the six winter months was two thousand four hundred and ninety dollars; the cost one thousand six hundred and fifty dollars, a most creditable showing.

In a land where water and irrigation are the two most important factors it is not unnatural that this subject should attract by far the greatest attention, and for this reason some of the details of the method of supplying water are given in the present article. In Arizona and New Mexico, as well as the west slope in general,

water is king, and the happy owners of water stock or bonds are among the wealthy men of the places.

As far back as 1881 Mr. J. J. Gardiner established a small water works for domestic supply. The venture proved so successful that in February, 1889, he organized a stock company known as the Phœnix Water Works Company, receiving a franchise from the city for the laying of mains and supplying water. The company set about building a large plant. Two Dean pumps with a capacity of one million gallons per day each, were put in. A brick pump and boiler house were erected as well as a steel stand pipe fourteen feet in diameter and one hundred feet high, with a capacity of eleven thousand five hundred gallons. This stand pipe is used to add pressure in the mains, which is now about forty-five pounds to the square inch.

The well is remarkable, being but twelve feet in diameter and thirty-five feet deep, yet it affords a never-failing supply of pure, cold water for a city of seven thousand people. Besides the water for domestic uses, two ice factories with a daily capacity of ten and fifteen tons respectively, get their water from the water company. Three printing offices run their presses by means of water motors, and all the water for street sprinkling and use on lawns is taken from the mains. The Insane Asylum, three miles east of the city, also draws its water from the water company.

In May, 1890, the Phœnix Water Company was organized, and purchased the plant of the Water Works Company. The plant consists of the pumping plant together with about seventeen miles of mains, ranging in size from four to ten inches. The water is pumped from a well some forty-five feet in depth into the main ten inches in diameter running through the center of the town. A short distance from the well there is a ten-inch "T" running laterally from the force main to the stand pipe, which is constructed of sheet steel fourteen feet in diameter and one hundred feet high, with a capacity of over one hundred and fifteen thousand gallons. The pumping plant consists of two compound duplex Dean pumping engines, each of which has a capacity of a million and a half gallons in twenty-four hours. Steam is supplied by two steel boilers so arranged that they can be cut out. All machinery and the steam plant is in duplicate, preventing the possibility of a failure through breakage. There are ten-inch valves in the ten-inch force main, so arranged that the stand pipe can be cut off from the city and water be supplied by pumping as in the Holly system, or the pumps can be cut off and water supplied from the stand pipe, making it a reservoir system.

The income of the company is approximately one thousand seven hundred dollars per month; this includes profit from the Merchandise account, which includes taking the mains and all pipe furnished and laid, the profit from which, after paying labor, etc., is about one hundred dollars per month.

The expenses may be of interest to readers in the East, and are as follows:

EXPENSES

Salaries as follows:	
Engineer	$120
Fireman	50
Acting Sec'y	100
Rent office	15
Total	$285
An average of one cord of wood per day; thirty cords per month, at $4	$120

The company secures as hydrant rental alone, the sum of three thousand five hundred dollars per year. This is paid monthly in twelve equal installments. Since purchasing the plant, extensive additions to the pipe line have been made, the company having expended during the last year over seventeen thousand dollars for this purpose. The well has been sunk seven feet and will now furnish

continually three million gallons per day, which is shown in the following list:

Month	Gal water Pumped	Av per Day	Cds wood Consumed
Feb., 1890..	2,257,324...	91,333...	15
Mar., 1890..	3,942,409...	127,193...	15
Apr., 1890..	5,537,409...	184,580...	22
May, 1890..	7,831,182...	246,188...	38
June, 1890..	10,311,070...	332,615...	41
July, 1890..	11,833,118...	375,261...	42
Aug., 1890..	10,915,394...	352,109...	35
Sept., 1890..	10,775,928...	359,177...	31
Oct., 1890..	8,478,470...	273,499...	30
Nov., 1890..	6,686,176...	222,872...	27.5
Dec., 1890..	6,247,500...	201,532...	25
Jan., 1891..	8,506,008...	274,387...	31

The geological location and natural advantages are so great that Phœnix will rapidly increase in population, and is rapidly becoming a large city. The company has what is equivalent to the exclusive privilege of selling water in the city, and a fifty-year franchise, suggestive of its value.

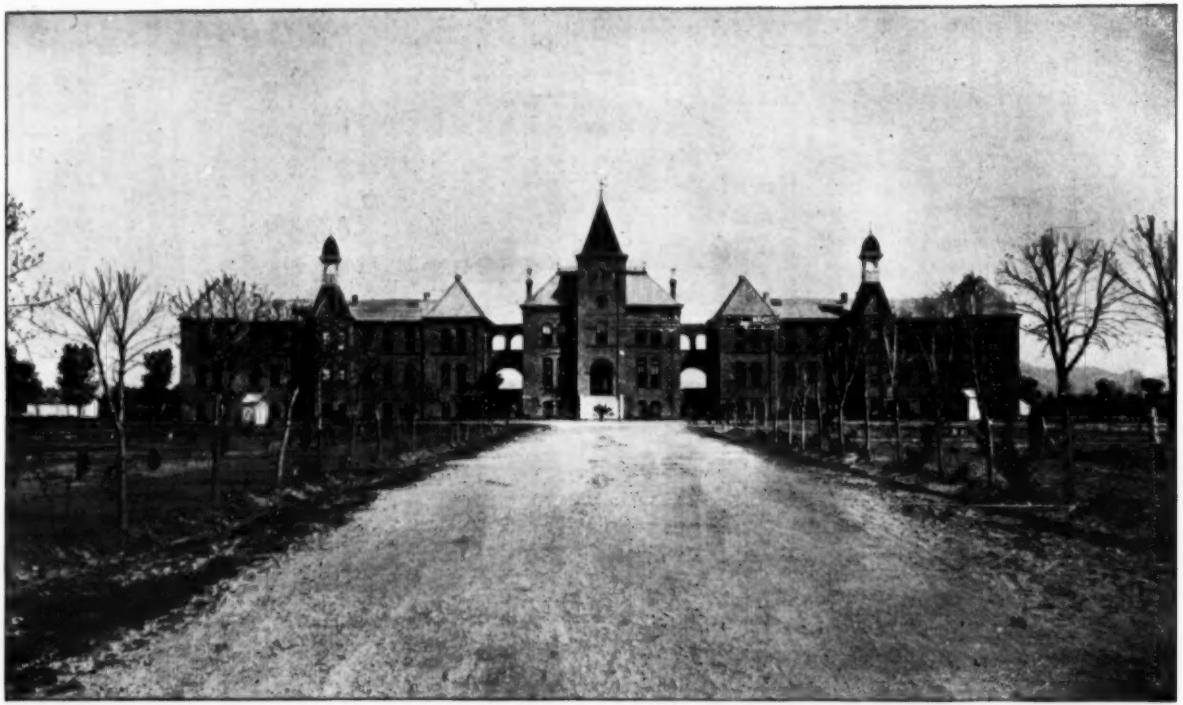
At the time of the purchase of this plant from the Phœnix Water Works' Company, there were outstanding bonds of the Phœnix Water Works' Company to the amount of sixty thousand dollars. When the bonds of the Phœnix Water Company were issued, sixty thousand dollars of the new issue were deposited with the trustee to cover the first issue of bonds. The present bonded indebtedness of the company is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, all of which is drawing six per cent interest, making an annual interest charge of fifteen thousand dollars, payable semi-annually on the first of January and July of each year.

The first electric-light plant provided only arc lights, and was not a success. Early in 1890, another company was organized, which put in both the incandescent and arc lights. Now, nearly all the stores and places of business in the city are lighted by the incandescent system, and many private houses are also using it. An electric street railway and a sewer system will be constructed this year.

Phœnix has not been behind in providing educational advantages. She has fine brick schoolhouses, one of which is a high school. Eleven teachers are employed, and the average attendance is about four hundred and fifty pupils. The past winter, a night school was established in the central school building, and this will be a permanent part of the school work in the future. Besides this excellent system of public schools, several private schools are well patronized.

In the matter of churches and secret societies, Phœnix is abreast with any of the most advanced cities. The Catholic, Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian, Christian, Methodist-Episcopal, and M. E. Church, south, have fine brick edifices of their own. There are the many different Masonic orders, from the Blue Lodge to the Commandery, Odd Fellows, A. O. U. W., Knights of Pythias, G. A. R., Sons of Veterans, Woman's Relief Corps, Daughters of Rebecca, I. O. G. T. and kindred organizations. There is one club—the Montezuma—an opera-house and several small halls.

Residents of Phœnix are pleased to term their city "The Denver of the Southwest." A careful review of all varied resources of the tributary country, together with the enterprise shown by her citizens, clearly indicate that the wonderful growth and progress of the "Queen City of the Plains" is to be more than duplicated in the garden belt of Arizona. Twenty years ago, Denver was but a struggling little city, depending upon her position as a forwarding depot for supplies for the mining camps. There was no agricultural development within many miles, and croakers declared the city had reached its height as a commercial point. The mining activity of a few years later, especially the Leadville excitement of 1877, made Denver a city of importance, and the railroads that had been building west of the Missouri River began pushing their lines to this gateway of the mountains. In 1880, a city of thirty-five thousand people existed, which in 1890 had grown to one hun-



Insane Asylum, Phœnix

dred and seven thousand, and her progress is continuous.

The mountains of Arizona are not only as rich as those of Colorado, they are richer. Besides the yellow gold and bright silver of the Centennial State, Arizona has copper mines of wealth second to none in the world; lead mines rich as the richest of Mexico or Montana; onyx that excels in its rich coloring, grain and texture any ever found; building stone that is considered by architects the most beautiful in America.

Phœnix is the gateway to these inexhaustible stores of wealth, and as railroads sought Denver in the past, so they are now seeking Phœnix. In 1890, the people voted a subsidy of four thousand dollars a mile to a railroad to be constructed from Phœnix northward through the rich mineral belt to a connection with the great Santa Fé system. This measure required the approval of Congress, which was secured, but the President interposed a veto. Nothing daunted, they found another way to encourage railroads to come, and in February, 1891, a law was passed by the Territorial Legislature, exempting from taxation for twenty years all railroads of over fifty miles in length, begun within two years and completed within five. Following this, a company was incorporated, known as the Santa Fé, Prescott & Phœnix Railway Company, to build a line from a junction with the Santa Fé at Ash Fork, in Northern Arizona, through Prescott, Phœnix and Florence to a junction at Benson, in Southeastern Arizona, with the present Santa Fé line from Benson south to tide-water at Guaymas, Sonora, Mexico. Work is now being pushed on this road at a lively rate, more than one thousand men and teams being employed. The company promises to have trains running into Phœnix from the north by March, 1893.

Falls on Arizona Canal

The mineral districts of Arizona have as yet only been scratched over. With more railroad facilities this will be changed and rushes like those at Leadville, Tombstone and Creede will be witnessed. As an illustration of the wealth of the mineral deposits may be cited the Bonanza Mine eighty miles northwest of Phœnix. A twenty stamp mill was erected in 1891 and begun crushing ore in September. The first three months run was one hundred and twenty thousand dollars; the run for December was

sixty thousand dollars, and for January and the first ten days of February it was eighty-three thousand dollars, the gold bricks representing these amounts passing through the Wells, Fargo's Express office at Phœnix. The owners of this property say their first year's output will be one million dollars. Not far from this rich gold mine are valuable copper claims destined to produce as well as the famous Copper Queen at Bisbee, Arizona, which turned out over twenty-

Street Scene, Phœnix

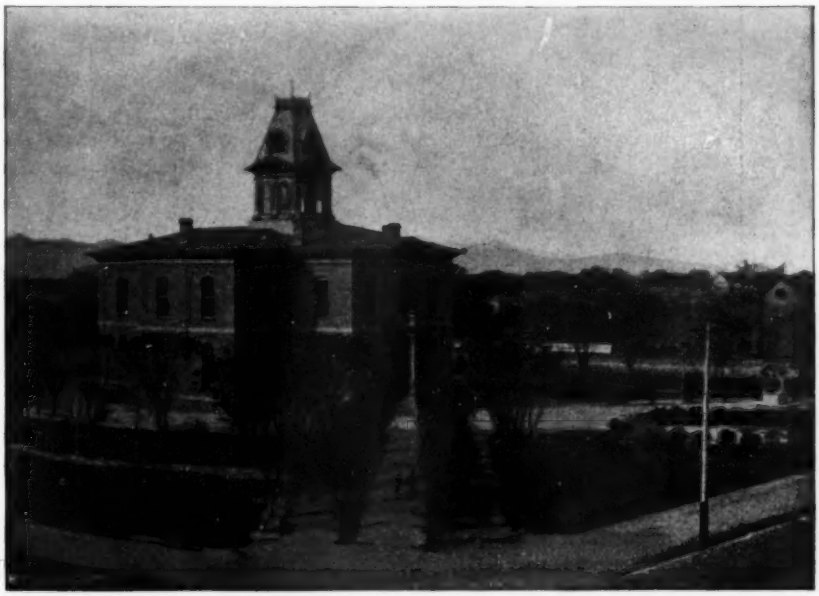
five millions of pounds of copper bullion in 1890 and '91. Valuable new leads have recently been discovered in the old Vulture Mine, thirty-five miles northwest of Phœnix, which in its day turned out over ten millions of dollars in gold. Its former value promises to be more than duplicated in the future.

Besides all this tributary mineral wealth Phœnix is situated in the center of a valley having a length of forty-five miles and an average width of sixteen miles, embracing therefore four hundred and fifty thousand acres of land. As has been cited before, this land is of the very richest on earth and will produce all cereals, grasses and fruits from rye and barley to sugar cane, oranges and dates. This valley opens into the Gila Valley both to the east and west, so one is really but a continuation of the other. Two hundred and seventy-five thousand acres of the Salt River Valley is now under water from the various canals already constructed. Other irrigation enterprises are under construction that will not only reclaim the remaining two hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of Salt River Valley but add as many more from tributary valleys. Prominent among the companies in this work is the Rio Verde Canal Company, which with a system of reservoirs on the Rio Verde, Cave Creek and New River, coupled with one hundred and twenty miles of canals, propose to reclaim a total of nearly four hundred thousand acres. The Agua Fria Reservoir and

Canal Company will impound the waters of the Agua Fria River by which they will reclaim one hundred and fifty thousand acres of foothill lands especially adapted to the cultivation of citrus fruits.

Arizona, and particularly the Salt River Valley, is especially adapted to the breeding of blooded stock. Although this industry like all others here, is in its infancy, great progress is being made. In the December races, 1891, six heats were required to decide the contest in the three-year-old trotting race, the slowest being in 2:42 and the fastest in 2:35½. The dry pure air, the equable climate and the rich feed all conduce to the health and vigor of the sensitive nature of highly bred stock. There are now several horse farms with some of the best strains of standard-bred trotters to be found in America, while others have devoted their attention to cattle having some most excellent herds of Jerseys, Herefords, Holsteins, Polled Angus and other strains.

As a home for invalids this country is par excellence. The altitude being but twelve hundred feet it has none of the chilling blasts of mountain resorts. Situated over three hundred miles from the seacoast, it is free from fogs and malaria. The mean temperature for January is fifty-five degrees and for July eighty-five. Arizona has been more lampooned and stigmatized on every conceivable occasion than any other portion of the United States. Even her climate has not escaped. Almost every one has heard that old story about the soldier who went to the nether regions and sent back for his blankets because it was so cold there, after a residence in Arizona. True, the thermometer climbs above a hundred degrees in July and August, but this is not nearly so unbearable

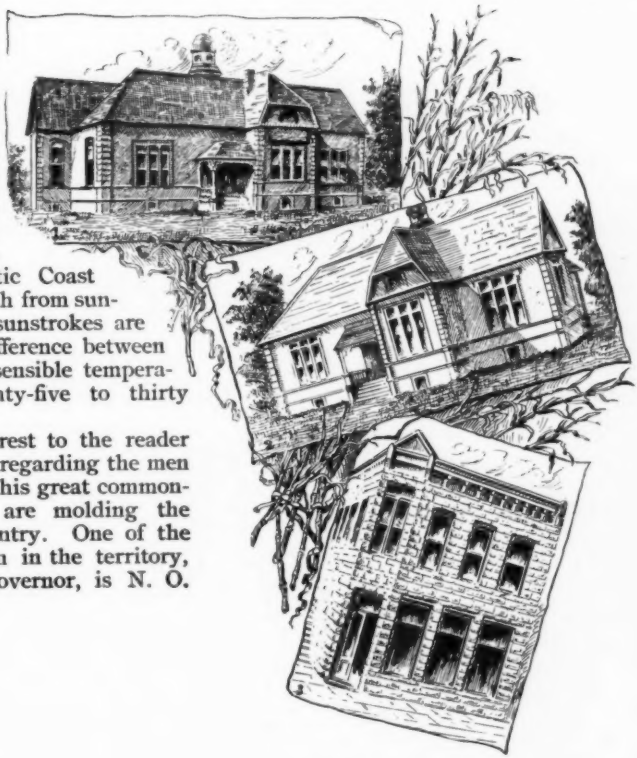


Court House, Phœnix

Governor N. O. Murphy

as ninety degrees in the Mississippi Valley or on the Atlantic Coast. The moisture in the air is but twenty-five to thirty per cent while in the East it is from seventy-five to eighty per cent. Ninety degrees in any of the Atlantic Coast cities results in death from sunstroke while here sunstrokes are unknown. The difference between the shade and the sensible temperatures is from twenty-five to thirty degrees.

It may be of interest to the reader to know something regarding the men who have built up this great commonwealth and who are molding the thought of the country. One of the most influential men in the territory, and its popular governor, is N. O. Murphy.



1—East End School 2—West End School
3—Hartford Bank

Residence of General Clark Churchill

Mr. Murphy was born in Lincoln County, Maine, in 1850. He moved to Wisconsin when seven years of age, where he received a common school education in Manitowoc County, and taught school himself in early life as many others of our great men have. He moved west at the age of twenty, and has lived west of the Mississippi for twenty-two years. He has engaged in various commercial pursuits, mining and journalism. Governor Murphy is almost entirely self-educated and experienced in the ways of the world to a wide degree, possessing a thorough knowledge of men. He has lived

nine years in Arizona, latterly in public life first as Secretary of the Territory and then acting and now actual Governor. Successful in the field of politics, standing foremost in the party to which he belongs in the territory, and in the front rank of popular favor as a public servant. He is interested in railroad building and various progressive enterprises for the advancement of the territory, and is looked upon as one of the leading spirits in building up the future State of Arizona.

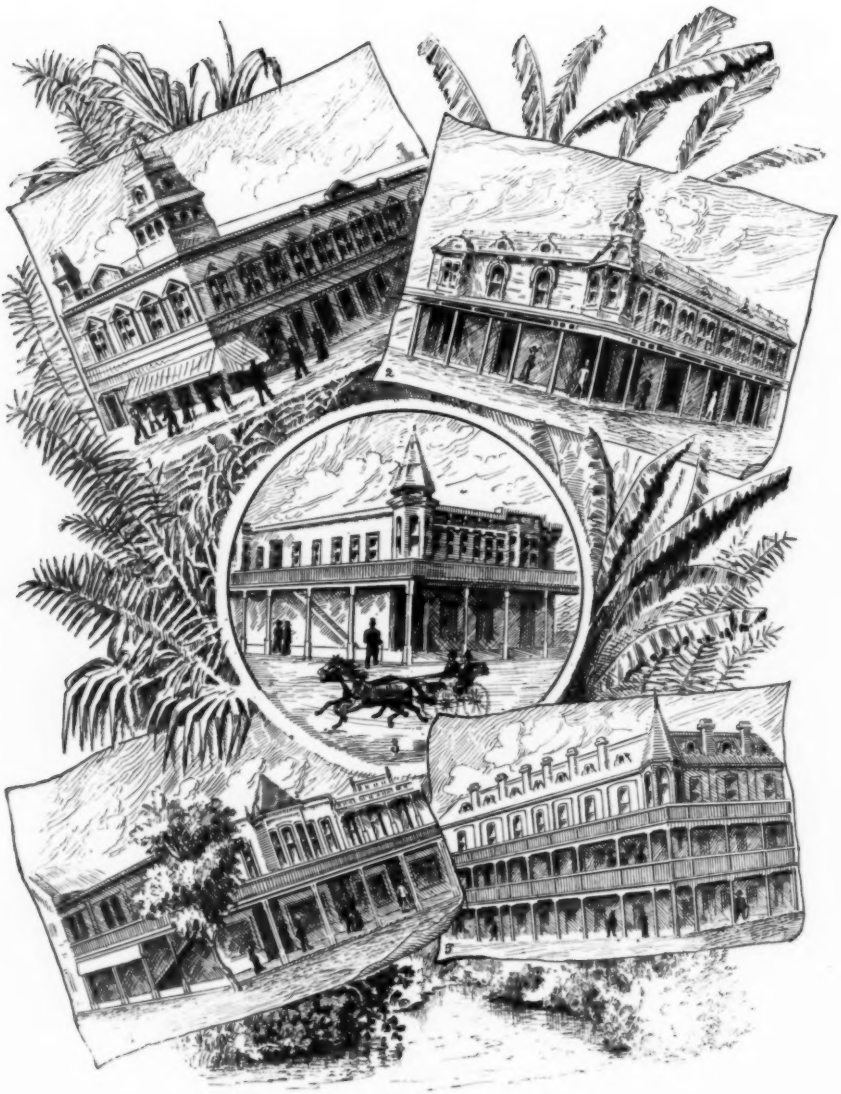
Residence of Mr. Dennis

Gen. Clark Churchill is a typical Western man, though born east of the Rockies. Nearly his whole life has been spent in the West. Leaving his Eastern home a mere boy, alone, without friends or acquaintances or means he arrived in San Francisco penniless, in 1861, where by his own efforts he soon acquired both money and friends and achieved great success in his profession as a lawyer. He was known at the bar there, which was pre-eminently the ablest body of lawyers ever congregated in any one place in the United States, as a "Winner," because he was almost universally successful in his cases and in business generally. In 1863, his clients in San Francisco who were largely interested in the great Comstock mines induced him to go to Virginia City, Nevada, where he remained most of the time for three years, although in the meantime he retained his business relations in San Francisco, and returned to the latter place in 1866, remained in practice there till 1877, when his taste for the freedom of frontier life induced him to go to Arizona. Settling in Prescott, then the capital of the territory, he was at once recognized as one of the leaders of the bar throughout the territory. Visiting Phœnix in 1880, to attend court, his attention was attracted to the Salt River Valley and its wonderful resources, which were then undeveloped, and he then foresaw the great possibilities in store for those who would construct canals and apply the waters of the adjacent rivers to the desert wastes of which the valley was then composed. He

immediately purchased a tract of land adjoining the then small village of Phœnix, as an investment. That tract is now known as the "Churchill Addition" to the present City of Phœnix, being laid out in blocks and graded streets, bordered with ornamental shade trees, some single building lots in which being worth as much now as General Churchill in 1880 paid for the whole tract of eighty acres.

In this addition General Churchill has constructed for himself a palatial home. In addition to his success as a lawyer General Churchill has always been a most enterprising business man. He promoted the construction of the great Arizona Canal which has transformed the Salt River Valley from a desert to a garden and the hamlet of Phœnix into the present thriving city it is, and he acted as president and chief executive officer of the Arizona Canal Company from its organization in 1882 until the construction of the Canal was completed in 1887. Although General Churchill has never been an office-seeker, without solicitation on his part, he has been elected to and filled the following offices with credit: City Attorney of Virginia City, Nevada, 1865–6; Adjutant-General of Arizona, for two terms; and Attorney-General of Arizona, for three terms. He represented Arizona on the Republican National Committee from 1884 to 1888 and was a delegate to the Republican National Convention at Chicago in 1884 and Chairman of the Republican Territorial Central Committee of Arizona for many years. He resigned the position of Attorney-General about a year ago. During his last term as Attorney-General, the famous controversy as to "whether the sessions of the Territorial Legislature were limited to sixty consecutive days or to sixty legislative working days," arose, and in his official capacity he successfully maintained in the courts that the Legislature might lawfully sit during sixty actual working days excluding intermediate days over which the Legislature had adjourned. The result of these decisions was to oust all the office-holders who had been appointed

Residence of B. H. Horner



Business Blocks in Phœnix.

1—Anderson Block
2—Cotton Block.
3—Gilson Block.
4—Porter Block.
5—Monihon Block.

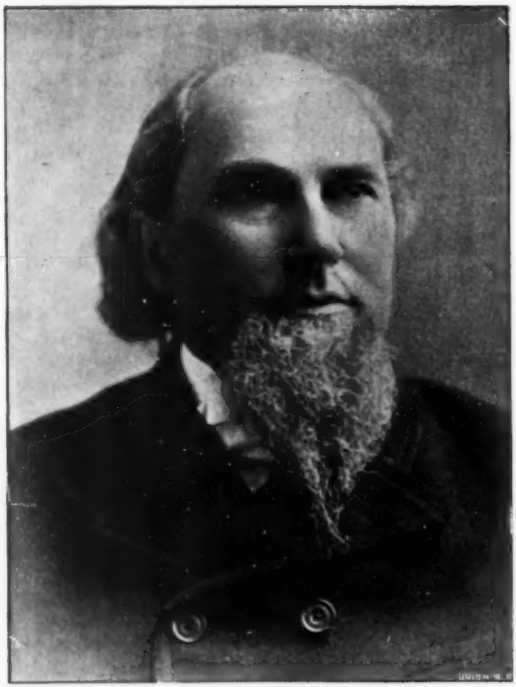
Judge Joseph Campbell

under the administration of President Cleveland and to put in their places in all the Territorial offices in Arizona, the appointees of the incoming administration of President Harrison.

Judge Joseph Campbell was born June 17th, 1857, in San Francisco. When twelve years of age, he entered the St. Mary's College, San Francisco. After four years diligent application to his studies, he graduated with high honors, taking the degree of A. B.

In 1875, Judge Campbell entered the office of Hon. Judge Jackson Temple, under whom he read law for a period of more than two years, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one years. He then left San Francisco for San Rafael, California, and began the practice of law there, meeting with great success.

Returning to San Francisco in 1879, he practiced law till July, 1880, when his attention was attracted to Arizona. He left San Francisco in June, 1880, for Phœnix, Arizona, arriving in July he has remained here ever since. With honor to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the public, he has successfully filled the following offices to which he was elected: City Recorder of Phœnix, April, '81 to May, '83; Ass't District Attorney; Ass't U. S. Attorney; U. S. Commissioner; Probate Judge, two terms, Jan. '86 to Jan. '90; President of the Board of Education, of the Normal School, and in May, 1891, he was elected by the Democratic party the seventh Mayor of Phœnix, which important office he still holds and has most ably filled.



General Clark Churchill

Arizona like all other of the western states and territories has evolved itself from the chaotic social conditions of a frontier land until it is now socially as well as in other ways the peer of any other community in the country. Its people are imbued however, with a spirit of enterprise that makes easy to them achievements which to the same people under corresponding circumstances in the older states would seem impossible of execution. This same spirit prevents the class lines of social prerogative being tightly drawn, for the prospector whose worldly possessions are wrapped in a blanket and "packed" upon his back may be a millionaire to-morrow. Thus intercourse with one another is devoid of all the pretense and financial absurdities of so-called society in our eastern cities, but none the less is there found here in Phœnix, every advantage in the way of educational facilities and the social opportunities for intercourse with the most highly cultured men and women which makes it an ideal residence city for men with families to be educated.

Commercial Hotel

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN RAILROAD

FROM THE "TOURNAMENT OF ROSES" TO SLEIGH-RIDING IN THIRTY MINUTES

BY OLAF ELLISON

[Among its many attractions, Pasadena, California, is renowned for its charming rose gardens. Each new year sees its spring season open with the "Tournament of Roses" in early January. Looking down upon the merry-makers, are the snowy summits of the Sierra Madre range. Long before another tournament season sets in, it will be possible to alternate the battle of rosebuds with one of snowballs.]

THE Sierra Madres of Southern California are called the Alps of America, but until the present year they have lacked one feature found in the European mountains, viz., the mountain railroad that is the delight and joy of the tourist and which attracts thousands to Europe every year. This defect is being remedied by Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, the well-known scientist and banker of Pasadena who has now in process of construction one of the most comprehensive roads of this description, including fine mountain hotels, in the world.

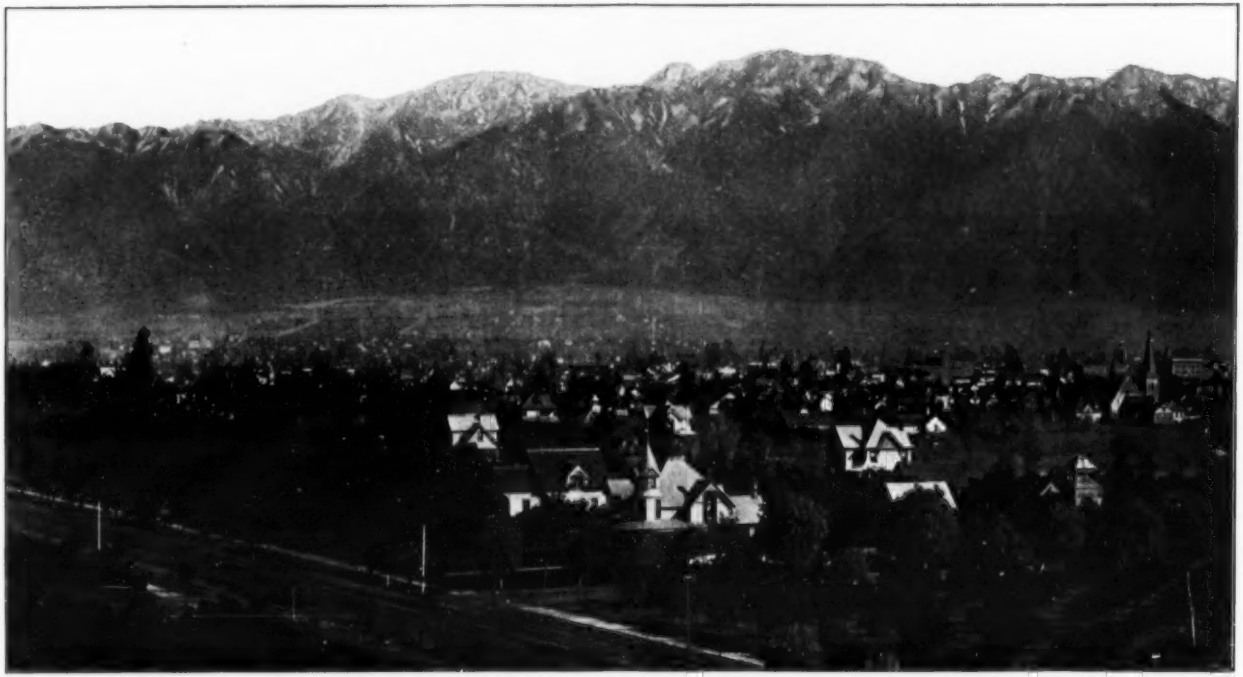
The first mountain railroad ever constructed is the one in operation up Mt. Washington. Since then many others have been built. Prominent among these: the Mt. Pilatus railroad up the mountain of the same name, on Lake Lucern, opposite the famous Mt. Rigi. The last-named mountain possesses a railroad operated for nearly fifteen seasons past, and now almost double tracked for the entire distance. Among others may be mentioned two at Drachenfels and Niederwald on the Rhine, Germany; one up Mt. Vesuvius, Italy; two up the Lookout Mountains, Tennessee; two near Reading, Penn.; the last and reaching the highest elevation is the Pike's Peak road, Colorado.

From an investor's standpoint, the most interesting *data* in connection with all these enterprises is the fact that not in a single case have these railroads operated only for tourists, and on account of exceptional scenic attractions, ever failed to return handsome dividends. Owing to climatic conditions the greater number of these roads can only be operated a fraction of each year. The Mt. Washington road, for instance, averages only ten weeks each year. Its original cost was heavy, its running expenses are exceptionally great, while the cost of repairs, etc., are very high. The immediate adjacent population at the base of the range, and for several hundred miles around, is very limited.

But notwithstanding all these serious drawbacks it never distributes less than seventeen per cent of annual dividends. Fully thirty and sometimes as high as forty thousand people reaching the summits annually over this road.

The latest official returns from the Mt. Rigi R. R., Switzerland, give a total net receipt of one hundred thousand dollars ($100,000). It carried one hundred and twenty-nine thousand five hundred and forty-three passengers, conveyed four hundred and fifty tons of passenger baggage, and one thousand two hundred and fifty tons of other goods. Over four hundred thousand passengers are annually carried between Pasadena and Los Angeles.

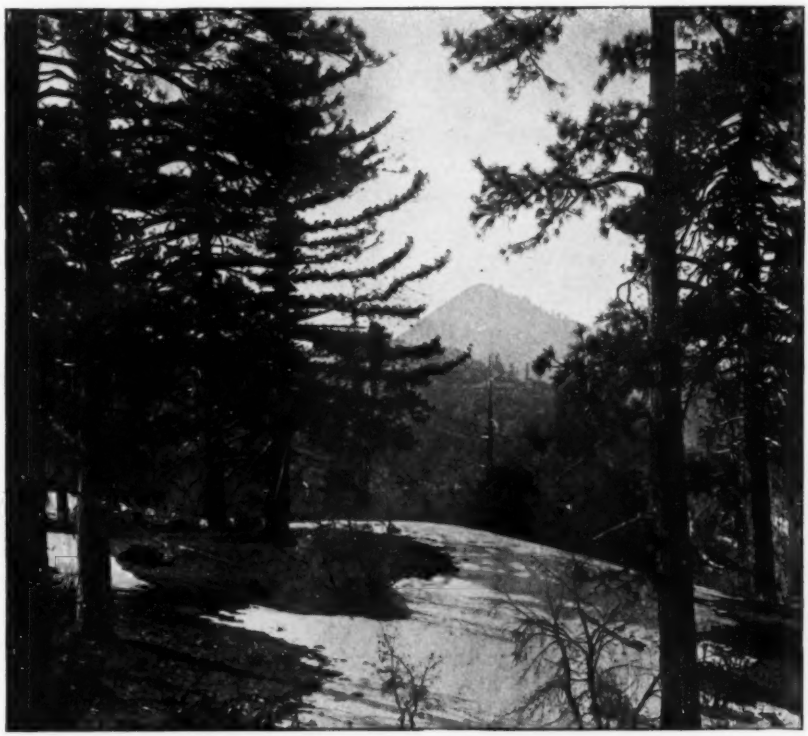
The Sierra Madre summits, the highest eminence of which this railroad will ultimately reach, are frequented with an annual tourist traffic in their present inaccessible condition of six thousand as compared with the



General View of Pasadena and the Mountains Climbed by the Mt. Wilson Railroad, from the Tower on the President's House

three thousand up the Mt. Washington prior to the building of that railroad, while as compared with the Swiss road referred to, the Sierra Madre range has a larger resident population on its immediate base and adjacent valleys than the entire annual tourist traffic of Lucern, brought there by its chief attraction, the Mt. Rigi railroad.

Madre and San Bernardino ranges, thence spreading towards the valley and coast, aggregate two hundred thousand people and is rapidly increasing. This entire population is within less than four hours' railroad journey from the starting point of the road ; one-half of it is within a radius of forty-five minutes' travel. The city

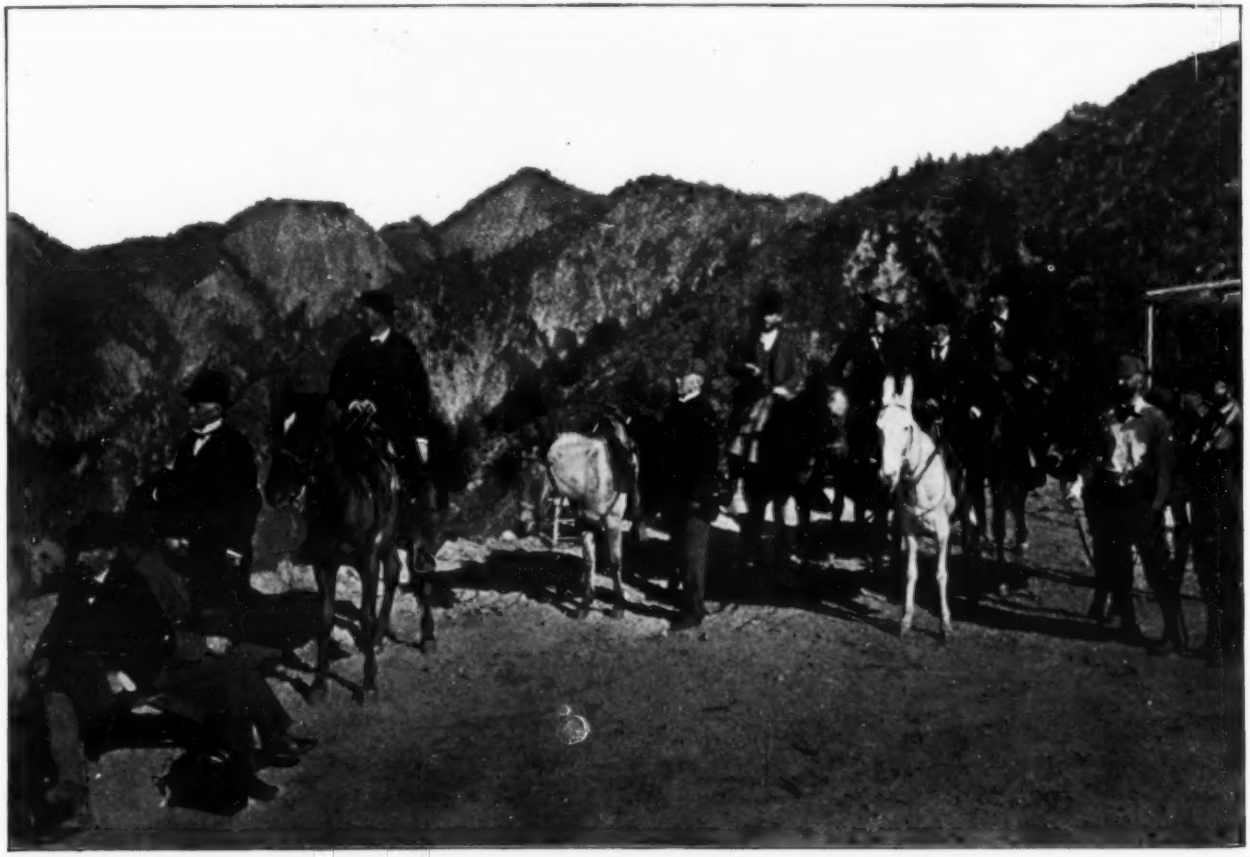


The Summit, showing Observatory Peak

The journey up the Sierra Madre range under existing conditions is one of considerable effort and fatigue. But the views obtained are of such extent, variety and beauty as to induce the beholder to return again and again, notwithstanding mountain trails and all.

The resident population, permanently located at the base of the Sierra

of Los Angeles, with an approximate resident and transient population of seventy thousand, is within thirty minutes' distance, while Pasadena with ten thousand people constitutes the base of operations of the company constructing the road. The city limits of Pasadena extending up to, and including the starting point of the road.



Among the Peaks -the visit of Prof. Eliot of Harvard University, to the Sierra Madres, April 8 1892

Los Angeles and Pasadena constitute the central rallying points for a tourist traffic that has already assumed the dimensions of over one hundred thousand adult travelers a year. They represent the wealthiest and most cultured classes of our country and their number is rapidly increasing from year to year. This tourist traffic alone would more than repay the construction and operation of this road, but, as stated, the resident population of discriminating travelers among the resident population is exceptionally high.

Europe, the United States, the Pacific Isles, the Japan and Asiatic Empires in general, are familiar stamping ground to a great number of our own people. Nevertheless, the enthusiasm and interest that prevail over the attractions of our own Sierra Madre range, constitute for them an unfailing charm and is something far

The Eliot Party on the Trail

itself being largely composed of a class who possess both the time to enjoy and the cultured appreciation of the opportunities presented, will become the most permanent patrons of this enterprise, as well they might.

The resident population is as stated an exceptionally intelligent one, engaged in the cultivation of oranges, lemons and other semi-tropic fruits, or in possession of permanent incomes from other sources. The proportion more than merely "local pride." Contrary to many of the mountain views afforded the transcontinental traveler, this semi-crescent sweep of fifty miles in length, approximating in its adjacent ranges an elevation of ten or eleven thousand feet, fulfills one's ideal of what a mountain range should be. The summits are often robed in the lofty splendor of snow-white mantles contrasting strongly with the permanent dark evergreen

Silver Fall, fifteen minutes from Echo Mountain House

forests of the central ranges, while at the base, the odor of oranges and roses contend for precedence. This fragrance comes from the many orchards and flower gardens constituting the outer garments, as it were, of the lower spur of the mountain. The range rises apparently almost perpendicular from the head of the beautiful San Gabriel Valley; the "Crown" of which is Pasadena. Disguising a few of its most charming features to the mere casual beholder, it discloses to its intimates a perfect treasury of varied attractions. Beautiful forest dells, bounding cascades, deep mysterious cañons, ideal waterfalls, acres of picturesque ferns, rivers full of speckled beauties, while level areas of forest reserves exist beyond the front summits, combining facilities for driving, hunting and fishing, equal to the best of the Adriondacks.

The view from the Sierra Madre summits defies description. The historic San Gabriel and Los Angeles valleys, a kingdom by themselves in wealth and extent, stretches away to the east, west and south. In plain sight, like so many semi-tropical isles, lies the beautiful deep emerald-colored orange groves of the colonies of San Gabriel, Monrovia, Pomona, Ontario, Riverside, Rialto, San Bernardino and Redlands; the last some sixty miles off. Pasadena at our very base has been termed a "conservatory out of doors." It is all of that and more, for the beauty of a continuous garden more than ten miles square is matched with the exceptional culture and refinement of the owners.

Scene above the Clouds in the Sierra Madre from the Summit Mountain House

On a perfectly still night, the chimes of the bells of the old San Gabriel Mission can be heard, the romantic traditions of which are singularly interesting. This old mission in plain view is near the great vineyards of De Barth Shorb, reputed to be among the largest in the world. The celebrated Santa Anita, "Lucky Baldwin's estate," is equally plainly seen. To

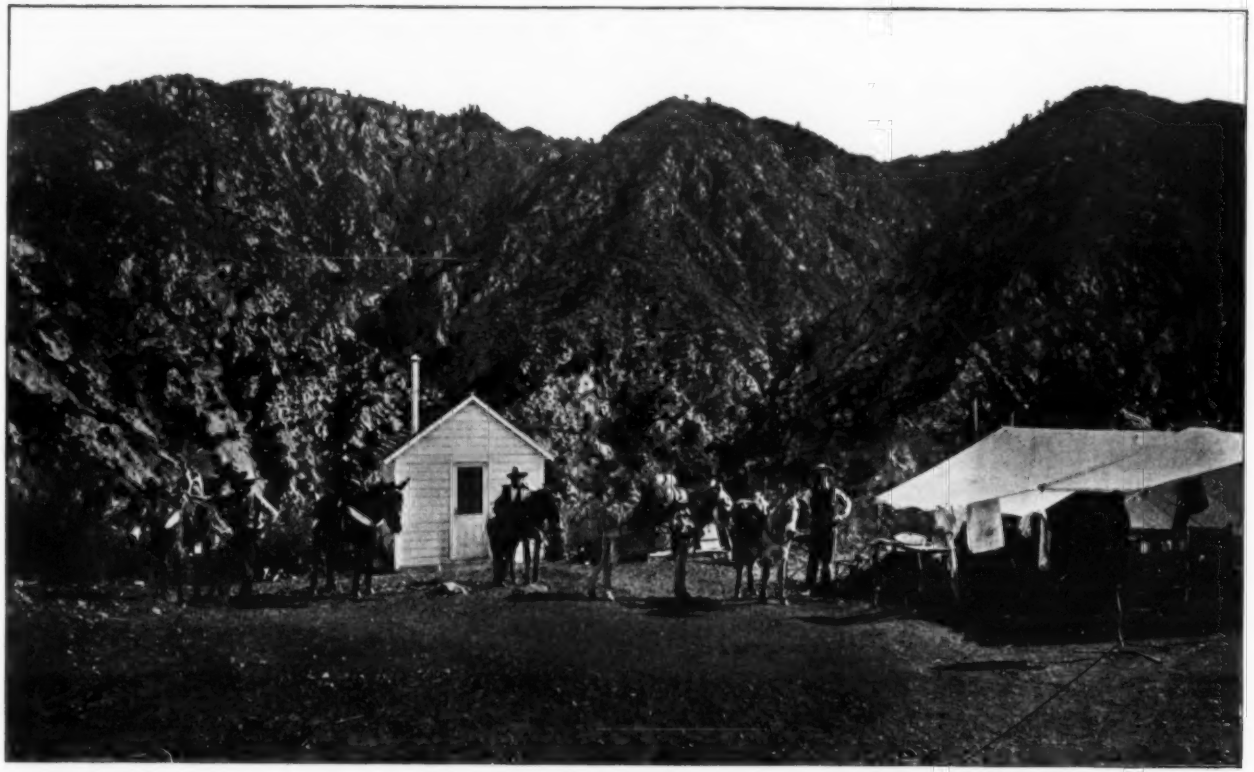
Scene on the Pacific Shore, ninety minutes from Echo Mountain House

the north the Santa Barbara Islands lie like "opals on emerald seas." To the south is the far-famed Isle of Santa Catalina; between them and as far as the eye can define the horizon rolls the Pacific Ocean. The Catalina Isle is fifty-odd miles off. The extraordinary transparency of the atmosphere prevailing here is most clearly understood by the fact that the various colors of the oval panes in the great lighthouse lantern located there are plainly visible at night in their alternating red, white and blue. In the daytime the houses and the shipping scenes of the harbor at Avalon are readily seen. Los Angeles, probably the most attractive city of its size in the Union, as well as one of the most active and enterprising, is ten miles away but seems barely three miles distant.

To the immediate southwest the traveler beholds a series of bold precipitous cañons, culminating in the Eaton Cañon. The slopes of these cañons are all covered with fine forest growth, and will be made accessible through a systematic extension of riding trails in all directions, converting them into mountain parks. The roar of the rushing waterfalls of the upper San Gabriel River constitutes an appropriate deep basso to the sighing of the whispering needle forests. To the east rises the Alpine summits of San Antonio and San Bernardino mountains; San Jacinto, chief landsmark of San Diego County, also looms into view.

Breaking Ground for the Cable Road Division on the Site of Echo Mountain House

These well-nigh unrivaled natural attractions are, however, more than matched in importance with the exceptional scientific value attached to the climate and general atmospheric conditions. These latter are as permanent and superior as the former are grandly imposing in the literal



Site of Echo Mountain House, three thousand three hundred and thirty-five feet above level of the sea

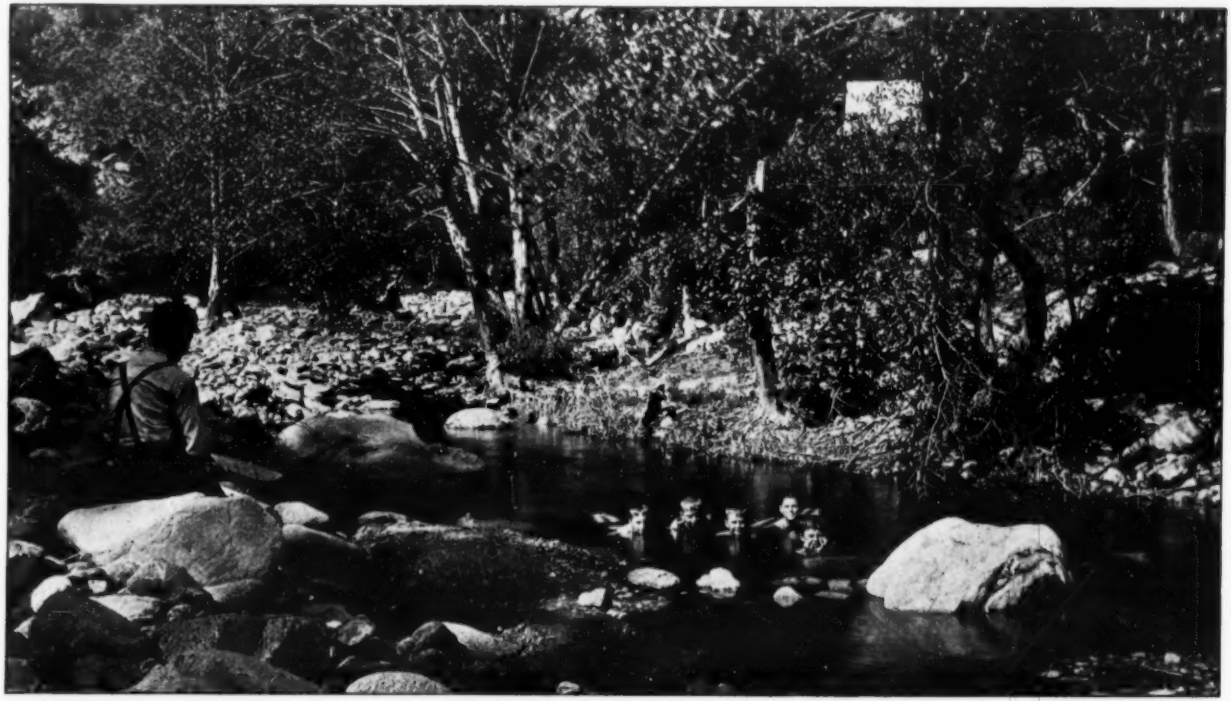
sense of that term. However, no enlargement on the importance attached to the situation from a scientific standpoint can equal the simple announcement, that the president of Harvard, Prof. Eliot, visited the scene in person but a few weeks ago. With a comprehensive knowledge of all the requirements for astronomical observations, he pronounced the Sierra Madre summits the peer of any known in the world for such purposes.

This does not rest on mere theoretical estimate, but is founded on the exceedingly high scientific value of celestial photographs and other astronomical results, obtained through the medium of an imperfectly equipped observatory, stationed there as an experimental station. Harvard University is the fortunate possessor of two important financial bequests, to be expended for such purposes. The lenses for an observatory that will equal, if not surpass, the Lick telescope—that is to say, the largest lenses in the world—are ordered from the well-known Clark Brothers of Cambridge, Mass., and are now under construction.

The observatory will be supplied in addition with the most perfect obtainable photographic telescope. Three thousand photographic views, taken under all the disadvantages of the former experimental station, proved all there is claimed for the location, and are an assurance as well of the future extraordinary usefulness of the new station.

The facilities, however, required by the new observatory, including resi-

Among the Ferns, twenty minutes from Echo Mountain House



Scene twenty minutes from the Echo Mountain House

dences, etc., would be practically unattainable without railroad communication. A suitable wagon road could only be built after an expenditure equal to that of a railroad, while the latter is capable of many hundred per cent more business, and will be operated the year through.

The Los Angeles Terminal Railroad Company's lines at present extend to within two miles of the center of Rubio Cañon. This cañon is at present reached by easy carriage drive of a little over two miles. The distance from the present last station on the Terminal System, Altadena, will be covered with an electric road. The railroad in question will then afford perfect means of hourly communications between the summit of the mountains, Pasadena, Los Angeles and the seashore, respectively, four, ten and thirty miles distant from Rubio Cañon.

The first portion of the mountain road proper will be erected against the southern flank of the most conspicuous promontory of the entire Sierra Madre Range, starting from the base of Rubio Cañon. This will consist of a double-tracked cable road, with balanced cars and safety appliances, and will be operated with a stationary electric motor, power being furnished by a neighboring waterfall. This cable will be superior in strength and capacity to the one used on Mt. Vesuvius, the Island of Hong Kong and the Lookout Mountain, in Tennessee. No expense will be spared to make it the safest and most perfectly equipped cable road that engineering, science and mechanics can supply.

The passenger will be landed directly on the piazza of the Echo Mountain Hotel, after a brief ride affording charming glimpses of the cañon to the right and the smiling valley to the left. The traveler is now at an elevation of about three thousand five hundred feet.

From this point, the second divi-

A Glimpse through the Sierras near the New Road.

sion of the road takes its start. The surveys for this have disclosed a line of less than seven-per-cent grade along natural ridges and curves clear to the highest summit desired. This grade admits of the construction, immediately below the crests and in the face of the range itself, of about six miles of road. These will be operated by electrical power, and supplied with the latest perfected cars specially designed to facilitate observation of mountain scenery, *i. e.*, Pullman Palace cars, "double deckers."

At the end of this route, and on its highest crest, the second hotel will be erected, which, like the first, will be operated on the plans of a strictly first-class house. A short distance from this summit will also be the location of the observatory referred to, the homes of resident professors, shown in the accompanying cut.

The location of this very valuable grade involved long, continued and expensive efforts. It is believed that the final construction of the road along the designated route will become an important landmark in mountain railroading in this State, more especially the southern half of California. The average elevation of the last portion of the journey will be nearly six thousand feet. From this elevation, further extension of the railroad on the mountain plateau becomes comparatively easy, when so desired.

It is interesting in connection with this description of the facilities that will be afforded the traveler in the mountain ranges proper, to note the constantly increasing travel, that will act as a direct feeder to the road herein referred to. The two great transcontinental railroad systems, respectively, the "Santa Fé" and the "Southern Pacific," make Los Angeles their joint terminal point for Southern California travel. The Pacific Coast tourist traffic from the North and East, with Chicago as a central point, here meets the Southern tourists, with New Orleans as a base of departure. These in turn are joined here by the constantly increasing number of well-to-do travelers from Northern California, including San Francisco, Oregon, State of Washington, British Columbia, Montana and Idaho, bent on a "winter outing."

This traffic, combined with local travel, already demands an average of fifty trains a day, ten of which are "through" trains, the remainder "local." The immense business of discharging and receiving this traffic is dispatched within an area of less than one square mile in the Eastern division of Los Angeles. Crossing and recrossing the tracks of both of these great railroad systems, and with the depot in the center of it all, are the local passenger cars of the "Terminal Railroad" Company. It furnishes about sixteen trains a day out to and return from Pasadena, and as the reader will bear in mind, this "Terminal" road for operating purposes is practically identical with the mountain railroad proper. It will be seen from the above that this mountain railroad is part and parcel of an artery that directly touches the very central pulse of through and local traffic of the entire south—half of this great State.

As a traveler by sea will sometime discover that what he took at first to be the mainland was in reality an island, so close to the shore as not to be distinguished from the coast line proper, until within speaking distance of the occupants; so there stands out from the very heart of the main boundary lines of the Sierra Madre ranges, a semi-detached cone-formed eminence; it invites attention by its conspicuous position, and repels the adventurous traveler by its bold, precipitous sides.

Its immediate base has constituted a landmark for the South Pacific Coast navigators as far back as history goes. Its hundreds of acres of the deep, flaming orange poppy being distinctly visible fifty miles out at sea, hence the name "Los Flores" or "Cape Floral."

Mount Pilatus.

Its summit is found to reach an elevation of three thousand five hundred feet. If the dignity of the subject would admit of it, one might use the comparison of a gigantic soup-bowl, turned bottom side up, as giving a clear-cut outline of this promontory.

It has long been the object of close scrutiny, as well as admiration for its picturesqueness, by the chief promoter of this great enterprise. It has been taken captive, but only after a most persistent siege, and joint efforts of capital and scientific engineering skill of high order. On its green crest there can be clearly discerned for many miles down the valley a bold front line of white tents. These are the temporary homes of the advance guard of the invaders, preparing the way for the army to follow.

In the center of the camp, in true conqueror's style, waves a beautiful banner, clearly visible through a spy-glass from the valley below.

This encampment of engineers and workmen is destined to speedily give way to the foundations for the Echo Mountain House. Its position on this crest will not only be commanding, but strictly picturesque. The design of the structure will be found elsewhere on these pages. The many attractions within immediate reach of the sojourner will, it is believed, tend to make this one of the most popular points on the entire route, and in time the situation will create a mountain village of its own. For certain complaints, such as asthma, etc., this elevation is known to be highly beneficial. It is below the snow and frost of the higher ranges, and above the occasional fogs and dampness of the lower valley areas. Now and then, drifting banks of clouds, resembling a white sea, roll over the lower ranges, partially hiding the landscapes, yet leaving enough exposed to foster the delusion that projecting crags are island peaks, while the cañons adjacent are so many harbors and bay inlets.

Every sound of the numerous trains, the locomotive whistles, and the church and school bells, the lowing of the herds, the baying of the hounds, and the huntsman's rifle, all rise on the soft air, and, mingling with the song of the lark along the green ridge, greet the dweller's ear from sunrise to sunset.

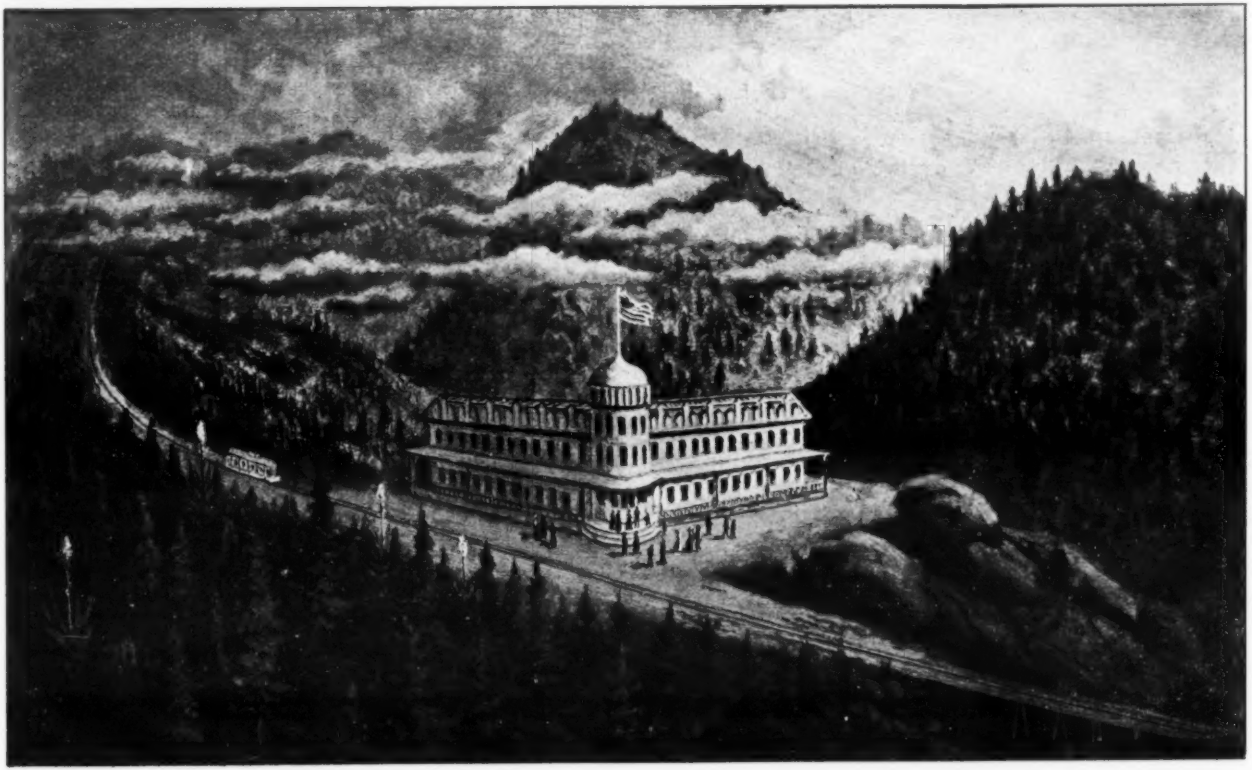
From the verandas of the Echo Mountain House one may look down on the residences of such distinguished Pasadena citizens as the Hon. Joseph Medill, Editor Chicago *Tribune*; Andrew McNally, of the prominent firm, Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; Col. G. G. Green, A. C. Armstrong, etc.

These tasteful homes with their orange orchards and perpetual gardens of June roses, are located immediately on the lower base of the promontory on the crest of which Echo Mountain House is located.

They are mentioned here, because both the occupants and the charming villas and gardens are typical of the larger Pasadena just beyond and below, and some further distance away towards the centre of the City of Pasadena proper.

The precipitous front of the Echo Mountain, rising boldly two thousand feet directly opposite the rear portion of the hotel, half a mile across the cañon, but connected with the Echo Mountain House grounds through easy trails, does not only repeat one's challenge, but duplicates and returns one's sayings, wise and otherwise, many times over. It will "talk back," more emphatically and distinctly than any official of the central telephone station was ever known to.

On either side are picturesque cascades, cañons, numerous ferny and forest dells, while opportunities for the sportsman or the scientific inquirer abound. The superb views, already referred to elsewhere, never pale on one. The ceaseless interplay of shadow and light at sunrise and sunset, has the effect of constantly en-



Site of Echo Mountain House in the Sierra Madre Mountains.

hancing as well as changing the aspect presented, as if the Supreme Architect Himself was evolving an ever-renewing panorama of ocean, mountains and valleys. If such a term as the "Temple of Nature," is permissible anywhere, it is applicable to the valley spread out for the beholder stationed at the Echo Mountain House. If the walls of this finely proportioned structure should seem to demand friezes in pure white, it is supplied in the million snowy swans, cranes, etc., often seen to move towards the green mountain slopes to the Northward. The singular charm in their movements lies in the immense numbers deploying themselves in the most natural, yet artistic groupings.

The alternating charms of the day are succeeded by such moonlight nights as has made the Alhambra of Spain the synonym for all there is poetical and picturesque in the whole of Latin Europe. The Spanish Mission fathers knew instinctively when they first saw these charming valleys, that this radiant sunshine of the day would be succeeded by nights lit by a moon that would recreate all the old, passionate romances of Spain and Italy, and add a fresh and potent spell to the old world guitar under rose-covered porches; and it did.

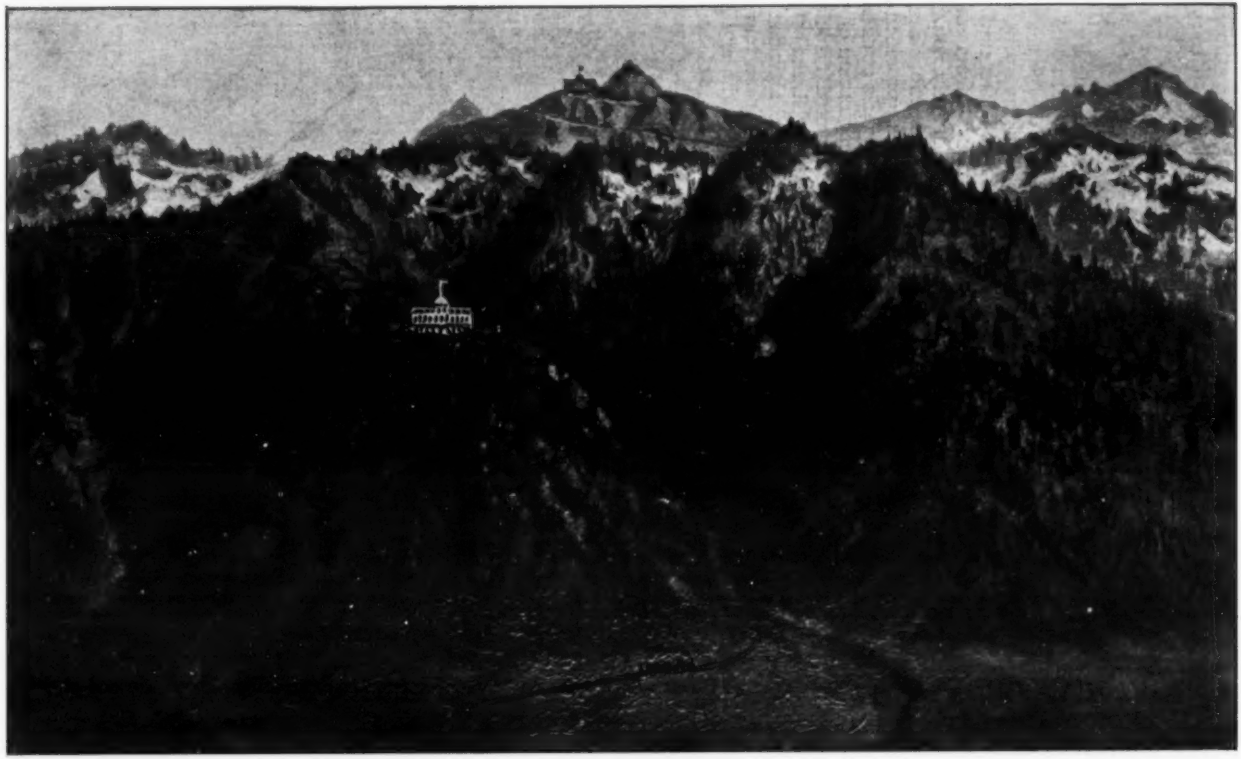
All these factors, and others too numerous to mention, will combine to make the Echo Mountain House the nucleus of a future minor edition of Pasadena of which it is a legitimate offspring. There is abundance of water, and more will be obtained. The whole promontory on all sides abounds in fertile disintergrated granite soil. Orange and lemon groves are out of the question on account of elevation, but olives, and all varieties of deciduous fruits, such as peaches, apricots, pears, apples, cherries, etc., are sure to thrive. Nearly all the flowers of the valley will prosper. It is true the slopes are steep, but the more picturesque will be the gardens that are to be terraced there. There are no more charming or productive vineyards in Europe than those up the slopes of Vesuvius, or those seemingly suspended orchards and vineyards on the lower spur of Mt. Blanc, along the precipitous shores of Lake Geneva.

It is a well-established trait of human nature that mankind will pay more for the pleasures of life than its necessities, and to this unvarying factor may be attributed the uniform highly profitable returns from all of these enterprises; and surely no purer and more beneficial recreations can be conceived of than those provided for in this manner. It appeals at once to the taste and the imagination of the great number of cultivated travelers, the true artist, the geologist, the botanist, and above all, to the astronomer. It is well known to European tourists that the hotels on Rigi Kulm and Mt. Pilatus are among the most elaborate hostelries in Europe. They would not be thus equipped but for the extraordinary patronage they enjoy during their brief season.

A corresponding enterprise, devoted to the comfort of tourist travel on sea, are the elegantly constructed steamers, a small fleet of which ply annually between the coast of Norway and London and Hull, England.

For three months the traffic is very heavy across the North Sea. That it is a profitable one, is readily seen from the quality of accommodations furnished. There is no finer equipped steamboat service in Europe.

Los Angeles and Pasadena are the geographical and social centers of a tourist region that is rapidly becoming to the North American Continent all and far more, than Switzerland ever has been to Europe at large. The Swiss summer season is confined within the limits of three months; this is the brief time within which the heavy dividends of the roads are earned. Southern California, on the other hand, enjoys five months of an ideal spring season, lasting from January to the close of May; months in which days succeed each other so per-



Site of the Mountain Hotels and Mountain Railroad, from Pasadena.

fect that some future Lowell of California will ask: "What is as rare as a day in February?"

The bulk of the hundred thousand travelers that come here to these valleys to enjoy those very days, will no more leave the coast without taking a journey up into the Sierra Madre Mountains that they see beckoning them from all directions, than the Swiss tourist will omit a trip up the Rigi Kulm or Mt. Pilatus. But the winter settles down on those Alpine summits and all is quiet till another June. Note the contrast—our Southern California winter is a prolonged spring, the most perfect perhaps vouchsafed the world anywhere. Then the summer opens. The resident Californians do not find it necessary to go elsewhere for the summer season; the seashore or the mountain invites him in close proximity to his regular pursuit and interests. There are two hundred thousand of these residents as already stated, than which none appreciate the charm of mountains more than they. They can be relied on as permanent patrons of this railroad. The easy means of communications will undoubtedly lead to the erection of numerous private cottages in the hotel grounds, more especially, perhaps, of the Echo Mountain House on the part of Los Angeles and Pasadena business men. It will be seen that this railroad enterprise differs from the European and American tourist mountain roads in the *all important* particular of being open the year through. The direct and indirect advantages that accrue to any region frequented by wealthy tourists in great number, are too obvious to be enlarged on. Insbruk, Tyrol, Lucern, and Interlaken, Switzerland, Nice, and other tourist centers prove this beyond controversy.

So important indeed are these interests that several governments of Europe have created special bureaus, that make the tourist travel their special business with a view of fostering and increasing the same.

The high renown enjoyed by Los Angeles and Pasadena as the most attractive winter resorts on the Continent, will be equaled and duplicated by their reputation as summer resorts, through the establishment of this mountain railroad.

The Lick Observatory, perched on the summit of Mt. Hamilton, has proved a most valuable accessory to the renown and business interest of San Jose. The Harvard Observatory that will be erected adjacent to the terminus of this road, will do as much and more for these two sister cities. More than anything that has occurred since this plateau was endowed with its climate and scenery, will it tend to draw here a scholarly and wealthy class of residents. Harvard's sons are numerous and will come here to see what their old *Alma Mater* is about.

The first section of this road it is confidently expected will be completed to the Echo Mountain House by the early autumn; every effort is being put forward to advance the work. A large force of men are employed on the preparation of the grade. The iron, cables, etc., are contracted for and will be put in their places as soon as completed.

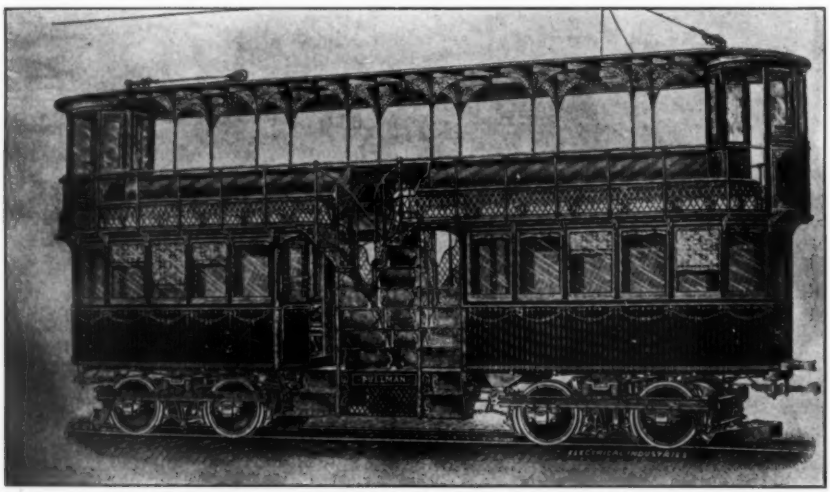
The construction of the second, or Electrical Mountain Railroad division from Echo Mountain House to the summit, will follow the completion of the cable without delay.

The journey from Echo Mountain House to Summit Hotel can be accomplished in forty-five minutes. Arriving there, one may, without stepping aside from the paths made around the house and the adjacent premises, have the privileges to view scenes that many pronounced equal, and others superior, to anything that the Yosemite Valley has to offer. The most impressive and picturesque cañons in these mountain ranges open out before the beholder, in their entire dimensions, like so many ante-chambers of the hidden wealth of the Mountain Monarch. The Arroyo

Seco, the Grand Cañon, Eaton and San Gabriel Cañons are all in plain view, and the visitor may well say that he commands the impossible, for he can enjoy a sleigh ride at Christmas, pick strawberries and oranges, and bask in the Pacific, all in one forenoon—suggestive of the possibilities of the Golden State.

It is confidently believed that no other journey on the globe of less than an hour's duration, will equal the one indicated in these pages, in the diversity and delicacy of exquisite landscape effects thrown directly against the background of majestic and rugged mountain scenery. Again the whole scene is brought into the closest human touch, by being on one side the theatre of the most authentic traditions and charming romances of the whole Pacific Coast; while, on the other hand, it also furnishes the ideal point of vantage for the latest and most consummate triumphs of scientific acumen; *i. e.*, the geographical and mathematical explorations of the planets, and perhaps the making of charts as well, by which some future navigator of the clouds will direct his course in the upper spheres.

To the real artists of our land, who desire to identify their future name and fame with this veritable Italy under the stars and stripes, no nobler opportunity was ever offered. Relieved from needless fatigue and exposure, surrounded with all the comforts of a first-class hotel, and scarcely needing to step off from the verandas, he has before him in a perfect epitome, all the landscape grandeur, as well as atmospheric effects, that has immortalized valley and mountain on the great Mediterranean peninsula on canvas.



Car to be used on the Mt. Wilson Railroad.

THE SCHOOLS OF SAN FRANCISCO

BY FRED H. HACKETT

THERE is no other city in the Union that contributes more liberally to the support of the Free Public School System, in which all true American citizens feel a pardonable pride, than San Francisco. The standard of scholarship is higher here than it is in the East, and teachers receive better salaries. The highest average salary is paid to teachers, at the greatest cost per pupil. The maximum, annual salary of primary school teachers in San Francisco is nine hundred and sixty dollars; in New York, nine hundred dollars, and in Boston, eight hundred and sixteen dollars. The total expenditure per pupil, in average daily attendance, is twenty-nine dollars and thirty-two cents, in San Francisco; twenty-eight dollars and seventy cents, in Chicago; twenty-eight dollars and twenty-three cents, in Boston, and thirteen dollars and seventy-four cents —the lowest—in Philadelphia.

In scholarship and general professional ability, the San Francisco teachers are fully equal to their associates in the East, but the political system, under which they are appointed by partisan and oftentimes unscrupulous Boards of Education, is detrimental to the Department of Education.

For the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1891, the total receipts of the San Francisco School Department were one million and fifty-three thousand, six hundred and nine dollars and seventy-nine cents, of which sum five hundred and seventy-six thousand seven hundred and sixty-six dollars and forty-seven cents came from the state, and four hundred and seventy thousand three hundred and forty-nine dollars and thirty-nine cents from the city.

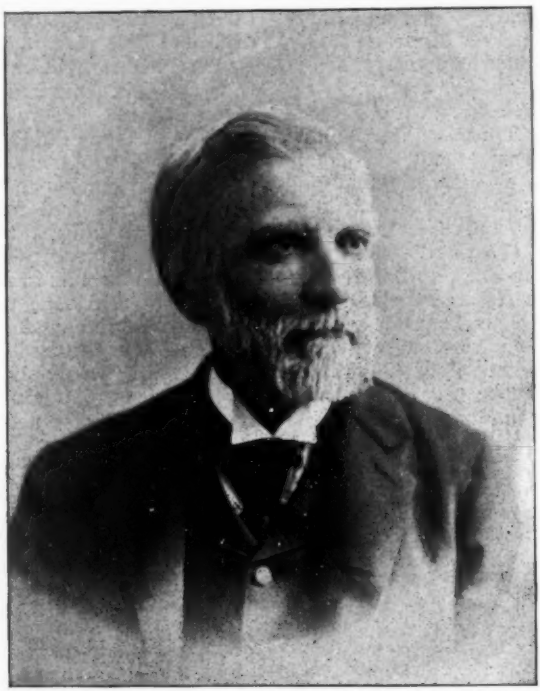
The sum expended in payment of teachers' salaries was seven hundred and seventy thousand five hundred and forty-eight dollars and eighty-nine cents; of janitors' salaries, forty-seven thousand three hundred and fifty-two dollars and eighty-five cents; of shop salaries, seven thousand nine hundred and two dollars and sixty-five cents; and of office salaries six thousand six hundred and ninety-seven dollars. There were in the employ of the Public School Department, last August, seventy-four principals, twenty-four vice-principals and seven hundred and eighty-one assistants, making a total of eight hundred and seventy-nine teachers. The schools have an average daily attendance of thirty-one thousand eight hundred and nine, and a total enrollment of forty-three thousand six hundred and twenty-six pupils. The school census, children, between the ages of five and seventeen years, numbered last year, sixty-two thousand four hundred and fifty-six. There were seventy-three schools and the property of the Department was valued at four million seven hundred and ninety-eight thousand, four hundred and twenty-seven dollars.

Seventy-seven buildings were occupied as schools, of which number ten were rented and the remaining sixty-seven (six brick and sixty-one wooden) owned by the Department. The growth of our schools is continuous and each succeeding year witnesses an increase in the roll of teachers and pupils. The expenses also grow proportionately greater and the estimate of the Finance Committee of the Board of Education for the ensuing fiscal year calls for eight hundred and thirty-five thousand seven hundred dollars for teachers' salaries, forty-eight thousand one hundred dollars for janitors, eight thousand two hundred and eighty

dollars for shop and seven thousand six hundred and twenty dollars for office salaries.

The schools are classified as primary, grammar, evening, commercial and high schools, and in their organization and courses of study are similar to the schools of Boston and Chicago. They aim at the moral, intellectual and physical education of pupils, who are thus prepared for the duties of citizenship and practical life. Teachers can be degraded or dismissed only for incompetency, immorality, or unprofessional conduct, and in consequence hold, virtually, in their places a life tenure.

The schools are governed by a Board of Education (consisting of twelve Directors)and a Superintendent. The School Directors are elected every two years, but the Superintendent's term is for four years and he is empowered to appoint a Deputy Superintendent and a Secretary. Directors F. A. Hyde, the President, E. E. Ames, Max Brooks, J. H. Culver, S. E. Dutton, John J. Dunn, Dr. C. W. Decker, John I. Sabin, Daniel Sewell, Frank J. French, Thomas P. Woodward and Geo. W. Pennington constitute the present Board of Education. E. E. Ames is chairman of the Finance Committee, Max Brooks of the Classification Committee, Frank J. French of the Committee on Qualifications of Teachers, John J. Dunn of the Buildings and Grounds Committee, Dr. C. W. Decker of the Salaries Committee, S. E. Dutton of the Supplies Committee, John I. Sabin of the Rules Committee, Thomas P. Woodward



Superintendent John Swett

Joseph O'Connor,
Principal of the Horace Mann School

James G. Kennedy,
Principal of Franklin Grammar School

Sallie A. Rightmire,
Principal of Emerson Primary

James T. Hamilton
Principal of the Lincoln Grammar School

Mr. A. L. Mann
Principal of Denman Grammar School

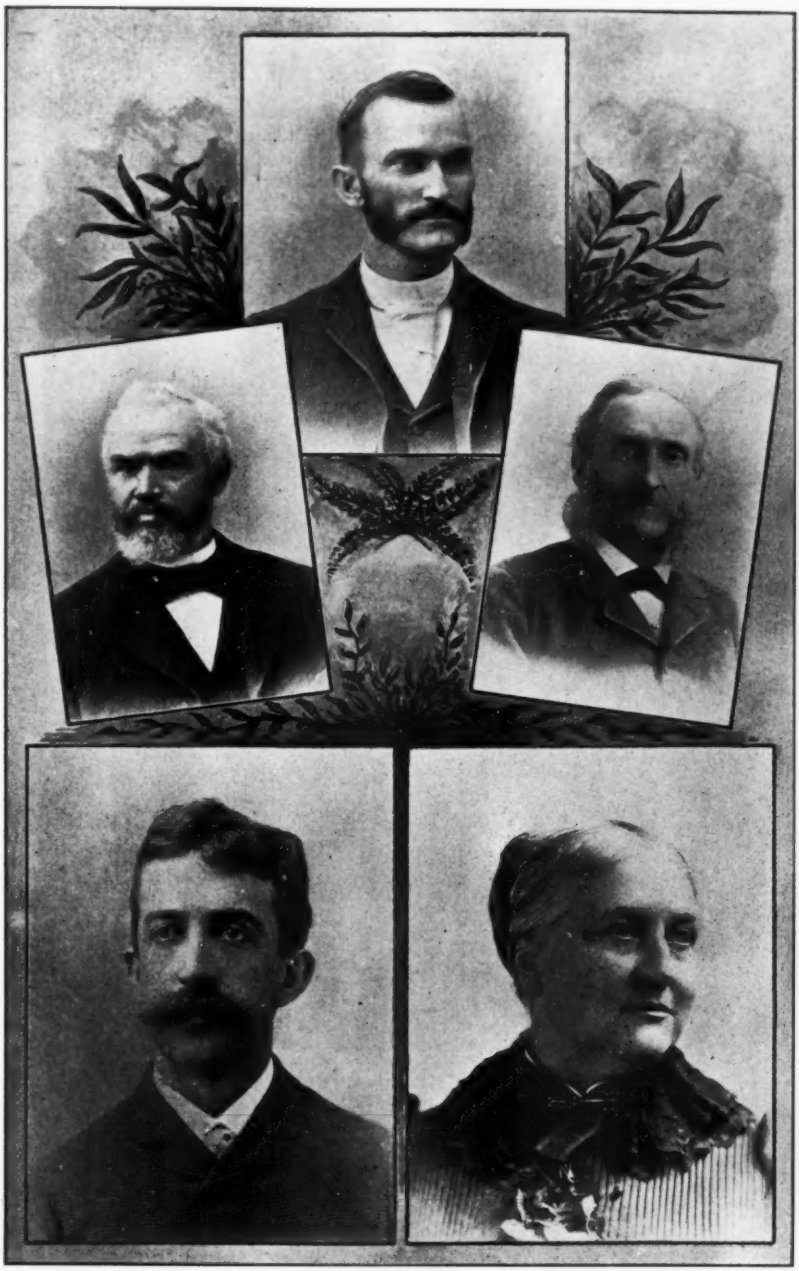
of the Judiciary Committee, Daniel Sewell of the Printing Committee, J. H. Culver of the Visiting Committee, and George W. Pennington of the Janitors' Committee.

The City Board of Examination, composed of Superintendent Swett, Chairman, Miss S. A. Rightmire, Miss Bessie Dixon and Messrs. T. E. Kennedy and R. D. Faulkner, is an adjunct to the Board of Education, but possesses the exclusive power to examine applicants and grant teachers' certificates.

J. G. Carr is the head carpenter of the Department, and C. F. Metzner the storekeeper.

F. A. Hyde, President Board of Education

F. A. Hyde, the President of the Board of Education, is forty-four years of age and a native of New York. For the past twenty-six years, he has been a resident of San Fran-



Frank Morton,
Principal of Boys' High School

A. H. MacDonald,
Principal of Lincoln Evening School

Elisha Brooks,
Principal of Girls' High School

W. N. Bush,
Principal of Commercial School

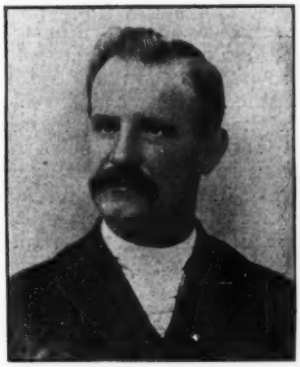
Miss Laura T. Fowler,
Principal of Normal Department of Girls' High School

cisco. He is a land lawyer, in which business he has been actively engaged ever since his arrival in this city. In January, 1891, Mr. Hyde took his seat as a member of the Board of Education, and in October, upon the resignation of John I. Sabin, he was elected President. From the time of his connection with the Department, Mr. Hyde has exhibited a lively interest in the work and progress of our public schools, and by familiarizing himself with the various educational and business details of the Department, and conscientiously discharging his duty, he has succeeded in winning the confidence of the teachers and the approval of his associates. He is a man of exceptionally pleasing manners, refined tastes and a social nature, being a member of the Pacific-Union, Bohemian, and Union League Clubs. A graceful speaker and an able parliamentarian, his administration has been characterized by a spirit of invariable dignity and honesty.

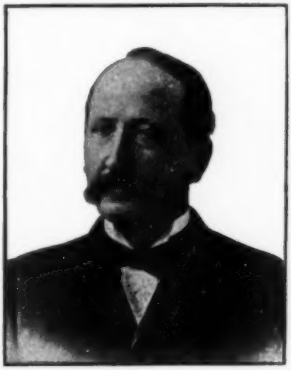
John Swett, the Superintendent of Schools, is a veteran educator, who is loved and respected by thousands of teachers and former pupils. For many long years, he has been closely identified with the public schools of this city and state. He is sixty-two years of age and a native of Pittsfield, New Hampshire. In 1852, he came to California, and after a brief mining experience, accepted an appointment as teacher in the Rincon school, which was then held in a shanty at the corner of Folsom and First streets,

Albert Lyser, Principal John Swett Grammar School

Dr. C. W. Decker,
Chairman of the Salaries Committee



Jno. J. Dunn,
Chairman of the Buildings and Grounds Committee



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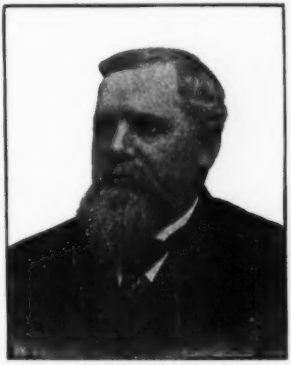
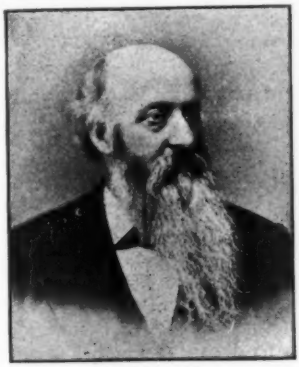
Chairman of the Visiting Committee



E. E. Ames,
Chairman of the Finance Committee



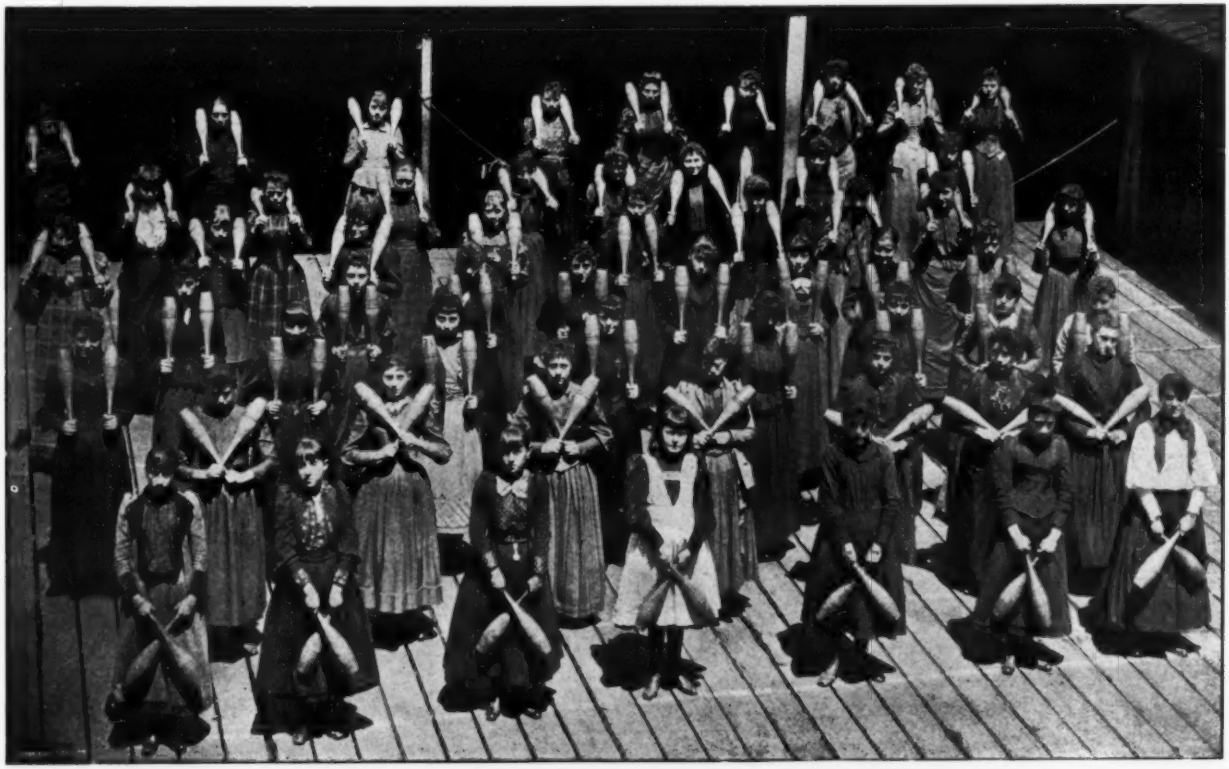
Daniel Sewell,
Chairman of the Printing Committee

F. J. French,
Chairman of the Qualifications of Teachers Committee

and had but forty pupils enrolled. The school was removed in 1854 to a leased building in Hampton Place, where it was continued until 1861, when the enrollment having increased to eight hundred, it was again changed to its present home in Silver street. In 1862, Mr. Swett resigned as principal of the Rincon school, and was elected State Superintendent of Public Instruction, the term being for but one year; he was re-elected in 1863, this time for four years. During his term he drafted what is now, virtually, the school law of California. In 1868, he succeeded James Denman as principal of the Denman Grammar School, corner of Bush and Taylor streets, and in 1871 was appointed Deputy Superintendent of Schools under Superintendent J. H. Widber, who is now City Treasurer. Resuming, in 1873, the principalship of the Denman school, Mr. Denman having been elected Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Swett there remained until 1876. He was then elected principal of the Girls' High School, where he continued for thirteen consecutive years, until 1889, when he resigned and retired to his country home in Martinez. A year later, he was recalled from his retirement and elected by an overwhelming majority to the honorable and responsible office which he now holds.

Conscientious in his attention to duty and surprisingly active for a man of his years, with a reputation for stainless integrity, Mr. Swett may reflect with pride upon his long career and public services in the cause of education. Madison Babcock, the Deputy Superintendent of Schools, is an experienced educator, who cordially seconds the administration of his superior. Mr. Babcock resigned as principal of the Sacramento High School to accept an appointment as Deputy under James W. Anderson,

A Recitation in Science in the John Swett Grammar School



Indian Club Drill in the Yard of the John Swett Grammar School

who was then the Superintendent. Upon the accession of Superintendent Swett, in January, 1890, he retained Mr. Babcock.

George Beanston, the Secretary of the Board of Education, is forty-seven years of age and a native of Scotland. He has resided in San Francisco ever since July, 1853. In January, 1863, he was employed in the office of the Secretary of the Board of Education in the capacity of office boy. He was soon promoted to a clerkship, and in October, 1868 was appointed Secretary by Superintendent Denman. In January, 1883, during the incumbency of Superintendent A. J. Moulder, he was succeeded by J. T. McGeoghagan and for two years was engaged in commercial business. He re-entered the Department in January, 1885, being elected by the Board of Education as an Assistant Secretary. In January, 1887, he was appointed Secretary by Superintendent J. W. Anderson and was continued in office by Superintendent Swett upon his accession in January, 1891.

Long experience has given Mr. Beanston a familiarity with the numerous and complicated details of the Department. An expert accountant, a zealous custodian of the records, and ever courteous to all with whom he comes in contact, Mr. Beanston's administration has been satisfactory, alike to his superiors and the public.

A Primary Class Room

He is ably assisted by George W. Wade and I. J. Aschheim, Assistant Secretaries; E. B. Bullock, bookkeeper; Miss M. F. Cusick, stenographer; and Frank W. Yale, messenger.

There are now in the Department three high schools; viz.: the Boys' High School, the Girls' High School

and the Cogswell Mission High School. The grammar schools feed them and their graduates are admitted either to the University of California or the Leland Stanford Jr. University, without examination. For several months past, since the resignation of Mrs. Mary W. Kincaid, the Girls' High School has been without a principal, but in May last Elisha Brooks, principal of the Cogswell, was elected by the Board of Education to fill the vacancy. He will assume the duties of his new position at the opening of the next term, July 11th, 1892. Then, the Cogswell, the lease having expired, will be abandoned by the Department and revert to the control of the Board of Trustees. The Boys' High School is, in a strict sense, misnamed, since the principle of co-education there prevails, and it has enrolled almost as many girls as boys. Near the close of 1889 the building occupied by the Girls' High School, at the corner of Bush and Hyde streets, was burned. The students since then have been accommodated in one building or another, but have been without any suitable or permanent home. It will not be for long, however, as the handsome and commodious three-story brick building, in Scott street, between Geary and O'Farrell streets, will soon be completed. The cost is estimated at one hundred and forty thousand dollars. It will contain an assembly hall, a library, recitation, science and art rooms and chemical and physical laboratories, besides twelve class rooms. Five hundred students can easily be accommodated. The equipments will be complete and the building will be the finest in the Department.

For its high grade of scholarship, advanced methods of instruction and thoroughness, the Boys' High School holds a prominent place among the secondary schools of the state. The aim of its course of study is officially declared to be "to prepare our pupils for active life, teach them self-control, train their judgment, inculcate in them good business habits, give them culture and refinement and make them useful and intelligent citizens." There are three parallel courses, each leading to a diploma and each three years long. The classical course comprises Latin, Greek, English, history, mathematics and drawing.

The Latin-scientific course is like the classical, except that physics and chemistry are substituted for Greek and an increased degree of study is required in English. The scientific course differs from the Latin-scientific in that additional sciences, mathematics, English and drawing are required in place of Latin. German or French, or perhaps both, will probably soon be added to the scientific course. The senior year, in all courses, will contain, besides equivalent, optional studies in German, French and selections from other courses. This liberality of choice gives the students greater freedom in choosing their university courses than is enjoyed by the students in any other secondary school devoting an equal time to the studies taught. The enrollment of the Boys' High School includes three hundred and twenty-five boys and two hundred girls.

Frank Morton, the principal, is a graduate of Dartmouth, class of 1880. He began to teach in the East and has been in his present position since the resignation of James K. Wilson in 1888. Professor Morton wrote the arithmetic in the California State Series. He is a gentleman of scholarly tastes and acquirements and an excellent disciplinarian. Under his administration, the Boys' High School has been a gratifying success.

A. E. Kellogg is the vice-principal. He is also at the head of the English Department. A graduate from the University of Iowa, with twenty years' experience in teaching, he is ranked as an exceptionally able educator. Formerly he was vice-principal of the Oakland High School and has also been Superintendent of Schools of Mono County.

At the head of the Mathematical Department is J. L. Crittenden, a graduate of the University of California and the Hasting's Law College. His experience as a teacher covers a period of some seventeen years, he having taught successfully in the schools of Sacramento, Oakland and San Jose. He has been in the Boys' High School since 1888.

C. M. Walker, who is at the head of the Classical Department, reads Greek and Latin with as much facility as he does English. He is a graduate of Bowdoin, class of 1873. For sixteen years, (1873–1889) he was principal of the Oak Mound (preparatory) School for boys at Napa, where he was also County Superintendent of Schools for a term of three years. He has held his position in the Boys' High School for the past three years to the full satisfaction of the principal and the students.

Mrs. N. R. Craven, Principal Mission Grammar School

The Science Department is presided over by A. T. Winn, a Harvard graduate, class of 1859, who has been connected with the Boys' High School for the past twenty-five years.

F. H. Clark is at the head of the History Department. He graduated from the University of California in 1882 and in 1886 took the degree of A. M. For three years past, he has been in the Boys' High School. Formerly he was principal of the Los Angeles High School.

Miss Lillie J. Martin, the vice-principal of the Girls' High School, is also at the head of the Science Department. She is a graduate of Vassar College.

Miss Fidelia Jewett is at the head of the Mathematical Department, Miss Helen M. Thompson of the English Department, Mrs. Mary Prag of the History Department and Miss Catherine Wilson of the Classical Department. The enrollment is about five hundred.

A leading feature of the Girls' High School is its Normal Department ably presided over by Miss Laura T. Fowler. She is a pioneer teacher having been in the continuous service of the Public School Department for the past thirty years. A graduate of Packer College, New York, she came to California in 1862, since when she has arduously devoted herself to her chosen profession. Entering the Lincoln Grammar School as an assistant, she was promoted to be vice-principal of the Cosmopolitan School, just then established. At a later date, she became vice-principal of the Horace Mann, (then called the Valencia) Grammar School. Subsequently, she made an excellent record as principal of the Mission Grammar School. At the expiration of ten years, she was elected by the Board of Education as Inspectress of Schools, a post requiring both tact and ability. Miss Fowler was fully equal to the occasion and at the end of six years' conscientious service, she had won fresh laurels. For the past three years, she has been in her present responsible position as principal of the Normal Department

of the Girls' High School. Her especial duty is to prepare students for the profession of teaching, a task for which she is well qualified.

The Cogswell Polytechnic College was not designed to teach trades but to give the boys and girls of California a practical training in the mechanical and industrial arts. It was leased by the Board of Trustees, in August, 1889, for three years, to the Public School Department, since which time it has been styled the Cogswell Mission High School. The course of study extends through three years and graduates are awarded diplomas, which will admit them either to the University of California or to the Leland Stanford Jr. University. The carpenter shop, the blacksmith shop and the art department are leading features of the school. In the carpenter shop students are instructed in wood turning, etc. They are supplied with complete sets of tools and the shop is equipped with forty work benches and forty lathes, the machinery being operated by a forty-five horse-power engine. The blacksmith shop contains thirty-five forges and anvils, sledge hammers, etc., and is similarly operated, every pains being taken to make the instruction practical. Clay modeling and wood carving are taught in the art department which is intended especially for the benefit of girls. Designs for the ornamentation of wall paper, etc., and the modeling of busts from life receive special attention. At the Mechanics' Fair of 1891, the Cogswell students were awarded several diplomas and medals. The enrollment averages three hundred.

Elisha Brooks, the principal, has had a varied experience, and may truthfully be termed a self-educated man. He is fifty-one years of age and a native of Michigan. When a boy, he came across the plains to California, and before he was of age had served his time as miner, farmer, teamster and hunter. His early education was obtained in the common schools. He began teaching at Enterprise, a mining town on Feather river. In 1864, he enlisted in the Eighth California Infantry, was commissioned a lieutenant in a few months and, in October, 1865, was mustered out. After the war, he taught mathematics and science for seven years in the Urban Academy of this city. He was elected in July, 1875, as vice-principal of the Washington Grammar School. Four years later, he was chosen principal of the Franklin Grammar School, where he remained until July, 1891, when he resigned to enter the Cogswell. Mr. Brooks was treasurer of the California Academy of Sciences for nineteen years. Botany is his pet study. He is a member of the George H. Thomas Post of the Grand Army of the Republic. His history proves him to be an able educator and disciplinarian.

The Commercial School was established in 1884, and its success, if measured by its popularity, was immediate. In the course of study, which extends over a period of two years, are included book-keeping, business arithmetic, phonography, typewriting, business correspondence, commercial law, etc. Special attention is also given to English civil government and to practice in debate. The several departments of the school are classified under the terms of Mathematics, Commercial Law, English, Business Correspondence and Book-keeping. The maximum enrollment in the history of the school was reached during the past year, when it numbered nearly five hundred students.

Walter N. Bush, the principal, was born in 1857, at Fall River, Mass. He graduated from Harvard in the class of 1882. His specialty is mathematics, which he formerly taught in the Boys' High School. Mr. Bush is ably seconded by the following corps of teachers: Chas. H. Ham, William White, C. H. Murphy, R. H. Webster, Peitro Espino, Misses L. Richards, H. E. Rademaker, K. C. Fay, M. G. Salcido, M. T. Conway, L.

M. White, E. Sewell, I. Garbarino and B. Durkee.

A few only of the representative Grammar schools, which rank next below the High schools, need to be noticed in detail. These may be taken as typical of their class.

The old and popular Lincoln Grammar School in Fifth street was established in 1864. Ira G. Hoitt, ex-State Superintendent of Public Instruction, was its first principal. He was followed by Dr. Luckey, B. Marks, James K. Wilson and James T. Hamilton. It is a school exclusively for boys, of whom one thousand three hundred have been enrolled this year. The Lincoln has a medal fund of three thousand dollars, the interest of which exceeds the annual cost of the medals. Twenty medals are awarded each year to graduates for meritorious conduct and scholarship. The school is well equipped and disciplined and has the largest attendance of any in the city.

James T. Hamilton has spent sixteen years of his life in the Lincoln School, having served ten years as vice-principal and six years as principal. He was educated in the public schools of Ohio, his native state. Prior to coming to San Francisco, he taught four years in the San Jose Institute and six months in Mayfield. Mr. Hamilton is a modest, reserved gentleman, noted alike for his uniform courtesy and his executive ability. Messrs. W. A. Leggett and R. D. Faulkner are the vice-principals of the Lincoln. Mrs. McKown, Mrs. Palmer, Misses Clark, Shea, Jacobs, Hurley, Stoddard, Elder, Michelson, Mrs. Chalmers, Simon, Misses Sleator, Dwyer, Martin, Wade, Wooll, Grimm, Langley, Hill and Haas are the teachers.

Girls' High School

The Horace Mann (formerly the Valencia) Grammar School, bears a deservedly high reputation for scholarship and discipline.

Its principal, Joseph O'Connor, is

a pillar of our San Francisco Schools. Beginning a course of training as a paid monitor in the Irish National Schools, when a boy of but thirteen years of age, he has been busily engaged in educational pursuits ever since, a period of some thirty-five years. He is a graduate of the Normal Training College of Dublin and entered the Department of San Francisco in 1868, as teacher of the first successful commercial class in the Evening School. In March, 1869, he was promoted to be vice-principal of the Spring Valley Grammar School and in December, 1874, was chosen principal of the Washington Grammar. Resigning in 1883, he was appointed Deputy Superintendent of Schools by Superintendent A. J. Moulder. He has been principal of the Horace Mann since January, 1887. During the several years that he was connected with the Evening Schools, he established in them excellent discipline and intelligent classification. He was on the City Board of Examination some ten years, during which time he was instrumental in exposing and eradicating the notorious frauds then practiced in the sale of examination questions to applicants for teachers' certificates. While Deputy Superintendent, he was the author of a strong course of study, containing special instructions to teachers on methods. His official reports to the Boards of Education were also notable for their ability and completeness. He was president, in 1884, of the California State Teachers' Association, and two years later was sent East in connection with the annual convention of the National Educational Association, held in this city in June, 1888. Mr. O'Connor was on its Executive Committee and directed very successfully the details of the Educational Exposition in the Mechanics' Pavilion. As a lecturer at Teachers' Institutes, he is in great demand. Under the administration of President Cleveland, his name was presented with the highest Pacific Coast endorsements for appointment as United States Commissioner of Education. He is a Free Mason, a member of the Olympic Athletic Club and Chairman of the Committee on Rules and Administration of the Board of Trustees of the Free Public Library.

The Horace Mann School has eighteen classes and an enrollment of nine hundred pupils. Special instruction is given in physical culture, each pupil having an hour a week for practice with light Indian clubs, wands or wooden dumb bells. The policy of the school is to prepare pupils to make their livings and to induce them to become moral citizens and patriots. Miss Mary E. Morrison and Miss Carrie E. Beckwith are vice-principals of the Horace Mann.

The John Swett Grammar School, McAllister street, between Franklin and Gough streets, has eighteen classes and an enrollment during the past year of over one thousand one hundred. Its average daily attendance is very high. There are no hobbies in this school and its methods of instruction are uniform and modern. All studies are presented objectively and drawing is used as an auxiliary in the teaching of mathematics, science and language. The programme is the same in all classes and each subject receives due attention. The school is noted for the excellence of its language work which has a high place in the daily programme.

In each class room, may be seen a cabinet of ores, woods, insects, etc. The windows are occupied by flowerpots, filled with growing plants which give a healthful freshness to the atmosphere while the walls of the rooms are adorned with pictures, many of them designed and drawn by the pupils. In language, concrete not abstract subjects are treated and they are illustrated with drawings. Narratives and descriptions are recognized as the leading features of composition.

Albert Lyser, the principal, has been a teacher in the San Francisco School Department since 1868, and for the past seven years has been principal

of the John Swett Grammar School which was named in honor of the Superintendent and veteran educator. In 1877, Mr. Lyser founded the *Pacific School Journal* which he edited for ten years. He was graduated from the State Normal School in 1866, and began his educational career as principal of the Los Gatos School in January, 1867. In June of the succeeding year, he was a teacher in San Francisco and at a later date became the principal of the South San Francisco School, whence he was promoted to his present position. Mr. Lyser is a linguist who speaks French and German fluently, a versatile magazine writer, a popular educational lecturer and a classical scholar.

The Denman Grammar School, with its fifteen classes and an average enrollment of over eight hundred pupils, is for girls exclusively. Its location is in the substantial brick building at the corner of Bush and Taylor streets, and it takes its name from James Denman, the pioneer educator. Special pains are taken in the teaching of penmanship, drawing, Del Sarte exercises and similar accomplishments, in which cultured girls ought to excel. The graduates this past year numbered about one hundred girls, twenty-eight of whom received the Denman medals.

A. L. Mann, the principal, is a native of Massachusetts. Immediately after graduating from the Middlebury College, Vermont, he came to California, and in 1863, became vice-principal of the Marysville Grammar School. Since that time, he has been principal of the East Oakland Grammar School, and in January, 1866, he entered the Boys' High School of San Francisco, and for nearly twenty years was at the head of its Classical Department. In 1878 and '79, he was City Superintendent of Schools. When Mr. Denman resigned in 1888, Mr. Mann was elected to succeed him as principal of the Denman School, which place he has held ever since. He is one of the Board of Trustees of the Free Public Library and is well known as a contributor to educational magazines and as a lecturer on school topics. The vice-principal of the Denman is Mrs. E. M. Baumgardner.

The Mission Grammar School located in Mission street, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, with its fourteen classes and seven hundred pupils, is a representative school. The teachers are all wide awake and follow objective methods.

The principal, Mrs. N. R. Craven, is a Normal School graduate, and a conscientious student of advanced methods. She possesses rare, executive ability and bears a deservedly high reputation in educational circles. By her teachers she is well liked and respected. Formerly she was an active member of the City Board of Examination, in which capacity she did good service to her associate lady teachers. Mrs. Craven was, for four years, principal of the Le Conte Primary School, and for the past ten years has presided efficiently over the Mission Grammar. She is a liberal-minded, diplomatic lady, and in every sense of the word, a worthy representative of our San Francisco teachers. Miss Nellie F. Sullivan, the vice-principal, possesses exceptional talent in music, an accomplishment in which the students of the school excel.

The eighteen teachers of the Franklin Grammar School in Eighth street, near Bryant, are expected to use, so far as possible, the creative method. This method involves first, the object illustrative of the idea; second, its perception; third, its conception, and fourth, its original expression. It may be applied to all the subjects taught in language, mathematics, science and morals, and gives the best results of the best teaching; viz., original thought and original expression.

James G. Kennedy, the principal of the Franklin, is an experienced and successful schoolman and one of the best exponents of advanced methods in the San Francisco School Depart-

The Art Department of the Cogswell School

ment. He is forty-nine years of age, a native of Illinois, and in 1852, came across the plains to California, with an ox team, like his predecessor, Elisha Brooks. An undergraduate of Santa Clara College, he has taught at various times in all grades from the receiving class to the senior class of the High School inclusive. The schools of San Jose and Santa Clara County attained a high degree of proficiency under his able administration as Superintendent. Since he entered the San Francisco School Department, Mr. Kennedy has been an active and enthusiastic advocate of the "New Education." As Head Inspecting Teacher, during the administration of Superintendent Anderson, he was instrumental in raising the scholastic standard of the San Francisco schools, into which he introduced many new and improved methods of teaching. Mr. Kennedy planned, organized and conducted successfully, the Cogswell Polytechnic College, from which he voluntarily resigned to enter the Franklin. His vice-principals are Selden Sturges and Miss Mac Donald.

The Broadway Grammar School, in common with the Denman and the Rincon, is a girls' school. It has fifteen classes and an enrollment of eight hundred. In its character it is very cosmopolitan and makes a specialty of teaching foreigners to speak and write English.

Miss Jean Parker, the principal, has been in the service of the School Department since 1866 continuously. She is the only lady who has ever officiated as vice-principal of a boys' grammar school, she formerly having held that position in the Washington. During the administration of Superintendent Anderson, she served on the City Board of Examination. She has held her present position for the past twelve years and is recognized as an educator of rare ability and modern ideas. Miss A. T. Campbell is the vice-principal and Misses Haswell, Shipman, Doherty, Hitchcock, Goldsmith, McCorkell, Hart, Regan, Wade, Beardsley, Bradbury, Campbell, Heath and Mrs. Kelly are the teachers.

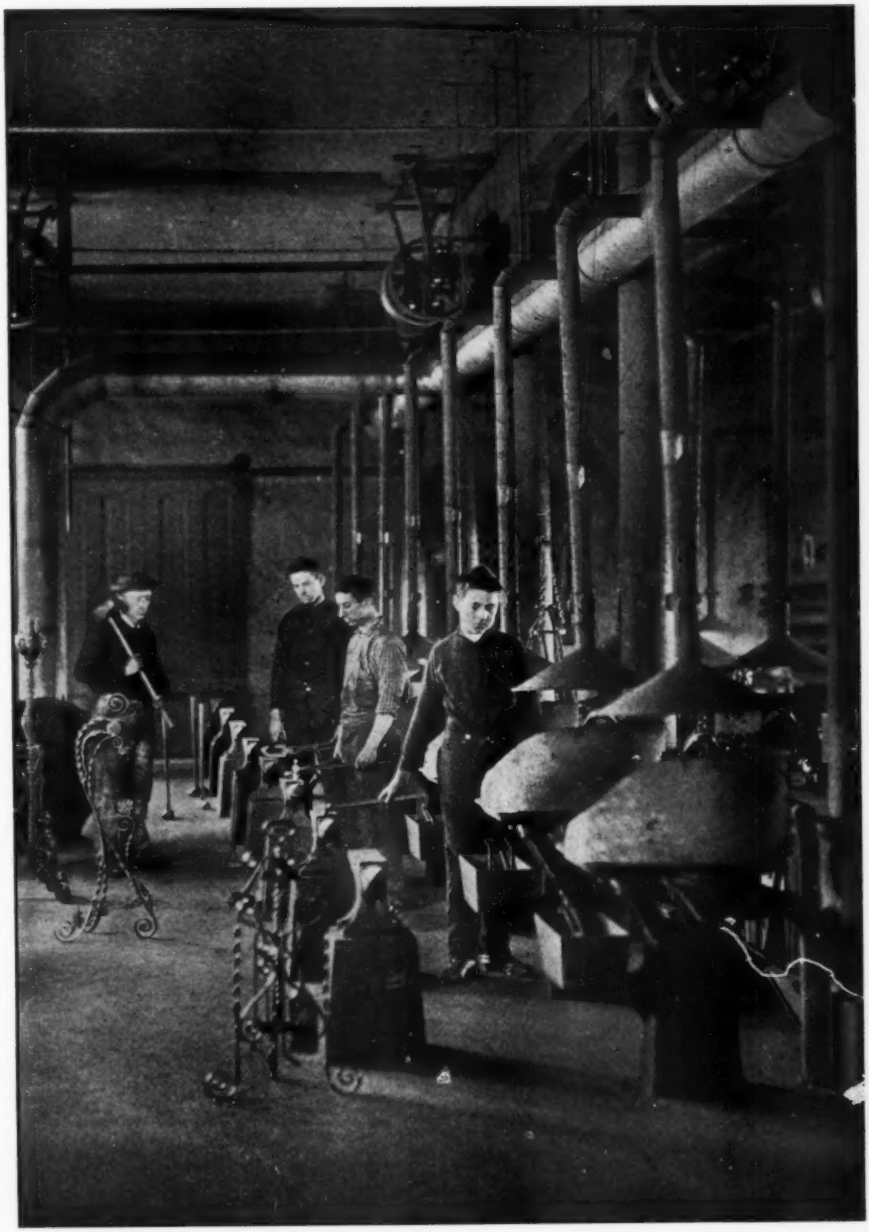
The Clement Grammar School has an average enrollment of nine hundred pupils, divided into sixteen classes. It is essentially a Californian school, with Californian teachers and Californian ideas.

Miss Mary E. Callahan, the principal, is a graduate of the San Francisco Normal Department of the Girls' High School and a native daughter. Immediately after graduating, she entered the Clement School, named in honor of the Ex-Director Joseph Clement, and for the past five years has been its principal. Her vice-principal is Miss S. H. Earle and nearly all of the assistants are ladies who were either born or educated in California. Following is a list of their names: Miss Kelly, Miss McFarland, Miss Bigelow, Miss Fisher, Miss Lewis, Miss Mandeville, Miss Simms, Mrs. Owen, Miss Crowley, Miss Corbell, Miss Barry, Miss Julia Lewis, Miss Goldsmith, Miss Reynolds and Miss Little.

The South Cosmopolitan Grammar School, in Eddy street, has about eight hundred pupils studying German and one hundred studying French. There are twenty classes and an average enrollment of one thousand.

Adolph Herbst, the principal, received a university education in Germany. He studied philology, ancient and modern, and having taught for some years in Australia, came to San Francisco, and, after serving two years as an assistant in the Boys' High School, was appointed to the position which he now holds, in December, 1871. Mr. L. M. Shuck and Miss K. F. McColgan are the vice-principals under Professor Herbst.

French and German are also taught at the North Cosmopolitan Grammar School, in Filbert street. It has twelve classes. Miss A. M. Stincen is the principal and Miss A. J. Clark, vice-principal. The Hum-



Blacksmith Shop of the Cogswell School

boldt Primary School, in Bush street, Miss M. A. Castlehun, principal; and the Cooper Primary School, in Greenwich street, Mrs. C. R. Pechin principal, serve as feeders for the South Cosmopolitan and the North Cosmopolitan, respectively.

The primary schools, while ranking lowest in point of scholarship, are still among the most important in the system, since in them little children receive their earliest and most vivid impressions and the services of the best teachers are required. A distinctive feature of the Department is the Chinese Primary School of two classes, at 916 Clay street, presided over by Miss Rose Thayer. Following are brief, descriptive sketches of a few representative schools.

The Lincoln Primary School, located in the rear of the Lincoln Grammar School, in Fifth street, has eighteen classes and an average enrollment of nine hundred pupils.

Miss Agnes M. Manning, the principal, began teaching in Chicago. In January, 1865, she came to San Francisco and was immediately made principal of the Fairmount School. She has presided successfully over her present school since January, 1869. Miss Manning is a lady of literary and artistic tastes and culture. She belongs to the Century Club and the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association. Following is a list of her assistants, with whom she is deservedly popular: Miss Roper, Miss Provost, Miss Lynch, Mrs. Shaw, Miss Morse, Miss Schendel, Miss Hunt, Mrs. Hackett, Miss McCarthy, Mrs. Hough, Miss Kraus, Miss Smith, Miss Molloy, Miss Fredericks, Miss Bendit, Miss Hitchens, Mrs. Melrose and Miss Wright.

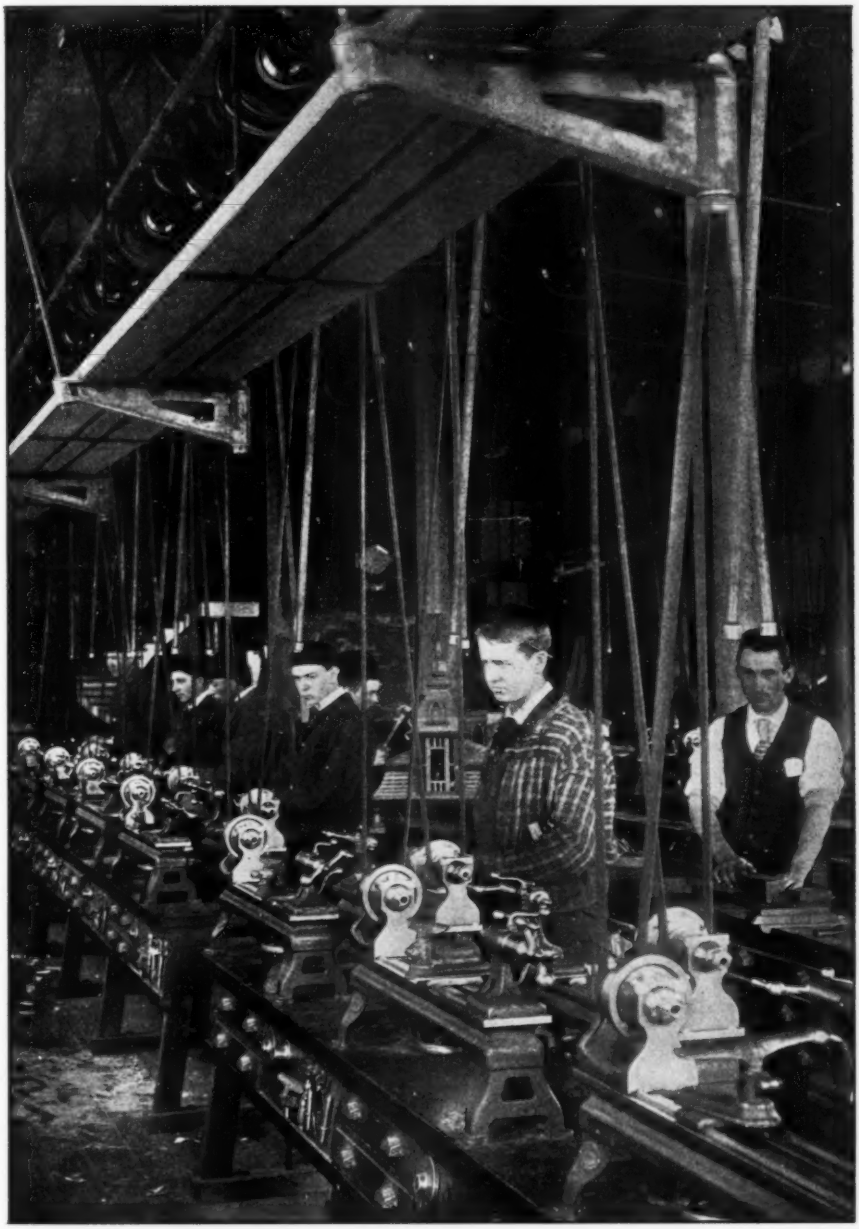
The Whittier Primary School, Harrison street, near Fourth, has twenty classes and an average enrollment of one thousand girls and boys. It is a progressive school and is under excellent discipline.

Miss Emma Stincen, the principal, is a graduate of the State Normal School. Immediately after graduating she entered the Whittier as an assistant teacher, and a short time later became its principal. Her assistants are Misses Sprague, Frontin and Shepheard, Mrs. Simon, Misses Hinds, Hiester, Cove, Maccord, Kean, Maloney, Lewis, Kinney, Walsh, Dolan, Ahern, Burk, Garrity, McGorey, Lorigan and West.

The Emerson Primary School aims at thoroughness in all branches of instruction and pays special attention to calisthenics in the yard, the fire drill and singing, pupils being trained to sing in a low, sweet tone of voice. The seven hundred and fifty pupils enrolled are divided into thirteen classes, in charge of Misses Shaw, Hill, Dennis, Anderson, Watson, Hussey, Bannan, Meyer, Hobart, Fairweather, Earle, Bates and Cotrel.

Miss Sallie A. Rightmire, the principal, is a native of California, having been born in Sacramento. She is a graduate of the State Normal School, and was elected a teacher in the San Francisco School Department in 1870. For ten years, she was an assistant in the Lincoln Grammar School, and has held her position as principal of the Emerson since 1880. She is now also a member of the City Board of Examination. Miss Rightmire is a popular and progressive lady, and her school ranks with the best in the Department.

Prior to the establishment of the Lincoln Evening School, in 1868, tuition was required from young men over eighteen years of age. "The result of organizing a free, graded, Evening School," says Superintendent Swett, in a recent report to the Board of Education, "was an increase of the school in six months from one class to sixteen classes. Book-keeping and drawing were soon introduced and since that time the Lincoln Evening School has always been filled with pupils." The total enrollment in the evening schools is two thousand two hundred and twenty-two and the average nightly attendance, one thousand six



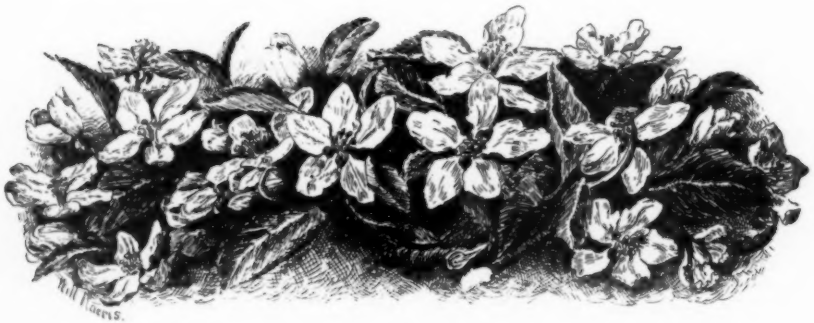
Carpenter Shop of the Cogswell School

hundred and seventeen. The course of study is similar to that of the day schools, the Lincoln and the Washington Schools being regularly graded with grades running from the first to the eighth inclusive.

The Lincoln Evening School, with thirty classes, has a total enrollment of one thousand two hundred and ninety-five of both sexes. There are classes in Spanish, also in architectural and mechanical drawing and five ungraded, adult classes, composed of men of foreign birth, who are anxious to learn to speak and write English.

A. H. MacDonald, the principal, was educated in Nova Scotia, his native country. Coming to this state in 1855 he learned the business of civil engineering. His marriage was the cause of his abandoning this vocation. He was a high school principal in Placerville and subsequently a grammar school principal for nearly eleven years in Sacramento, during which time he was on the City Board of Examination, also the State Board of Examination. He came to this city twelve years ago, and after teaching for a time in the Lincoln Evening School, he was appointed by Superintendent J. W. Taylor, in 1882, as Deputy Superintendent of Schools. For the past seven years, he has ably presided over the destinies of the Lincoln Evening School. Lawrence Taaffe is his vice-principal.

The establishment in July, 1891, of a Commercial Evening School, with a course of study comprising book-keeping, penmanship, stenography and typewriting, has greatly enlarged the scope and usefulness of the system. The school has an enrollment of some three hundred and fifty students. Isidore Leszynsky, the principal, is an expert accountant, who formerly was principal of the Commercial (Day) School.



MY STUDIO AT MONTEREY

BY PAUL VANDYKE

IT was the day before Christmas. The snow had come early, and New York was vainly fighting a mighty blizzard that had, without warning, come down from Manitoba and the glaciers of Alaska. How it blew and raged! The air was filled with javelins of ice; snowy wraiths, that consorted in twos, threes and dozens, swept by in fantastic shapes; now forming a veil of white, now a wall of snow suspended in mid-air; again breaking up, rent apart by the wind to join forces and hurl themselves against the devoted house. I could hear the wind far up the street, coming on with a weird, moaning sound, gathering strength, shrieking under the eaves, forcing snowflakes in at every crevice, roaring down the chimney, playing havoc with the sparks, buffetted back by the flames, to go madly on in its wild course. As the day grew apace, the storm increased, the snow piled high, and the rasping noise of car wheels grew fainter and fainter. The telegraph wires were as big as cables; the trees had lost all form, and New York was snowed in.

On such a day I sat in the Lotus Club, despondent. Ill health had followed me, and in despair I was conning guides of Bahama, the Bermudas, and the islands of the Spanish main when a friend dropped in and there happened one of those simple things that often change a man's entire career. To me it turned out more than this. "Just the man I want to see," he said. "Mrs. V——," naming a wealthy patron of art, "has asked me to hunt up an artist to go to California and make some studies of the scenery at Monterey, which is said to be one of the most picturesque places on the Pacific Coast."

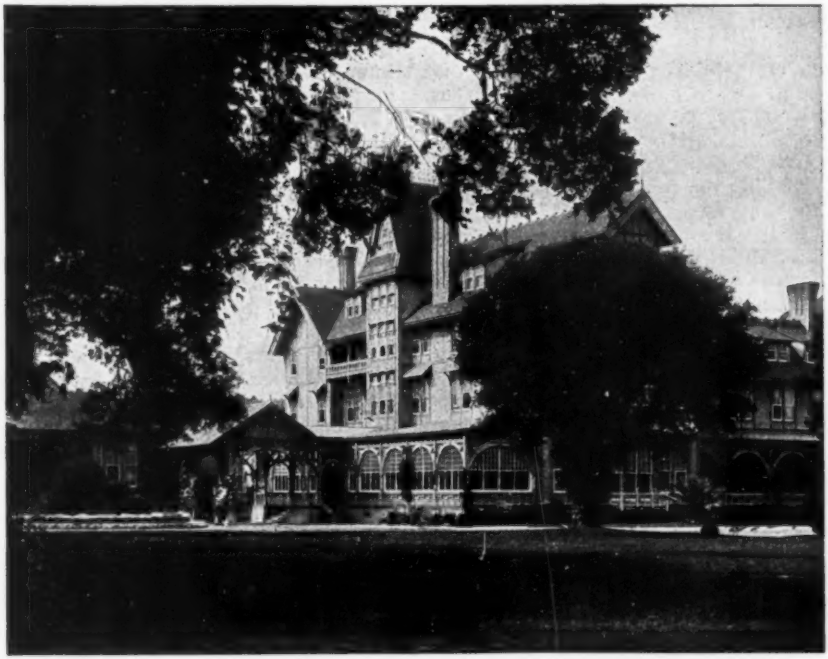
"I can find you one," I replied. "When do you want him to start?"

"At once," was the answer.

"I am ready," I said, much to my friend's astonishment. An hour later I left the Lotus Club and waded through the snow to my studio, and two days later, when the snow-plow had cleared the roads, I started for California. The blizzard and others that had gone before had covered every State, and for five or six days we plowed through snow, seeing the famous agricultural regions frozen dead in the grasp of an Arctic winter.

One night a fellow traveler informed me that I was about making one of the most remarkable changes of my life—that of passing from winter to summer in a few hours, and he told the truth. I went to bed in a snowstorm in the Sierras, and as I looked out in the morning, we were rushing down on to the Pacific Slope, and flowers were looking in the window. The effect of this transformation was singular, and as we left the mountains farther and farther behind, and plunged through orchards, with trees green, as in spring, where wild flowers covered the ground and made the earth a crazy quilt of color, I was more than astonished. I had heard of California and its wealth of winter verdure, but this sudden burst of glory was more than I had dreamed of. The half had not been told. I tarried in San Francisco to see its wonders, the Golden Gate, Chinatown, as real as China itself, the evidences of thrift on every hand in the metropolis of the West, and one morning took the train on the Coast Division of the Southern Pacific road for Monterey, that lies on the bay of that name one hundred miles or so down the coast.

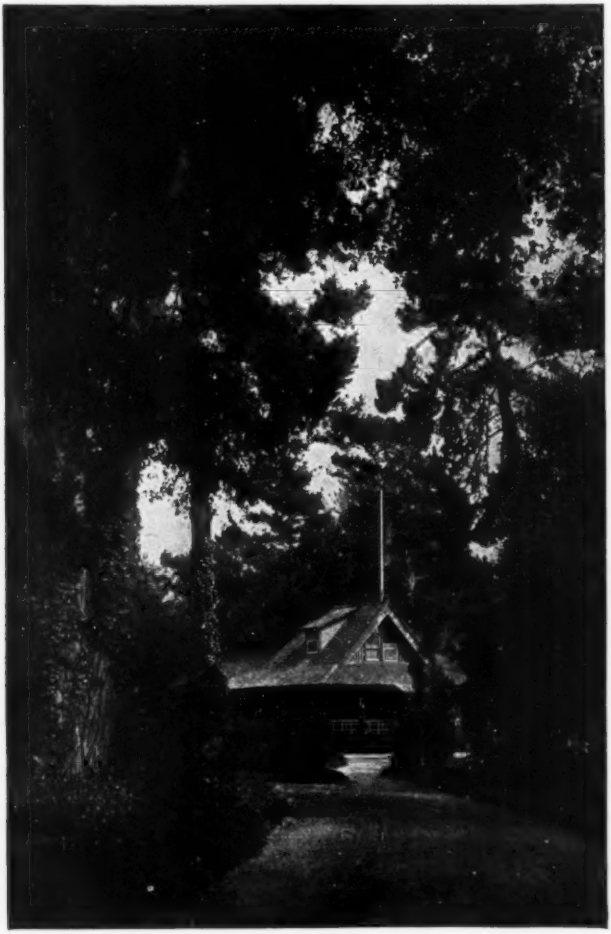
One can scarcely describe, without experiencing it, the sensations of a man who one week ago was in the heart of an Arctic blizzard, and who now was rushing down the California Coast, between banks of flowers. The trip, a favorite one for fashionable San Franciscans, takes you through some of the most famous ranches of the Golden State. Here is Palo Alto, with its fine trees, and along to the west mountains rising gradually in gentle slopes, bringing out the picturesque buildings of the great University of Stanford in strong relief. Town after town is passed, fields of grain, orchards, vineyards galore, the Coast Range ever in sight; now rising in rugged peaks, now broken by deep cañons, or capped with stately redwoods of gigantic proportions. Down the Santa Clara Valley we go, finally turning to the sea, catching the rich saline odor as it comes strongly in. Soon the scene changes; the mountains are apparently left behind and sand dunes appear, stretching along shore, beaten into curious shapes by the wind. Here wild flowers are in full possession. Acres of lupines of a delicate lilac extend away as far as the eye can reach, presenting a solid mass of color of inexpressible beauty. Now it is broken; the lupine has met the forces of the golden poppy, and is demoralized. The field is cosmopolitan; groups of larkspurs, masses of rich yellow poppies—the flowers which close at night, shooting stars, daisies, buttercups, cream cups and many others make up this brilliant host that carpets the road to Monterey. Stronger grows the breeze, sweeter the odor,



"The famous El Monte, the Hotel of the Forest, that has made this charming spot well known wherever the English tongue is spoken"

"Here was the finest collection of desert cacti in the country blooming and growing side by side with the flowers of the mountain and valley."

and finally we are landed in what appears a private park, and are a moment later in the famous El Monte, the Hotel of the Forest, that has made this charming spot well known



The Club House amid the Pines

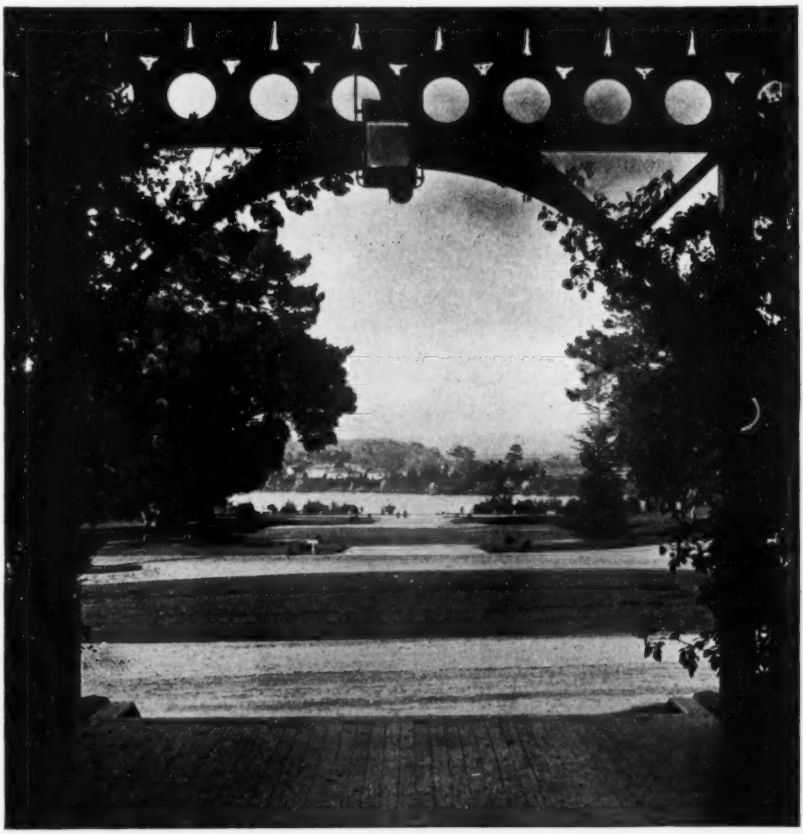
wherever the English tongue is spoken.

This was my home for the winter. My studio was its park of miles of forest and acres of land; and here I found not alone all earthly delights, but the best of all boons, renewed health. Monterey and its justly famous hotel, can best be appreciated by comparing it to some of the great country places of England, which have been in the same family for generations. Monterey is a magnificent park abounding in scenery of every possible description. The spot first

attracted the attention of Don Sebastian Vizcaino, the adventurer, in 1602, who sailed into the beautiful bay, landed, and attracted by its beauty, took possession in the name of the King, calling it in honor of Gaspar de Zuniga Conde de Monte Rey, who was at the time viceroy of Mexico.

ancient pines have seen some strange sights.

The first mass ever heard in California was celebrated where I stood, and perchance the cross was raised beneath these very trees. The only listeners were the Indians, who then thronged the shores, and after the



A View of the Lake

It was difficult to imagine, as I strolled through the old Spanish town, that it was a center of life and gaiety nearly two hundred years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence; yet such is the fact, and its old adobes, fast falling to decay, its

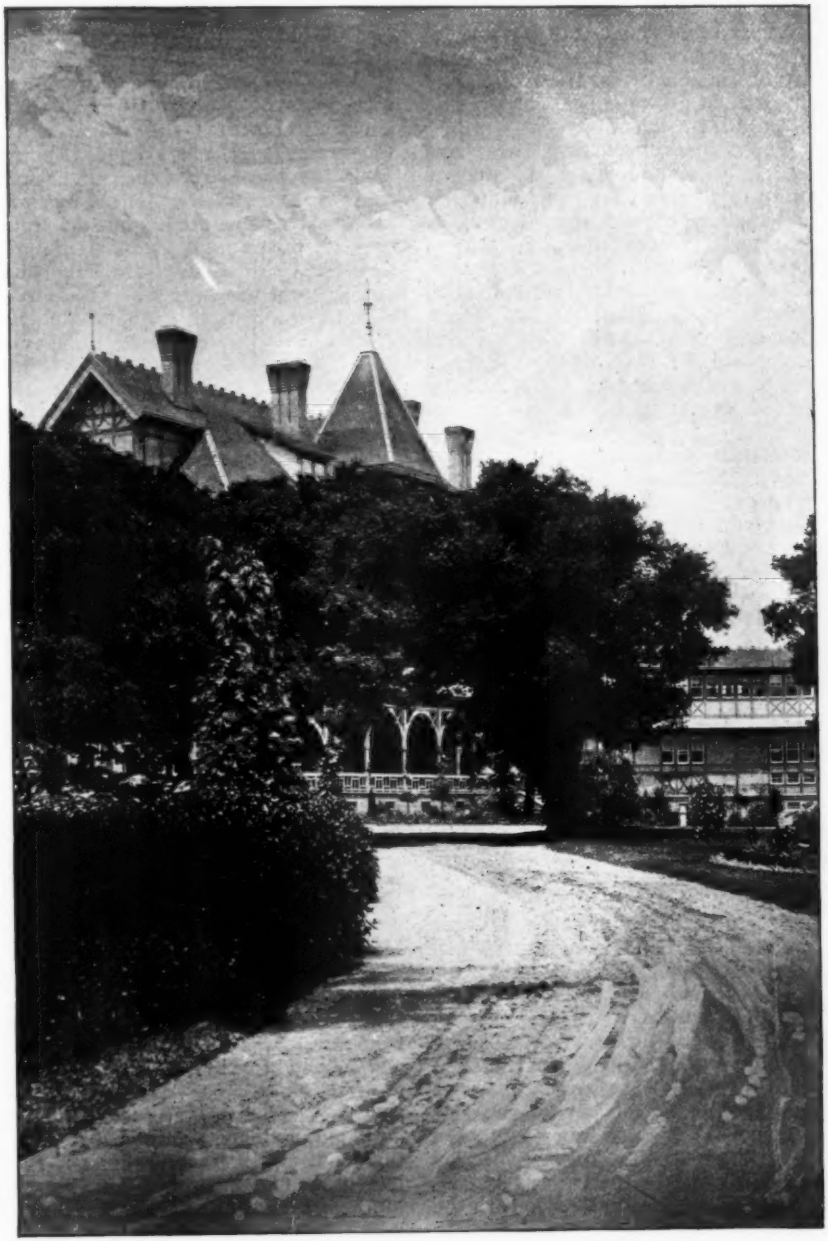
departure of Vizcaino, Monterey lapsed into its former simplicity, and the white man became but a memory. For one hundred and sixty-eight years nothing was heard of it. Then Father Junipero Serra, the president of the Franciscan missionaries, recalling

the descriptions of the place by Vizcaino and his men, determined to found a mission on the spot. This was accomplished in 1770, six years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The mission of San Carlos de Monterey was the result, and in 1771, it was removed to Carmelo Valley, and known as the Mission San Carlos de Carmelo by the order of the Marquis de Croix. Here Fathers Junipero and Crespè were buried, and as I wandered through and about the old building and sketched its crumbling walls, I could almost hear the melody of the chimes as they called the faithful in the days gone by. The sky was clear and the gentle breeze from the sea fanned my face. A lizard clung to the mouldering wall and glanced at me with wondering eye; a mocking bird, perched high on the roof, sang blithely an anthem of praise; these were the only inhabitants. The old mission was deserted—a ruin—an object of curiosity to the stroller of the nineteenth century, a memory from the rich store of the past.

The old town had a never-ending charm for me, not alone for its artistic features. Here were the descendants of the old Spanish cavaliers who founded the towns still living here, for Monterey is at least two-thirds Mexicans, and black eyes and swarthy complexions meet one at every turn. Though the Mexicans are still in the majority, they are not the owners of the soil; they began to lose prestige when Commander Jones seized Monterey in 1842, and Sloat took possession in 1846. In these early days Monterey was a busy place, the center of an important trade, which it gradually lost when the Capital was removed. What the town has lost in a commercial sense it has gained as a fashionable resort. Its rare beauties that delighted Vizcaino still exist, added to by modern art, embellished by modern taste. The same cool winds come in from the sea, and make its summer days a delight, and those of winter a suggestion of an earthly paradise. As these charms of climate and location attracted the attention of the followers of King Philip, it is not to be wondered that they have been appreciated by the people of to-day; and so we find this ancient domain merged into a resort for the fashion of California and recognized as the Newport of the western coast.

My studio in these January days was in the park about the El Monte, whose giant pines are hung with moss that moves listlessly in the wind. Such a winter studio was never conceived before; the roof, the blue sky; the sides, the surging pines, through which I caught vistas of distant mountains, telling of the San Lucia range and beyond; the air was redolent with the odor of flowers, heavy with perfume, while the melody of a host of songsters was my orchestra and inspiration day after day.

Monterey itself is in a park that includes many square miles. Indeed I rode seventeen miles without leaving a road as fine as Ocean Avenue, Long Branch, and strolled for weeks and months through the forests in that eventful winter without leaving the grounds, constantly finding new beauties. The hotel was conceived by an artist, and might be the country place of an English gentleman. It stands in a pine and oak forest, the trees of which have been left undisturbed, the grounds alone modified so that the edifice with its club-house and rambling artistic parts stands in a garden of one hundred and thirty acres. Imagine a similar acreage in the Adirondacks,, where the trees are largest, where nature is at its best, laid out with all the art that good taste can suggest and some idea of this spot can be obtained. My studio changed with the whim of the moment. Now my easel was pitched among the big pines, whose murmur and song seemed to tell of the old days (have you ever listened to it?) and it seemed to me that these pines of Mon-



An Approach to the Hotel of the Forest

terey sang a sweeter song than any that I had heard before. I could hear it begin far away—a soft murmur, as if the needles were attuned to some mystic music. As the wind rose the sounds grew louder, until the air rang with the melody.

These music-making trees, and especially the live oaks, were a study in themselves; ages old, they had assumed strange shapes, each appearing to possess an individuality of its own. Some threw out weird arms, as if in supplication, from which hung fantastic festoons of moss. Others were distorted, their gnarled roots and limbs telling of strange struggles for life in the past. Here a Doré might have obtained his inspiration, as the live oaks, especially, were Dantean in shape and form, if I may use the simile. In sitting among them I could not but feel that in some unaccountable way the live oaks were possessed of thoughts, hopes and desires—that they were lost souls, condemned to take these shapes, and thus fawned and crouched before the gaze of man. Noble in conception, intended for giants, some seemed cursed and dwarfed. They crept along the ground as if not daring to lift their arms to high Heaven. Their branches assumed weird forms, apparently felled to the ground by winds in their growth. In strange contrast were the pines, that reared their majestic shapes high in air, commanding representatives of their tribe.

With such material, it need not be wondered that the landscape gardener produced remarkable results in and about this hotel of the forest. One day in February I had my studio among the roses, with a variety of flowers blooming around me. A move of a few yards and my environment was essentially that of the great Arizona desert that but for the odor of flowers in the air was true to the life, as here was the finest collection of desert cacti in the country blooming and growing side by side with the flowers of the mountain and valley. Within this one hundred acres one could find almost every known plant, as the delicate tropical ferns, orchids and moss were in the hothouse near at hand, an elaborate and complete establishment. Rich blue-grass lawns, a maze to bewilder the stroller, with tennis courts and playgrounds to bring back the dreamer to the nineteenth century were all here. Did I wish a bit of water view, the Laguna del Rey, covering fifteen acres, gleamed through the trees from my rose-ambushed studio, from the surface of which rose a clear stream from the fountain jet. A club-house of exquisite design is seen through the trees, affording material comforts, where California wines may be sipped and compared with the vintages of old Spain and France.

Of the famous El Monte itself it can only be said that it represents the sum of all that the century has produced in hotel science, and forms a well-adjusted part of its picturesque environment. Winter and summer it is thronged with guests from all over the world. While the East is buried in snow and ice, throngs of refugees are basking in the sunlight of Monterey, and as summer comes, fashionable San Francisco appears upon the scene and the season is as brilliant as any of the Eastern resorts. I was particularly impressed with what an English tourist termed the "staying qualities" of the place. It was impossible to exhaust its beauties and delights. I found them growing upon me, and in my strolls some new attraction was stumbled upon every day.

The town of Monterey faces the bay of that name and is, perhaps, four miles from the ocean; and from the Park of El Monte to it and away to the south stretches a drive of eighteen miles, that for variety has never been equaled in any land, and has acquired a reputation that gives it rank among the big things of California. Leaving El Monte it takes you to the shore of the bay, where vistas of lake and bay are

seen; now through the old town of broken down adobes, passing the mound that tells of Fremont's ancient fort, over fields of flowers cheek by jowl with Chinese squid dwellers and their picturesque houses, and finally we plunge into a pine forest. Everywhere among the trees are artistic homes—houses dropped down in the forest, embowered with flowers—a restful place where teachers, the Chatauquans and thousands from the great

Among the Pines

cities of the West congregate every summer to rest and breathe in the air that is tinctured with the salt of the ocean and the balsam of the pine. The little settlement is known as Pacific Grove—well named, as the fortunate dweller here can, in a few minutes, bury himself in a pine forest or rest upon the polished rocks that face the blue Pacific.

Pacific Grove originated in a Methodist camp meeting, and its evolution was from a primitive tent to the perfect houses, fine church, hotel and other conveniences that now find place here; and in the summer months its two or three square miles give rest, health and vigor to six or seven thousand people of refined and cultivated tastes who are face to face with Nature at her best. Here the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the State Teachers' Association, the State Sunday School Convention, the Chatauqua Assembly and many other societies hold forth; and it is here that Timothy Hopkins, a wealthy San Franciscan, has founded a fine biological laboratory and station, donating fifty thousand dollars for the purpose, which is to be under the charge of Professor Gilbert of Stanford University, and a part of that institution.

Pacific Grove is on the borders of the great park which the Southern Pacific Company has made here, and leaving

the principal street and turning to the south, we are at once in this charming woodland and might, so far as any suspicion of the ocean is concerned be five hundred miles away. There is a sensation of perfect rest in these groves and wild-wood tangles. The road, a model, winds away, finding seemingly by its own intuition, the choicest views and vistas restful to the eye and senses. Here are all the characteristic California plants and trees strange to eastern eyes, rare wild flowers springing up through the dried pine needles in February. The plumed quail eyes you from its shelter, while the dove, mocking bird and robin give melody to the air. Deep into the woods we plunge masses of wild growth appearing on every side; huge trees that have gone down, entangled with vines, overgrown with moss, hoary with age. It might be the heart of the Adirondacks and the fawn whose big eyes stare at us from the thicket might be born to the northern woods. Down the slopes we go, now crossing a bridge and facing a stretch of green that fills a cañon that reaches back into the forest. Here the eschscholtzia covers the ground a brilliant yellow; beyond the lilac lupines hold their sway, and suddenly, without warning, a white drifting river of sand is seen, a murmur breaks upon the ear and the limitless Pacific opens up with its waste of blue.

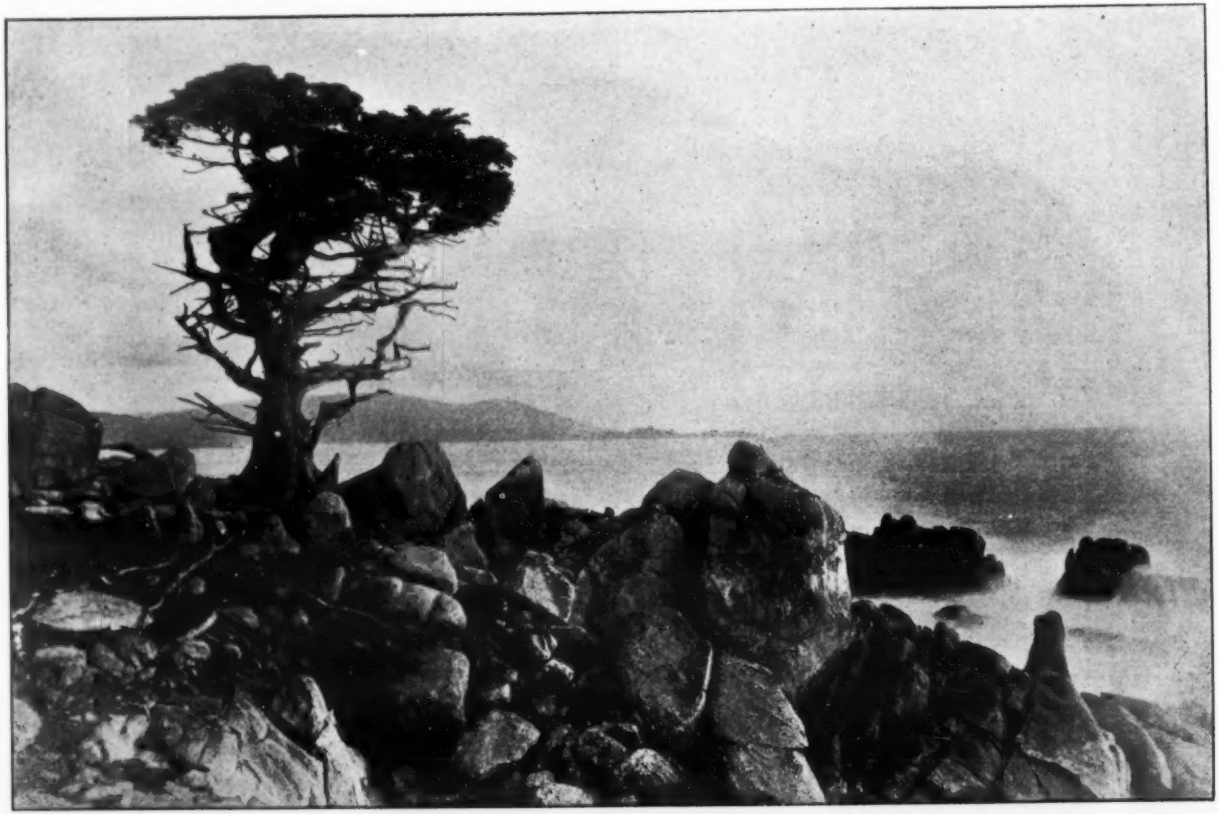
Now a pebbled half-moon beach reaches away, ending in a point of rocks, the road skirting the shore upon a little bluff. Upon the latter in the centuries past, have stood the homes of native tribes. The earth is black and made up of the concomitants of the kitchen midden; bits of gleaming abalone shine in the sun-light, and layers of pearly shells make up the earth—thrown there by the ancients. A black-eyed ground squirrel burrowing in the mass has thrown up a bone, and near by is a stone implement, suggestive that the rodent has made its home in an ancient grave or at least a region of archæological interest. For miles along shore I traced these ancient dwellers by the gleaming, tell-tale abalones.

The rocks are worn and broken into caverns, caves, arches and pillars. Here an isolated rock is dotted with seals and huge sea lions, the stupid shag colors it a rusty brown with its countless numbers, while white-winged gulls stand out from the sombre congregation in bold relief.

The flora here would delight the most phlegmatic lover of nature. At the very water's edge, and nowhere else, grew a wonderful aster-like flower common enough perhaps, yet new to me and striking from its position. Not a hundred yards away deep glens, green cañons and shady bowers offered retreats for such as these, yet this bright flower grew only in this one spot upon the very edge fronting the sea, dropping its lavender petals upon the polished pebbles and showered by the spray of every storm.

The stroller is attracted at once by the singular trees that give name to Cypress Point—trees that are indigenous to the locality and which are alone worthy a visit to Monterey. If the live oaks of El Monte Park were remarkable, what can be said of these grotesque shapes that defy description? At first glance it might be thought that they were but creatures of the imagination so strangely are they formed. The limbs are bent, twisted, contorted into every possible shape, weird in themselves, but the crowning marvel is the foliage, which seems arranged in horizontal layers to present the least surface to the wind. Imagine a number of Japanese umbrellas, one above the other, broad and flat and some idea can be obtained of the leaf arrangement of this tree, the puzzle of botanists, the sphinx of Monterey.

From Cypress Point the road turns to the east, and across Carmelo Bay the old mission comes in sight; here the road climbs the cliffs that breast the sea with a bold and precipitous front; rocky points, covered with pines, car-

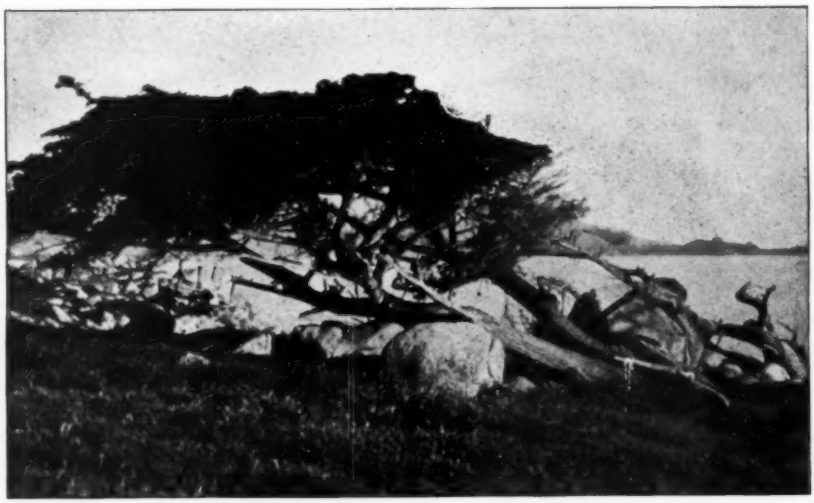


"The limitless Pacific opens up with its waste of blue."

peted with flowers, reach into the bay, and far away over the water rise the mountains of the Coast Range. The return of this marvelous creation in road making takes us by Chinese Cove and its little settlement, then through the heart of this wild park of seven thousand acres, and so back to the Hotel of the Forest, which controls the domain and reserves it for its guests.

Weeks, aye, months, can be spent here without exhausting this paradise that each day has some new offering to the stroller; and to the pleasure-seeker, the invalid or the votary of fashion, it is equally ideal.

The weather at the El Monte was never cool in winter, its maximum temperature for January, say, being about sixty-seven degrees, the minimum sixty degrees. For August, the maximum of the same year was seventy-seven degrees, the minimum fifty degrees, which means that here one finds that desideratum, an almost entire lack of sudden change between the seasons. Storms of any kind are unknown in summer day after day of perfect sunshine, following each other, without intense heat —conditions which make Monterey an ideal resort either for health or pleasure. My trip to Monterey, intended for a few winter months, extended itself from winter to summer. The latter came unannounced. I took the word of authorities that winter was over, there were possibly a few more flowers; the roses took on a richer hue, the song of the meadow lark was perhaps more melodious, and by these tokens I knew that winter had passed and the Hotel of the Forest had begun its summer season.



"The crowning marvel is the foliage which seems arranged in horizontal layers."

THROUGH LAKE COUNTY IN A SIX-IN-HAND

BY GEORGE CHARLES BROOKE

Pleta

THERE were four of us, all dwellers in town but country bred, and our dust-laden lungs, and eyes weary from monotony of bricks and stones and mortar, yearned for the free, fresh mountain air, the tender greens of upland and bottom land, the sweet, shy, wild flowers and ferns and the note of that subtle essence of the spring in our veins set us all wild for a change of scene, air, and mode of life generally. Who is there that does not feel that sense of unrest in the spring? It is the nomad in us all; we have it in common with the wild fowl, that, at the first hint of spring spread their wings and sail far away north to the great lakes and marshes in the far northwest. Any Indian agent in the country can tell how difficult it is to keep his savage charges in check in the spring. As soon as the snow is off the prairies and the first tender green is visible in the grassland they, too, want to go, not anywhere in particular, but just *go* because they *must* move. They are as irresponsible as the blackbirds, or the wild geese that go honking northward at a rate that no express train can hope to keep up with.

Anyway, the nomadic instinct was ripe in us. We compared notes one evening after dinner and decided to take a coaching trip through Lake County. We chose Lake for the reason that, besides having such wealth of varied beauties of mountain and valley, lake and stream, it is close to town, easy of access and one is not obliged to waste one-half his too short holiday in getting to where the pleasure begins and back. Indeed, the run from San Francisco by rail, either via Tiburon or Oakland, is not the least pleasant part of a Lake County trip. The route we elected to take was via Tiburon, and after mutual admonitions to one another to carry the least possible amount of luggage we parted, to meet next morning at the Tiburon ferry at 7:40.

A perfect May morning, the sunshine a very flood of brilliancy, bringing varying tones of green to the waters of the bay. The shipping in the harbor lent life to the scene, and away to the west lay the Golden Gate. Just between the heads a full-rigged ship, every shred of canvas spread, was making the very utmost of the west wind to make the port without a tug. The Marin shore rose green to the very summits of the foothills, while Tamalpais reared its great bulk of rock, scored and fissured by glacial contact of centuries before over all. Never does the Bay of San Francisco impress one with such sense of grandest beauty, as at such a time; the morning air is so much clearer than at other times of the day, that distance is almost annihilated and the view is illimitable. The islands are green, from water's edge to top of cliff, with

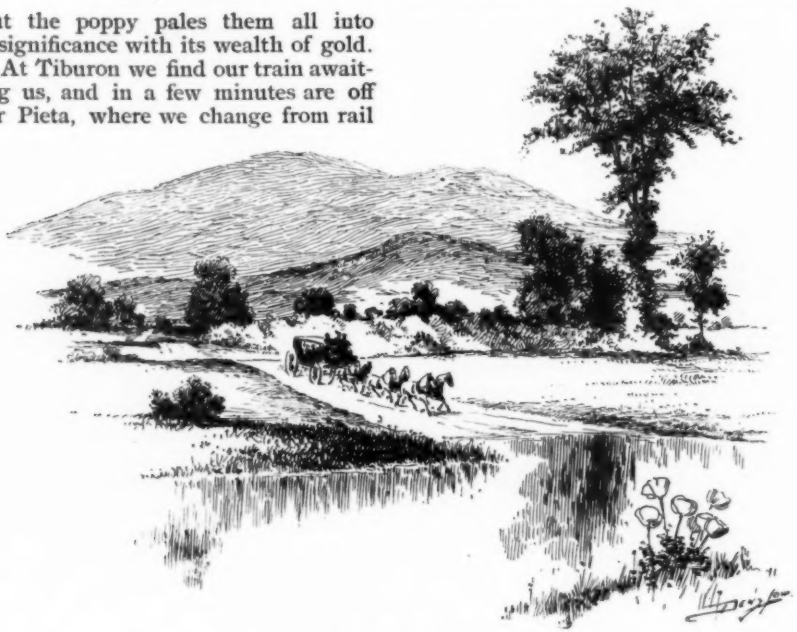
here and there masses of brightest orange, where the California poppy glows gold 'gainst the green carpet of grass. There are other wild flowers in bloom, rioting all over the country side in a perfect frenzy of color,

A Country Post Office

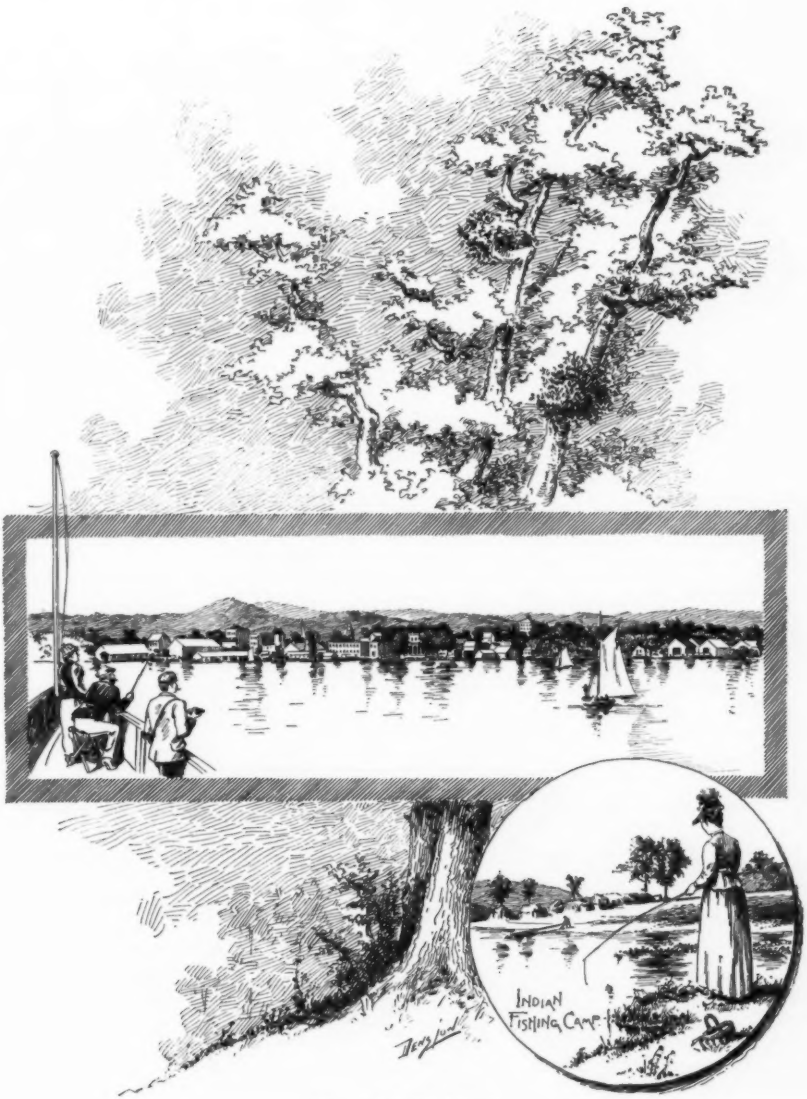
but the poppy pales them all into insignificance with its wealth of gold.

At Tiburon we find our train awaiting us, and in a few minutes are off for Pieta, where we change from rail to coach-and-six. Our imagination is fired with tales of mountain trails traversed in perfect safety under the skilled guidance of drivers who have spent their lives in the mountains and know every inch of road, and whose horses are broken so thoroughly that they obey a word or touch of the bit as a well-trained soldier does a command. Perfect safety, combined with just the spice of excitement necessary to all human enjoyment are here.

We rush through the Sonoma Valley at a rate of speed all too great to do anything like justice to the lovely country all about us. San Rafael lies embowered in trees and flowers, the embodiment of suburban beauty, and here and there are other lovely towns aptly named, as Hillarita and Cloverdale. The latter town was once the stage station of the road to Highland Springs and Lakeport, but now the road is shortened and improved in gradient so as to



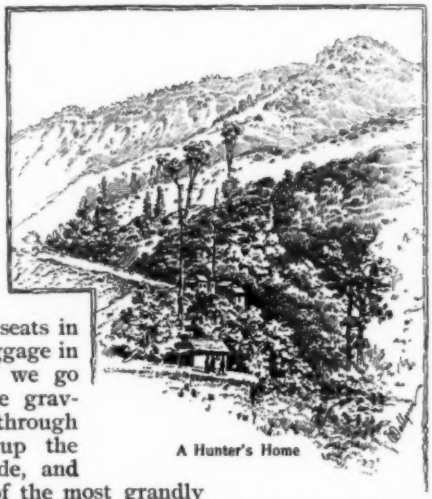
Scene on Pieta Road



Lakeport from the Steamer

reduce danger of accidents to a minimum, and Pieta is the diverging point.

Pieta is yet but the ghost of a town, there being but a station house and hotel there. The hotel stands just across from the station, a pretty, tastefully painted building of wood, with a wide veranda across the front, from which there are magnificent views to be had of the surrounding mountains. After a capital luncheon, we are sitting smoking on the piazza, when the rush and rattle of wheels, jingle of harness metals and clatter of hoofs proclaim the approach of the coach. With a shout and resounding crack of his long-lashed whip, the driver, "Doc" Curtis, swings his team up to the steps of the veranda with a skill that would turn a member of the Tally-Ho club green with envy.



A Hunter's Home

We are in our seats in a moment, the luggage in the boot, and off we go down through the gravelly river bottom, through the stream and up the bank on other side, and there, begin one of the most grandly picturesque drives to be had in all California.

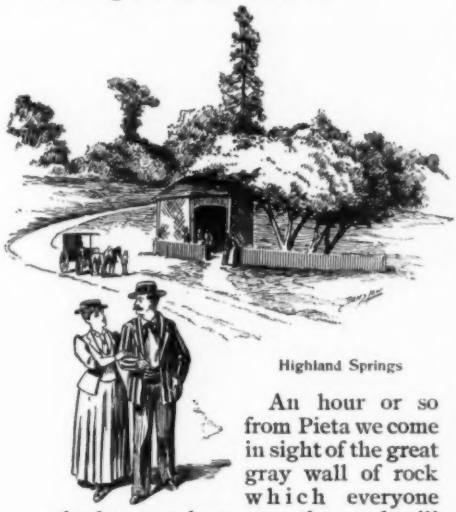
The camera man and the man who writes were on the box, and at the start were rather inclined to be garrulous, but the grandeur of the surroundings impressed even our world-hardened brains into silent wonder and in a sense worship.

There had been an abundance of rain yet here was a mountain road after only twenty-four hours of drying weather as hard as macadam and smooth as a city street, winding about and gradually approaching nearer and nearer the summit where we are promised our first glimpse of Clear Lake.

The recent rains have made the grasses, ferns and wild flowers to grow in profusion that is unknown later in the season. The air is filled with the soft incense of damp earth and growing plant life most grateful to lungs, which for months have breathed dust of city streets. Here in the very heart of nature's fastnesses the air is so pure, so soft, so sweet, so full of life-giving ozone that one wonders at existence in cities being even bearable. But now we near a point where the road making a turn back on itself to reach a higher level, brings us face to face with the valley we have just left. Away below us winds the rushing, brawling river through the bottom lands, from here a cord of silver stretched across a green velvet ground. Far away to the limits of vision stretch the hills now green as green can be in all their bravery of spring, but soon to be dressed in tawney golden browns by the summer sun's fierce heat.

The road winds around and about the sides of the mountains, now along a short level at the bottom of some cañon the sides of which are covered thick with growth of pine and oak small but sturdy. The earth a rich black loam carpeted thick with ferns and mosses, with here and there the delicate maiden hair hiding shyly behind her sturdier sisters. The high walls close set together permitting only sparse rays of sunshine to filter down through the thick-spreading foliage keeps the cañon cool and dark,

and here lurk the mountain quail out of the glare on the hill-side.



Highland Springs

An hour or so from Pieta we come in sight of the great gray wall of rock which everyone who has ever been over the road will remember. It is some two hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty high, and at regular intervals apart are pillar-like buttresses reaching from base to summit of carved stone work, from the point of view on the road it resembles the side elevation of some great building minus the windows.

At the divide between the water sheds we had our first view of Clear Lake.

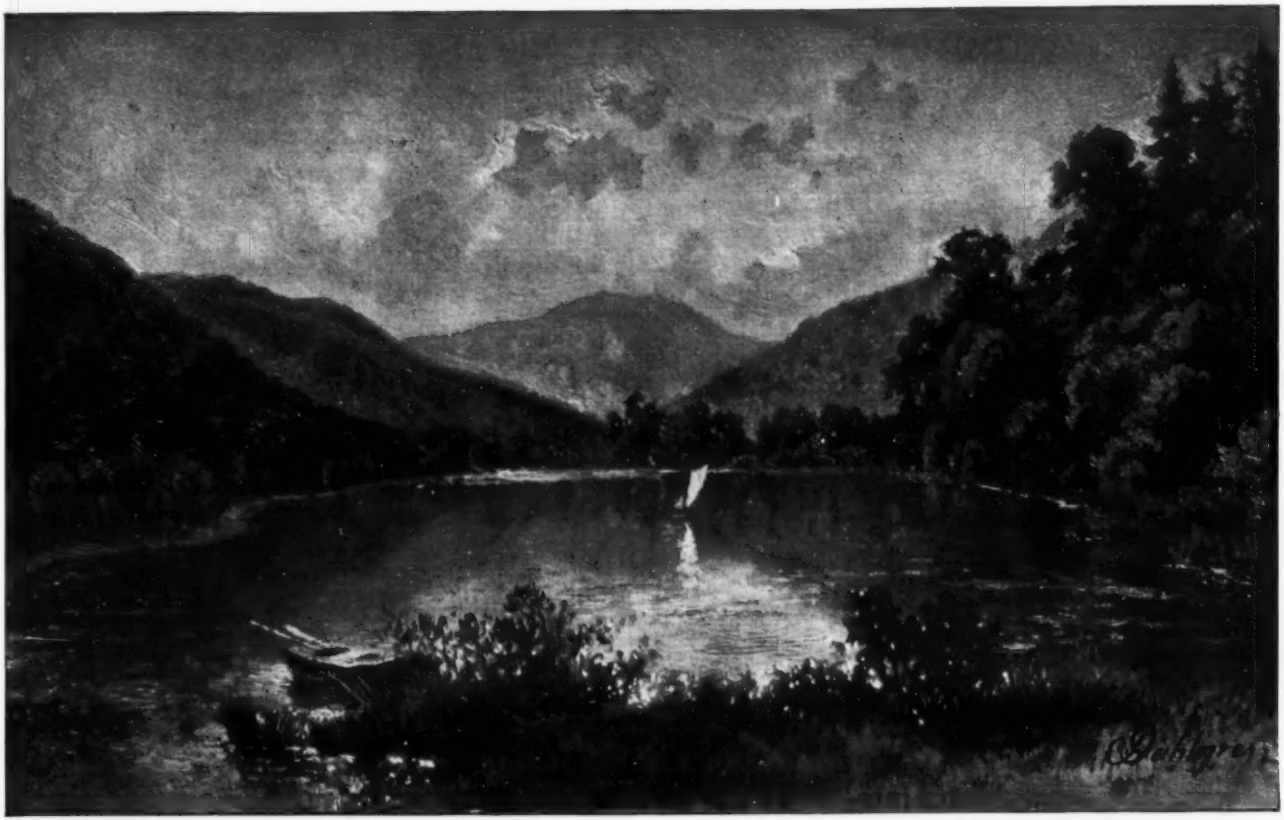
As the horses stopped for a moment the camera man sighted his kodak and snapped it on the loveliest view of the road. Away in the distance lay the lake set amid close encircling hills of greenest hue, itself as blue as turquoise, and beyond the lower-lying ones were a range of snow-capped mountains rearing their cold pale crests to the blue of the upper ether, we gazed and gazed for all too short a time and then began the drive down the valley to Highland Springs, through a much less rugged country more sylvan and pleasant to drive through.

Highland Springs Hotel, with its numerous adjacent cottages, lies on a pretty stream which here makes its way through a wide valley, the rich bottom lands of which are covered deep with lush grass and grain crops. It was now about four o'clock and we decided to remain here over night. The evening was delightful, the air of a balmy softness, heavy with the perfume of spring and alive with the pleasant murmur of insect life mingled with the guttural chorus of the frogs.

We were billeted in a pretty little cottage, the verandah of which overlooked the beautiful valley. There we sat reveling in the beauty of our surroundings and the sweet spring air as only those who have spent long tedious months in musty city lodgings and offices can, until long after the sun had set and the crescent moon lay atop the distant hills.

We were up bright and early next morning to find the east aglow with promise of another perfect day, standing under the oaks shading the spring house we watched the fruition of the promise in a gorgeous sunrise and went into breakfast with an appetite sharpened by great draughts of ozone-laden air to do justice to the

Scene at Soda Bay



Blue Lakes

freshly caught trout, strawberries with the dew on them, cream and butter with the true grass flavor.

Very soon after breakfast we were off, this time in a canopy-top coach and four-in-hand. We passed through the beautiful valley with its great stretches of champaign country in all its park-like beauty of gently-rolling grass land thickly studded here and there with great moss-covered oaks, many of them festooned with a very beautiful silvery gray moss which hangs in delicate smoke-like wreaths from their branches. These trees with their gray bark covered in patches with a thick green moss, their peculiar foliage of delicate form, wax-like texture and colored a most vivid green hung with this beautiful Spanish moss are a picture in themselves. There are trees of much greater size, and perhaps the New England elm is more graceful; but all in all there cannot be anywhere a more uniquely beautiful tree than our Californian oak, that parasite, (for with all its beauty and sentiment of association that is what it is) the mistletoe, has made its home with many of them, and is slowly but surely sapping the lifeblood of these ancient fellows whose trunks must have been of goodly growth even when Drake sailed through the Golden Gate.

The wide valley is rapidly being brought under cultivation, and everywhere one sees young orchards and vineyards, where but a short time ago chimese was the only crop, nearly all the way from Kelseyville to Soda Bay, Clear Lake is in sight with its background of mountains rising terrace-like, one range of peaks above another, until the shimmering white of the very loftiest walls in the view. Every now and then we stop to kodak some bit of land or water scape, that we may take it back with us to serve as a memento of this never-to-be-forgotten morning. Clear Lake is the largest of the Lake County group of lakes, being some thirty miles long by twelve in width. Soda Bay, at the southerly end of it, takes its name from the great number of soda springs that here gush up from the bottom of the lake and along shore and seethe and foam, when they come into contact with the air at the top. Here the kodaker and the scribbler enjoyed a delightful bath in the largest spring of all, which boils from a rocky basin at the end of a point of land running out into the lake. The force of the water rushing from its underground and underwater source is so great that it almost tosses a man about as a fountain jet keeps a ball in play. The water is pleasantly warm and leaves one in a most delightfully restful condition. The surroundings at Soda Bay are very beautiful. The views of lake, mountain and rolling, timbered country lend a charming variety to the outlook. From here we retraced our route a short distance, and at Kelseyville branch off to Lakeport. Lakeport, the county seat of Lake County, is a charmingly situated town of some two thousand people. Here we are to remain until the stagecoach from Pieta brings over the mails, passengers and express matter. We are most hospitably entertained at the Lakeview Hotel, and after luncheon sally out to do the town. It is Saturday, and the people from the surrounding country are in town in goodly numbers, and business seems brisk. There are many well-stocked stores, two banks, a fine courthouse and public square, several churches, and with all the facilities given by rapid mail and express service, long-distance telephone and telegraph, there is every convenience one has in the city to tempt one to make his summer home here. The hotels, the Lakeview and Mound cottages are beautifully situated, commanding grand views of the lake and mountains, and are ideal places for a summer residence.

At five o'clock, we leave Lakeport on the commodious well appointed steamer *City of Lakeport*, for Bartlett Landing, on the other side of the lake, where, after a delightful sail of little

less than an hour, we take another four-in-hand, canopy-top coach over the Bartlett Springs and Clear Lake Stage Company's road to Bartlett Springs. This line runs through the most grandly beautiful country we have yet seen. As we wind about and about, cilmbing the hillside, we catch ever-changing views of the lake and the valleys below. The sun is painting his most gorgeous colors on sky and lake alike, and the west reflects a very blaze of glory. We sit silent, awed by the unutterable grandeur of the scene, until at length the summit is reached and the whole lake and its encircling mountains, with all the valleys and cañons, lie spread before us on the one side, and on the other is the Bartlett Valley, walled in by mountains, dark, gloomy and forbidding, with the fast-thickening shades of the darkening night. Our driver chirrups to his horses, and away we go at a rattling clip down the trail, making the distance to Bartlett Springs in one-half or less the time it requires to come up from the landing.

View from Bartlett Road

At Bartlett we find a hotel with every possible accommodation, and the courteous manager makes us at home in an instant. After an exquisite supper, of which fresh caught mountain trout form the *piece de resistance*, we are soon sleeping as only tired coachers sleep after a long day in the fresh mountain air.

Sunday morning we spend quietly wandering about in the valley, and in the afternoon are driven in still another four-in-hand over several miles of the road leading into Bartlett Springs from Sites which belongs to the Bartlett Springs Stage Company. There has been rain during the night, and the clouds still lie low on the mountains, and the effects of light and shade are startling in their weird beauty. The road winds to and fro across the valley, and every now and then we ford and reford the rushing mountain torrent, which is called Cache Creek, and is a famous trout stream. We return to Bartlett after a most delightful drive, and again we are feasted on mountain trout, which one of the hotel guests had caught that same afternoon, despite the rains of the night before,

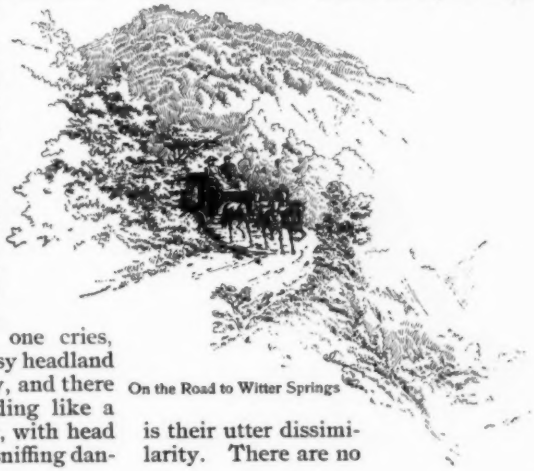
which had brought the water up high in the creeks and made them thick and muddy. Next morning we are called at four o'clock and

The Bartlett Spring

at five we leave Bartlett Springs for the landing. The sky was cloudless and such another sunrise as we saw that morning as we wound up the mountain road I can never hope to see again. All about us lay those great, rugged, frowning masses of granite covered at their base with kindly nature's cloak of grass, wild flowers and ferns. Here and there thick fastnesses of chimese with green glades between in which the jackrabbits are leaping merrily at play or quietly nibbling their breakfasts, as the sounds of wheels and hoofs come to their sharp ears, they sit up with ears erect, as still as stone, and then with a spring are in safety in a "jiffy"; suddenly some one cries, "look!" pointing to a grassy headland jutting out across the valley, and there all eyes turn to see standing like a bronze statue a noble buck, with head up, and distended nostrils, sniffing danger. As we look, he vanishes and we rub our eyes, so unreal has been the impression. And now comes the sun flooding all the world with glory Every blade of grass and leaf of tree takes on added beauty. The cold grays of the valley and cañons and mountain slopes warm into rich purples and golden haze lies across the more distant views.

When we reach the summit there are views of such transcendant beauty that one dare not attempt to paint them. The valley behind and below us and in front still another great valley, and there the mountains slope to the lake, and then the lake itself, in middle distance, and still beyond it more mountains. Konockti rears his crest highest of all and looks down in silent scorn of his lesser brethren. We rattle down the grade. Harrington's sure hand holds the ribbons and he swings his team around sharp curves with the practiced ease of the man who knows. All too soon, that glorious dash down the mountains through that exhilarating air is ended, and again we take the steamer to recross the lake to Lakeport.

Here we find another team and canopy top awaiting us and another drive through valley is begun. The great charm of these Lake County Valleys



On the Road to Witter Springs

is their utter dissimilarity. There are no

two of them enough alike to be at all monotonous. Every moment some new charm comes close upon the last; as we approach Lower Lake we pass a rancherie where the Indians are catching and drying catfish and carp. The lake is full of them and they are piled up on the tops of their wickiups to dry and go to eke out the gentle aborigines meager fare. It is a picturesque scene enough, but one can't get up much sentiment for a people who eat catfish and carp. Here the man who knows and "Maje" Whitton who is driving us, indulge in a few reminiscent fish stories such as tales of fords rendered impassable by great masses of fish becoming gorged in them and the shores of streams being left so covered with the dead ones of them after a spring freshet that the farmers were obliged to turn out and plow them under so horrible was the odor from the putrefying mass.

The valley here is wide and the ranches are well kept, and evidently the owners are prospering. Orchards and vineyards are being set out and soon this whole section of Lake County will be one great garden spot for the bottom lands are practically inexhaustible. The whole country is one great carpet of green, and wild flowers abound. The oaks are out in fullest foliage and we notice one old beauty, the leaves of which are of a bright yellow, and at the distance we are from it, we take it for an acacia, but it turns out much to our surprise, to be an oak. The valley narrows again now and we begin another climb to Witter Springs. The grade is a very easy one though, and the views of Clear Lake and "Uncle Sam" as the highest peak of Mount Konockti is called, are superb. Witter Springs are reached about noon and here we lunch. One is always hungry in this country apparently, we have been up since four o'clock and have had two breakfasts, but are eating again with undiminished appetites at noon. There is a pleasantly situated, well conducted hotel and several pretty cottages here. Such views are to be had nowhere else, as from Witters it commands the whole of Clear Lake, Konockti and the Bartlett Range. After luncheon we retrace our route again to the road to the Blue Lakes. Just before the lakes are reached we come to another watering place known as Saratoga, a very gem of a place it is, too, standing in a little cove in the mountains, that wall it in all about and one has an instinctive sense of peace and restfulness come to him as he sits on the

At Saratoga

wide veranda of the hotel and looks out upon the blue distances of the hills. There is an intense quiet here, broken only by the winds that surge and sigh gently through the swaying branches of the oaks, and seem to whisper all kinds of pleasant invitations to one to come with them and stray free and careless through the mountains, fish and shoot and tramp, leave the hard, cold, selfish world, with its sordid care and worry and selfishness, to those who choose to stay in it and——, but here "Maje" breaks in on my reverie with an

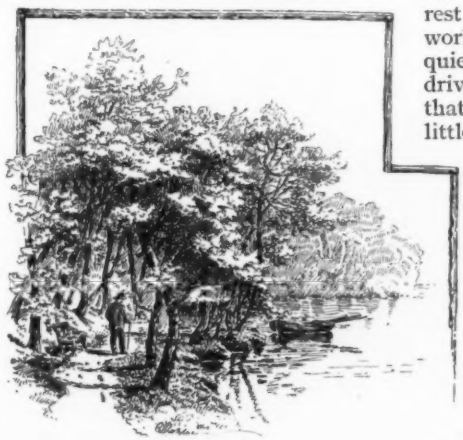
injunction to get aboard, which I obey though not with much alacrity and we are on the road for Blue Lakes again.

The road leads now through thickets of young timber, clad in the tenderest shades of green, to one hand, is a bit of tule land now overflowed in some places from the heavy rains of the last few weeks. The tules stand rank and thick in the rich, black, wet earth. Brilliant-winged, and breasted birds sway gracefully to and fro on them as the wind sweeps by; a great blue heron stands on one leg at the edge of a pool pretending to be asleep; there is a heavy drone of insect life in the air, and the dead, heavy heat of high noon is over all. The sun beats down pitilessly into the valley, and there is silence in the coach. Suddenly we round a curve, and there is a long-drawn ah! from every man of us, for there below us lie the Blue Lakes, two great turquoises set in emerald. Oh! the beauty of it! There are no Swiss or Italian lakes, bluer or with greener hills or brighter skies about or above. We drive slowly along, absorbed in the beauty of it all. Such impressions come but once. The country side is at its loveliest. Nature has done her utmost, and is at rest, as if wrapt in admiration of her own handiwork, as

Scene at Blue Lakes

an artist might stand before some finished picture or statue of his own conception.

We come (all too soon) to Laurel Dell, a Swiss cottage standing on a grassy flat on the lower lake, with other less pretentious cottages about it. The very courteous landlord shows all about his lovely home, and here one might indeed find rest from carking care. The big world seems very remote from such quiet as this, but we are still to drive to the head of the upper lake that afternoon, so have to leave this little Eden, much against our inclinations. The road curves along the shore of the lakes, and a short distance above Laurel Dell we come to another resort, just at the point where the upper of the Blue Lakes flows into the lower, a hotel and several pretty cottages known as the "Blue Lakes Hotel." Here the valley's bottom is widest, and the lawn-like expanse of grass land is timbered with clumps of oak, gnarled and moss-covered. We drive slowly along the road to the head of the lake



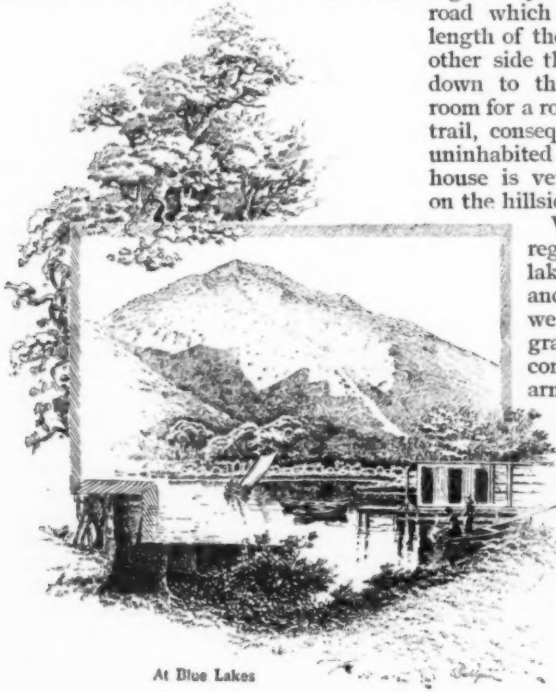
Laurel Dell

where is still another resort known as Le Trianon, a very prettily situated hotel, returning to the Blue Lakes Hotel for dinner and to spend the night.

After an early dinner we take a skiff, and sculling far out into the lake, ship the oars and let our craft drift at its own sweet will. The sun is dipping behind the western hills and the shadows are creeping down into the valleys. The lake has lost its color and now lies black as ink with here and there a star reflected on its bosom, the silence is unbroken save for the splashing of the tiny wavelets against the sides of the skiff as we drift and the occasional leaping of a fish. And now the short twilight is ended and the blackness of night is over all, the mountains loom dim, dark, mysterious, all about the lake lies in shoreless immensity, to our imagination a very ocean and we the only creatures in all this solitude. But now a hail from near at hand inquires in terse vernacular " where are you drifting to ? " and we awake from our dreaming to find our skiff about to foul another in which a young man and his sweetheart are moongazing. With many apologies we betake ourselves to the sculls and are soon at the landing and very shortly abed and asleep.

Another early start lies before us and the first glimpse of dawn finds us ready for breakfast. Before it is ready though we make our way up a cañon near by to view a very beautiful and picturesque fall that comes leaping down the mountain side to the lake.

The walk sets an edge on appetite and we hasten back to a perfectly appointed breakfast table and the cry of all aboard as the coach swings up to the piazza comes too soon to be welcome, but time is precious to a well-conducted stage line and we are forced to take our places and in a moment are moving swiftly along the smooth lakeside road which curves along the whole length of the shore here, over on the other side the mountains come sheer down to the water and there is no room for a road of any kind save a hill trail, consequently the other shore is uninhabited save for one family whose house is very picturesquely situated on the hillside.



At Blue Lakes

With many murmurs of regret we leave the blue lakes behind and now enter another valley through which we drive at an easy trot gradually ascending until we come to the divide where an arm of the Russian River has its source and it accompanies us now all the way into Ukiah. Our all too short outing is drawing to an end and we are all saddened by the knowledge that we are saying farewell to the mountains and lakes, the forests and streams, the sweet fresh air and above all that sense of real freedom that

comes to one only when he has turned his back on the world and all its sordid cares and money grubbing and throws himself into nature's arms content to be just a free animal again with no thought for the morrow.

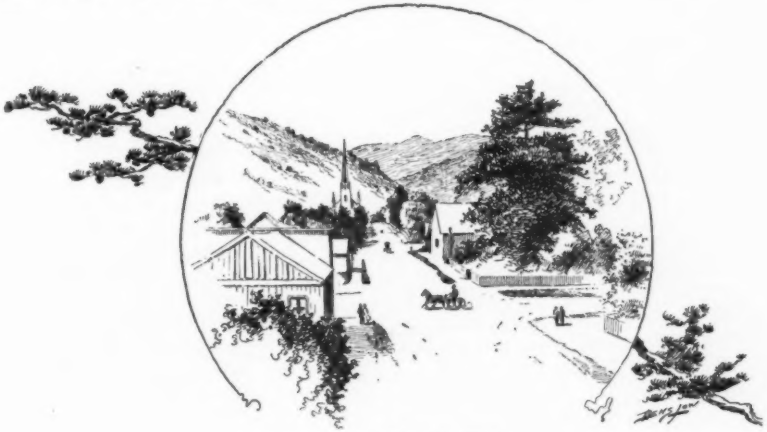
But there is beauty all about us, fresh and sweet as air can be is the morning breeze, the grass as green and the flowers as brilliant as ever, but alas each turn of the wheels takes us nearer to the city and to work, and despite our forced gayety there is a ring of regret in each one's voice which finds an echo in every heart. The valley widens all the time and again we are in the midst of grain and grass fields with orchards, vineyards and hop yards interspersed and at length come in sight of Ukiah and soon pull up at the door of our hotel, the Curtis House, and our drive is at an end.

Ukiah is a pretty little city of some two thousand people, well built and with every appearance of solid prosperity. It is the terminal point of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad, and from here stage lines run to all points in Lake County. Messrs. Miller & Conner operating the line over which we have just driven. We are introduced to "Uncle" Jim Miller and the wonderful six pound watch which Wells, Fargo & Co. presented him with as a recognition in a small way for his bravery in bringing the

Jim Miller, Pioneer Stage Driver, and his Six Pound Watch

treasure box through in safety, when, as one of their drivers, he was ordered at the muzzle of a double-barrelled shot gun to throw it out.

The Curtis House at which we lunched commands a magnificent view of the surrounding mountains and as we sat after luncheon waiting for the carriage to take us to the station we silently made our *adieux* to the mountains, lakes and forests we had spent such supremely contented days among and thanked heaven that they are always there for us to go back to when the world of men becomes unbearable.



Street Scene in Ukiah

AMONG THE REDWOODS

BY H. L. NEALL

In this white tent,
Far from the throng who worship in Thy name,
With eyes uplifted to Thy firmament,
Studded with points of flame,
And the curved disc of gold
But faintly seen above the shafts which rise,
Staunch redwood pillars, upright, grand and old,
Seeming to touch the skies:

On the sweet sabbath night,
We kneel, O Father! sending up to Thee
From this green altar, century-worn, yet bright
With golden broidery,
Incense of praise.
This vast cathedral through a thousand years
Has held the echoes through each changing phase
Of the swift-moving spheres.

The strangely woven light,
Caught in the tangles of the loftiest tree,
Or shimmering in the glow of yon blue height,
Reflects but Heaven and Thee.
The voices of the air
Are flung full-freighted from the hills afar.
How glorious are the messages they bear,
Leaping from star to star!

Our hearts are glad;
Thy organs peal with ever grand accord;
With garments of rejoicing we are glad;
Praise ye the Lord!
The anthem's swell;
The little insect hidden in the sod;
The thrilling rapture of the bird songs tell
How good is God.

The crystal stream
Sends out its murmuring music to the night,
And on its changeful ripples falls the gleam
Of heavenly light.
No human voice
Touches the silence with the wand of speech.
We kneel, baptized with gladness; we rejoice,
That thus Thy throne we reach.

Alone! Alone with God!
Beatitude beyond the ken of thought!
The chrism of Thy love is poured abroad.
Our hearts, o'erwrought
With greatful ecstasy,
Send out their joy on every throbbing chord.
Responses from their depths reach up to Thee.
Praise ye the Lord!

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY

CALIFORNIA has one attraction that has advertised it more, and possibly drawn more tourists within its borders than any other feature. This is the Yosemite—the great natural wonder of the high Sierras. The care of the Yosemite and its preservation from vandalism is a sacred trust, and it is a matter of congratulation that under the administration of Governor Markham especial attention has been given to this state park, and that it is being carefully watched and preserved. The Yosemite is in the direct hands of a Board of Commissioners to whose good judgment and taste is left the general management, and whatever may have been the shortcomings in the past, it is safe to say that the park is now in good hands, and the people may rest assured that whatever is done will be done for the best. Recently Governor Markham made the tour of the park with a distinguished Californian, Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, the well-known scientist, and it is now announced that he is a commissioner, having received the appointment while *en route*. A better selection could not have been made, as it is a guarantee that the affairs of the Yosemite are in good hands. Prof. Lowe is one of the most enterprising men in the State; is in touch with all the great movements for state improvement, and in his own section, Pasadena, is at the head of a number of large enterprises, one being the Mt. Wilson railroad, that is to reach the top of the Sierras, back of Pasadena, and be the pioneer mountain road in California. Prof. Lowe is a man of taste, judgment and remarkable ability, and will take the personal interest in the park that a man of larger means can do. The appointment is one in which the people may well congratulate themselves.

A GROWING CITY

SAN FRANCISCO is a singular example of a city growing in spite of itself. There is or has been lacking that spirit of enterprise that is found in the great cities of the East, yet San Francisco moves on, reaching out year by year, covering more territory, showing that it has a reserve force that but needs development to produce great results. What Chicago is to the inter-continental region, San Francisco is to the Pacific Slope of North America, and will in coming years be a city of vast proportions. In point of fact, it is far below what it should be to-day. With the finest harbor on the coast, railroad facilities possessed by no other city on the coast, a climate that produces a vigorous and manly race, the city should be the peer of any in the land. It will not be many years before San Francisco will reach from the bay to the ocean, and the sandhills will be lost in the covering of fine residences. Parks or breathing places will become an important feature and should be secured at present, while land is cheap. The attitude of the city to the present park should be one of indulgence. It should be beautified in every possible way, provided with a fine zoölogical garden, and fitted up in a manner commensurate with the wealth and dignity of the city. The art gallery and schools of technology have been too long in taking shape. To-day this city should have a well-equipped museum of fine arts. While the fine museum at the Academy of Sciences should be overflowing with specimens and collections, the donations of grateful citizens. There is a suspicion that the city is phlegmatic, is behind the times, and this

should be nipped in the bud. Nature has done everything for this location. There is the wealth of the Indies in the pockets of the people, which should be diverted into channels that will produce good results to the greatest number of people.

THE JAPANESE RAID

PUBLIC attention is being called to the activity in Japanese immigration. Several years ago, Japanese were rare in America and the possession of a good Japanese cook or attendant was considered especially fortunate. To-day the little men are a drug on the market, and what is to all intents and purposes a steady and constantly increasing immigration is in progress. What effects this will have remains to be seen, but that it will be detrimental to our interests, if carried to a great extent, there can be no doubt.

The Japanese are, however, not so offensive to the average Californian as the Chinese. The latter rarely spends a cent that remains in America. His earnings go to the Flowery Kingdom. His clothes, food, drink, opium, in fact, everything is imported. He does not become Americanized, and will not. On the contrary the Japanese adopt American customs, patronize our tailors and buy our food. They also bring their wives here, send their children to our schools and would in all probability become as good citizens as many aliens that find a home here. While this may be true, our interests demand that a watch be kept on the immigration, and if an attempt is being made to pour indigent Japanese into America to take the place of the decreasing Chinese, then the government should demand a halt.

SUMMER RESORTS

THE summer-time is on, the schools are closing, and business men are crowding sea and mountain side in search of recreation that will produce new blood and health for the struggle during the remainder of the year. This calls attention to the remarkable resources of California in the way of health and pleasure resorts. California has the largest line of seacoast and mountain range of any state, and every league of these has its resorts, its nooks and corners of some kind. In the present issue, the Yosemite is described but one of hundreds of valleys that afford delight and pleasure to thousands. Hundreds of springs, lakes and streams are to be had, lofty mountains, ever snow-capped, with living glaciers on their slopes, inviting the Alpine climber, while along shore we find localities that afford the finest fishing in the land. To the north are the great glaciers and the strange lands of Alaska, teeming with game, all these but suggestions that San Francisco is the center of a land especially bountiful in the good things of nature available during the summer vacation.

CHARITY

FOR its size and population it is said that no city in the world accomplishes so much for charity and for the education and elevation of the poor as the city of San Francisco. The kindergarten in its various forms flourishes here, and thousands of children are taken from the street and given a start in life. The school is the training school for the future citizen. He is made or unmade by it, and too much attention cannot be given to the question. In one of the kindergarten schools the pupils are almost entirely made up of what might be termed the human refuse of the streets, waifs picked up here and there and brought into the school, where they are taught and prepared for the public schools of higher grade. In almost every instance these children are of foreign birth and parentage, and the importance of having them trained by American teachers and imbued with American ideas from the very start can be realized. The kindergartens are supported by the philanthropic citizens of San Francisco, and a nobler charity than this does not exist. Another movement that is attracting the attention of our thinking people is the Boys' Brigade, which deserves the support of all people who have the means and inclination to give. This movement is destined to be one of the most important that has appeared for years, as it takes young men from the paths they are following and makes brave, honorable and good men of them. Lend it a helping hand.

NEW BOOKS

CALIFORNIA, with its varied climates, its warm winters and never-ending season of flowers, naturally attracts artists and men and women of literary tastes. Year by year the army of litterateurs is receiving additions to its ranks, and in the near future California will become one of the great literary centers of the country, the winter home of many celebrated men and women. California claims Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Henry George—now among its absentees. Joaquin Miller lives near Oakland.

John Vance Cheney is a San Francisco librarian. Ambrose Bierce lives within reaching distance, as does Gertrude Atherton, whose stories and novels delight many. W. C. Morrow, the versatile story-teller is a resident of San Francisco. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Robert Duncan Milne, Arthur McEwen, George Hamlin Fitch, Helen Gregory-Flesher, Peter Robinson, Theodore H. Hittell, and a score more are names well and favorably known to the reading public, wherever the English tongue is spoken. Over at Martinez lives John Muir, one of the most delightful of California writers who is seen too rarely in public print. Charles Howard Shinn, Miss Shinn, Edward L. Townsend, Julia Shafter, Mrs. Arthur Jules Goodman, are all well known names, while there are are a score of others that might be mentioned, who are forming the literary army that is giving California of the North fame and honor. In the South the writers are also gathering in force. In the San Gabriel Valley we have W. H. Channing, son of Ellery Channing, and his gifted daughter, Grace Ellery Channing. Here Jeanne C. Carr has made one of the most beautiful homes in the State. Dorothea Lummis, whose bright sayings are familiar, lives in Los Angeles, which also is the home of Mrs. Fremont, General Lionel A. Sheldon, author and writer, lives in Pasadena, a neighbor to Caspar T. Hopkins, a contributor to the literary press of the day, and there are many more, suggestive that California is well to the fore in the world of letters.

COLUMBUS' BOOKS are appearing in the field in remarkable numbers, indeed, this is a Columbian year. One of the best we have seen is the story of the discovery of the New World by Columbus, by Frederick Saunders of the Astor Library. Thos. Whittaker publisher. Here we have in a nutshell the entire story in brief. It is a busy man's book, a work which supplies the facts, and leaves the reader room to put in his own theories, a subtle compliment to his intelligence. The subject of anti-Columbian explorers is given in six interesting chapters. Mr. Saunders style may be judged from the following:

"Less is sometimes known of our great men whose names have become historic than of the majority of persons whose claim to our regard is of less account. This is more remarkable, since the realm of biographical literature was never so widespread as at the present time. It seems as if the quota of knowledge about our representative men was to be in the inverse ratio of their greatness: as in the instances of Homer, Shakespeare, and the hero of this brief sketch. Columbus, although not of the order of representative bards, was yet a colossus among navigators, and endowed with a force of character and intrepidity of purpose that defied the perils before which others succumbed. He achieved his work amidst betrayal and treachery, and a long succession of adverse circumstances.

The historical character of such a man affords to the student a fertile theme of thoughtful consideration. It is, therefore, to be regretted, that, although there have been so many eminent writers who have sought to portray his remarkable life story, yet, owing to the fact of the paucity of documentary records, we possess but varying glimpses of his life, rather than a complete portraiture of his personality. Not only are there blank intervals in his career, but even the time and place of his nativity are yet in doubt; the best sustained record is, however, that Columbus was born at Genoa, about 1436, or, according to some writers, 1446.

The annals of biography, may be said, indeed, scarcely to present a parallel instance of a character so complex and anomalous—if we are to accept all the conflicting statements of his various biographers —as that of the renowned discoverer. Certain it is that there have been few, if any, whose life record has been so chequered and pathetic, yet so illustrious in its results, and whose career is invested with such stirring and romantic interest as his.

Columbus, it has been said, stood midway between the mediæval and modern ages; even his adventurous voyage over a dark and perilous ocean seems symbolic of the fact; for gloom and disaster overshadowed his course until he gained the Western shore where they vanished, and all became transfigured with the radiant light."

IN his new comedy of the wildwood, "The Foresters," Tennyson shows no diminution in vigor or in sureness of touch; and as compared with his earlier attempts in dramatic form it will rank high. Throughout "The Foresters" we feel the warm pulse of a life that is free and noble and even in its rudeness touched with the grace of courtly manners. It is fuller of movement than are most of his productions and we are carried on to the end with almost nothing to hinder our enjoyment of the flowing action of the piece.

The songs that are put into the mouths of man and maid are such dainty bits of workmanship as Tennyson alone can give us. Nothing could be brighter or more in keeping than Marian's "Love flew in at the window," in the first scene of the first act, and the rugged earnestness of soul that lurks in the Anglo-Saxon race, its serious dreaming and its thoughtfulness find wonderfully sweet expression in Little John's:—

"To sleep! to sleep! the long bright day is done,
And darkness rises from the fallen sun.
To sleep! to sleep! etc."

So it does also in Robin Hood's soliloquy in the first scene of the second act. He says,—

"So to meditate
Upon my greater nearness to the birthday
Of the after-life, when all the sheeted dead
Are shaken from their stillness in the grave
By the last trumpet."

But it must be said that before he ends this soliloquy our poet makes him say what he should not; it is this,

"Our vice-king John,
True king of vice—*true play on words*—"

But in all the comedy there is no other expression that seems so unreal, so nearly affected as does this. In the passage between Marian and Robin Hood in the first scene of the second act there is a fire and passion that for a moment only, as the moonlight falls upon her, lets Robin be awed to the saying of such words as these:—

"O look! before the shadows of these dark oaks
Thou seemest a saintly splendor out from Heaven,
Clothed with the mystic silver of her moon."

The atmosphere of the greenwood that stirs in the piece as do the summer winds among the branches, piping and merry, is best seen in these words of Marian to her maid:—

"If my man-Robin were but a bird-Robin,
How happily would we lilt among the leaves
'Love,love,love, love!'—what merry madness—listen!"

But she speaks thus can also say this to the sheriff of Nottingham who with his gold tries to win her for his wife:—

"But while
I breathe Heaven's air and Heaven looks down on me,
And smiles at my best meanings, I remain
Mistress of mine own self and mine own soul."

And so she is true to her outlaw lover and reigns queen of the wildwood, till King Richard comes to his own again, and Robin Hood is once more Earl of Huntingdon.

MAX O'RELL has recently lectured in California, where he was received heartily, and his latest book "English Pharisees and French Crocodiles," from the press of Cassell & Co., will be read with especial interest, as it appears to be addressed to Americans, especially, and unlike some alien writers and critics, he hits us and hits us hard, but with the best of good humor. The style of the book is that of O'Rell. No more need be said, and will furnish mental food, thought and amusement for the reader.

THE CENTURY DICTIONARY is, so far as it affects general education, the most important event of the year, and in glancing over its pages, which sparkle with the things one wishes to know, it is almost impossible to find a fault. There is everything to commend, and no library is complete without it, and no literary man can afford to have it far from reach.

FEW writers in this country have such a hold upon the reading public as Joel Chandler Harris, the author of "Uncle Remus," and his latest book on the plantation will be read with great interest.

GRAND GEYSER IN ACTION.